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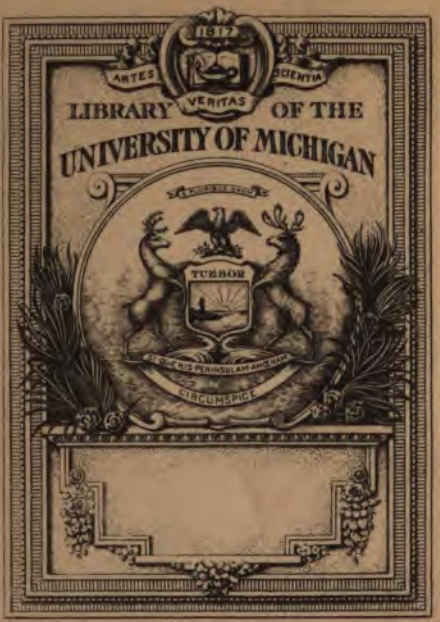

THE GIFT OF

Albert Greene

PR
1171
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v.41-42

John Dickinson
1786

GAY.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FIRST.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF GAY.

VOLUME I.

POEMS

By MR. GAY.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE. 1713*.

"— Securi prælia ruris
"Pandimus." NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the ſweets of rural life have known,
Deſpiſe th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windſor groves your eaſy hours employ,
And, undiſturb'd, yourſelf and Muſe enjoy.
Thames liſtens to thy ſtrains, and ſilent flows,
And no rude wind through ruſtling oſiers blows;
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy ſong.

* This poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was firſt publiſhed.

But I, who ne'er was bleſs'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd plough-ſhares in paternal land,
Long in the noiſy town have been immur'd,
Reſpir'd its ſmoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And ſchemes of ſtate involve th' uneaſy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with ſcandal hung:
Friendſhip, for ſylvan ſhades, the palace flies,
Where all muſt yield to Intereſt's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And Honeſty forſakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party 's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike diſown.
Fatigued at laſt; a calm retreat I choſe,
And ſooth'd my harraſs'd mind with ſweet repoſe,
Where fields, and ſhades, and the refreſhing clime,
Inſpire the ſylvan ſong, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muſe ſhall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native ſtrains,
And the ſame road ambitiouſly purſue,
Frequented by the Mantuan Swain and You.

'Tis not that rural ſports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And ſtrings the ſinews of th' induſtrious ſwain.
Soon as the morning lark ſalutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When

When the freſh Spring in all her ſtate is crown'd,
And high luxuriant graſs o'erſpreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending ſcythe is ſeen,
Shaving the ſurface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride diſrobes the land,
And meads lays waſte before his ſweeping hand;
While with the mounting ſun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he looſely throws:
But, if ſome ſign portend a laſting ſhower,
Th' experienc'd ſwain foreſees the coming hour;
His ſun-burnt hands the ſcattering fork forſake,
And ruddy damſels ply the ſaving rake;
In riſing hills the fragrant harveſt grows,
And ſpreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirſty plains,
When heifers ſeek the ſhade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way baſks the ſnake;
O lead me, guard me from the ſultry hours,
Hide me, ye foreſts, in your cloſeſt bowers,
Where the tall oak his ſpreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual ſhade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazle overhangs the ſtreams,
Whoſe rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood reſound;
Upon the moſſy couch my limbs I caſt,
And e'en at noon the ſweets of evening taſte.

Here I peruſe the Mantuan's Georgic ſtrains,
And learn the labours of Italian ſwains;

In every page I ſee new landſcapes riſe,
And all Heſperia opens to my eyes,
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different ſoil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That ſpreading trees with bluſhing fruit adorn:
Here I ſurvey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and riſe in graceful row:
Now I behold the ſteed curvet and bound,
And paw with reſtleſs hoof the ſmoking ground:
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;
His well-arm'd front againſt his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his miſtreſs claims:
The careful inſect 'midſt his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhauſt the fragrant dew;
With golden treaſures load his little thighs,
And ſteer his diſtant journey through the ſkies;
Some againſt hoſtile drones the hive defend;
Others with ſweets the waxen cells diſtend:
Each in the toil his deſtin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty ſoul appears.
Or when the ploughman leaves the taſk of day,
And trudging homeward whiſtles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience ſtand,
Waiting the ſtroakings of the damſel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind ſlumbers, to the ſprays retire;
When no rude gale diſturbs the ſleeping trees,
Nor aſpen leaves confeſs the gentleſt breeze;

Engag'd

Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I ſtray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the ſun his glory hides,
A ſtreak of gold the ſea and ſky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings ſhow,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below:
Here penſive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the diſtant billow loſe my ſight.
Now Night in ſilent ſtate begins to riſe,
And twinkling orbs beſtrow th' uncloudy ſkies;
Her borrow'd luſtre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the ſpacious air,
Which round their ſuns their annual circles ſteer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my ſenſe,
While I ſurvey the works of Providence.
O could the Muſe in loftier ſtrains rehearſe
The glorious Author of the univerſe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vaſt ocean bounds,
And circumſcribes the floating worlds their rounds;
My ſoul ſhould overflow in ſongs of praiſe,
And my Creator's name inſpire my lays!
As in ſucceſſive courſe the ſeaſons roll,
So circling pleaſures recreate the ſoul.
When genial Spring a living warmth beſtows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No ſwelling inundation hides the grounds,
But cryſtal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forſake,
Float in the ſun, and ſkim along the lake,

With frequent leap they range the ſhallow ſtreams,
Their ſilver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fiſherman his toils prepare,
And arm himſelf with every watery ſnare;
His hooks, his lines, peruſe with careful eye,
Encreaſe his tackle, and his rod re-tye.
When floating clouds their ſpongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the ſtreams with ſwift deſcending rain;
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's ſide,
Bear the looſe ſoil into the ſwelling tide;
Then; ſoon as vernal gales begin to riſe,
And drive the liquid burthen through the ſkies,
The fiſher to the neighbouring current ſpeeds,
Whoſe rapid ſurface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a riſing border of the brook
He ſits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
Now expectation chears his eager thought,
His boſom glows with treaſures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet ſeems to ſtand,
Where every gueſt applauds his ſkilful hand.
Far up the ſtream the twiſted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful ſway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily ſucks-in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fiſherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Caſt on the bank, he dies with gaſping pains,
And trickling blood his ſilver mail diſtains.

You muſt not every worm promiſcuous uſe;
Judgement will tell the proper bait to chuſe:
The worm that draws a long immoderate ſize
The trout abhors, and the rank morſel flies;
And, if too ſmall, the naked fraud 's in ſight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Thoſe baits will beſt reward the fiſher's pains,
Whoſe poliſh'd tails a ſhining yellow ſtains:
Cleanſe them from filth, to give a tempting gloſs,
Cheriſh the ſully'd reptile race with moſs;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native ſoil.

But, when the ſun diſplays his glorious beams,
And ſhallow rivers flow with ſilver ſtreams,
Then the deceit the ſcaly breed ſurvey,
Baſk in the ſun, and look into the day:
You now a more deluſive art muſt try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let nature guide thee; ſometimes golden wire
The ſhining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle muſt not fail,
Nor the dear purchaſe of the ſable's tail.
Each gaudy bird ſome ſlender tribute brings,
And lends the growing inſect proper wings:
Silks of all colours muſt their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fiſher's art.
So the gay lady, with expenſive care,
Purſues the pride of land, of ſea, and air;

Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing diſplays,
Dazzles our eyes, and eaſy hearts betrays.
Mark well the various ſeaſons of the year,
How the ſucceeding inſect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout diſdains.
Oft' have I ſeen a ſkilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly;
When he with fruitleſs pain hath ſkimm'd the brook,
And the coy fiſh rejects the ſkipping hook,
He ſhakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the ſtream a waving foreſt throw;
When if an inſect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy veſt, his wings, his horns, and ſize;
Then round his hook the choſen fur he winds,
And on the back a ſpeckled feather binds,
So juſt the colours ſhine through every part,
That Nature ſeems again to live in Art.
Let not thy wary ſtep advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a ſingle hair;
The new-form'd inſect on the water moves,
The ſpeckled trout the curious ſnare approves;
Upon the curling ſurface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand ſupply'd,
Againſt the ſtream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The ſcaly ſhoals float by, and, ſeiz'd with fear,
Their fellows toſt in thinner air;

But

But ſoon they leap, and catch the ſwimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and ſhare an equal fate.
When a briſk gale againſt the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fiſherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous ſalmon chance to ſpy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his ſilver gills above the flood,
And greedily ſucks-in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little ſpoil away:
Soon in ſmart pain he feels the dire miſtake,
Laſhes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With ſudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulſive anguiſh bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his ſhining body round;
Then headlong ſhoots beneath the daſhing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fiſher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fiſh with longing eyes,
While the line ſtretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his ſteady hands,
And one ſlight hair the mighty bulk commands:
Till, tir'd at laſt, deſpoil'd of all his ſtrength,
The game athwart the ſtream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleaſure, views the gaſping prize
Gnaſh his ſharp teeth, and roll his blood-ſhot eyes;

Then

Then draws him to the ſhore, with artful care,
And lifts his noſtrils in the ſickening air:
Upon the burthen'd ſtream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gaſping dies.
Would you preſerve a numerous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chace
(Th' amphibious monſter ranges all the ſhores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving ſteps betray,
And ſave from hoſtile jaws the ſcaly prey.
I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy ſtream, whoſe tangling weeds
Perplex the fiſher; I nor chuſe to bear
The thieviſh nightly net, nor barbed ſpear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor trowle for pikes, diſpeoplers of the lake;
Around the ſteel no tortur'd worm ſhall twine,
No blood of living inſect ſtain my line.
Let me, leſs cruel, caſt the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin ſtray,
And with the fur wrought fly delude the prey.

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO II.

NOW, ſporting Muſe, draw-in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear ſtreams a while for ſunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearſe,
And all the fiſherman adorn thy verſe;
Should you the wide encircling net diſplay,
And in its ſpacious arch incloſe the ſea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the ſoal and turbot hide the ſand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery ſong.

Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
Nor render all the plowman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And cloathes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your taſk repair,
Haſte! ſave the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And riſing ſheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for ſylvan ſports thy boſom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid courſe I view!
How does my eye the circling race purſue!
He ſnaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The ſubtle hare darts ſwift beneath his paws;

She

She flies, he ſtretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he preſſes on, but overſhoots his ground;
She turns; he winds, and ſoon regains the way,
Then tears with goary mouth the ſcreaming prey.
What various ſport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholeſome board!
Nor leſs the ſpaniel, ſkilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horſe, with ſwelling veins,
Hath ſafely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To ſweet repaſt th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the ſcatter'd harveſt lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the ſlavery of entangling nets.
The ſubtle dog ſcours with ſagacious noſe
Along the field, and ſnuffs each breeze that blows;
Againſt the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the ſtrong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm ſcent aſſures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (leſt ſome ſentry-fowl the fraud deſcry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Cloſe to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the ſnare the fluttering covey riſe.
Soon as the bluſhing light begins to ſpread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly ſhelter of the brakes.
Or, when the ſun caſts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the weſtern way,

Let

Let your obſequious ranger ſearch around,
Where yellow ſtubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving ſpy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian ſun contracts the ſhade,
And friſking heifers ſeek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with ſudden rains,
Or driving miſts deface the moiſten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unſkilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor muſt the ſporting verſe the gun forbear,
But what 's the Fowler's be the Muſe's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The ſcent grows warm; he ſtops; he ſprings the prey;
The fluttering coveys from the ſtubble riſe,
And on ſwift wing divide the ſounding ſkies;
The ſcattering lead purſues the certain ſight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copſe thy leſſer ſpaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Nor cloſeſt coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters; how he wavering flies!
The wood reſounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.
The towering hawk let future poets ſing,
Who terror bears upon his ſoaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern ſurvey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.

Nor

Till, ſpent at laſt, ſhe pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But ſtay, adventurous Muſe! haſt thou the force
To wind the twiſted horn, to guide the horſe?
To keep thy ſeat unmov'd, haſt thou the ſkill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canſt thou the ſtag's laborious chace direct,
Or the ſtrong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! ſpare this weak eſſay.
O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hoſtile arms!
And happy ſhepherds, who, ſecure from fear,
On open downs preſerve your fleecy care!
Whoſe ſpacious barns groan with increaſing ſtore,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous ſoldier, bent on cruel ſpoil,
Spreads deſolation o'er your fertile ſoil;
No trampling ſteed lays waſte the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons caſt their blaze afar,
The dreadful ſignal of invaſive war:
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his ſwooning fair.
What happineſs the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day ſhe ſpends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content
(Such happineſs, and ſuch unblemiſh'd fame,
Ne'er glad the boſom of the courtly dame):

She never feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her veins;
She never loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe;
Her home-ſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt;
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's ſoft paſſion in her boſom reign,
An equal paſſion warms her happy ſwain;
No homebred jars her quiet ſtate control,
Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul;
With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race
Hang on her breaſt, and her ſmall cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their buſy fingers cull,
Or from the ſpindle draw the lengthening wool:
Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noiſe and ſtrife,
The kind rewarders of induſtrious life;
Ye ſhady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muſe and Love;
Ye murmuring ſtreams that in mæanders roll,
The ſweet compoſers of the penſive ſoul;
Farewell! — The city calls me from your bowers:
Farewell, amuſing thoughts and peaceful hours!

THE

THE FAN.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

—ἔνθα δέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
Ἔνθ' ἔμι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς,
Πάρφασις, ἥ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων·
Τὴν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν.

HOM. Iliad. xiv. 215.

THE FAN.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whoſe waving play
With gentle gales relieves the ſultry day;
Not the wide fan by Perſian dames diſplay'd,
Which o'er their beauty caſts a grateful ſhade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor ſhall the Muſe in Aſian climates rove,
To ſeek in Indoſtan ſome ſpicy grove,
Where, ſtretch'd at eaſe, the panting lady lies,
To ſhun the fervor of meridian ſkies,
While ſweating ſlaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-ſpreading fans refreſh the fair;
No buſy gnats her pleaſing dreams moleſt,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breaſt;
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the ſky.
Nor ſhall Bermudas long the Muſe detain,
Whoſe fragrant foreſts bloom in Waller's ſtrain,
Where breathing ſweets from every field aſcend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend.
Yet let me in ſome odorous ſhade repoſe,
Whilſt in my verſe the fair palmetto grows:
Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head;
From the broad top depending branches ſpread;

No knotty limbs the taper body bears;
Hung on each bough a ſingle leaf appears,
Which, ſhrivel'd in its infancy, remains
Like a clos'd fan, nor ſtretches wide its veins,
But, as the ſeaſons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd ſurface to the nearer ſun:
Beneath this ſhade the weary peaſant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes riſe.
Stay, wandering Muſe! nor rove in foreign climes;
To thy own native ſhore confine thy rhymes.
Aſſiſt, ye Nine, your loftieſt notes employ;
Say what celeſtial ſkill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this inſtrument of Love began,
And in immortal ſtrains diſplay the Fan.
Strephon had long confeſs'd his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna raillied with diſdain:
Sometimes in broken words he ſigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dreſs'd, he laugh'd, he ſung, he rhym'd, he danc'd;
Now call'd more powerful preſents to his aid,
And, to ſeduce the miſtreſs, brib'd the maid;
Smooth flattery in her ſofter hours apply'd,
The ſureſt charm to bend the force of pride:
But ſtill unmov'd remains the ſcornful dame,
Inſults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon ſaw his vows diſpers'd in air,
He ſought in ſolitude to loſe his care;
Relief in ſolitude he ſought in vain,
It ſerv'd, like muſick, but to feed his pain.

To

To Venus now the ſlighted Boy complains,
And calls the Goddeſs in theſe tender ſtrains:
O potent Queen! from Neptune's empire ſprung,
Whoſe glorious birth admiring Nereids ſung,
Who 'midſt the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whoſe radiant preſence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thouſand altars riſe,
And curling clouds of incenſe hide the ſkies:
O beauteous Goddeſs! teach me how to move,
Inſpire my tongue with eloquence of love!
If loſt Adonis e'er thy boſom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on thoſe hours when firſt you felt the dart,
Think on the reſtleſs fever of thy heart;
Think how you pine in abſence of the ſwain:
By thoſe uneaſy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her ſhrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame.
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove!
May Venus dictate, and reward my love!
When crouds of ſuitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame, defy'd;
Each daring lover with adventurous pace
Purſued his wiſhes in the dangerous race;
Like the ſwift hind, the bounding damſel flies,
Strains to the goal, the diſtanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the ſwain to ſtay the flying fair;

'Thy golden preſent caught the virgin's eyes;
She ſtoops; he ruſhes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian Deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only ſome bright toy can charm her ſight,
Teach me what preſent may ſuſpend her flight.
Thus the deſponding youth his flame declares:
The Goddeſs with a nod his paſſion hears.
  Far in Cythera ſtands a ſpacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of Love:
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches ſpread;
Here Nature all her ſweets profuſely pours,
And paints th' enamel'd ground with various flowers;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged ſtone is cloath'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.
  Here buſy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the ſtiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All ſhare the toil; while ſome the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the ſhafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the ſtony wheel,
Where ſtreams the ſparkling fire from temper'd ſteel;
Some point their arrows with the niceſt ſkill,
And with the warlike ſtore their quivers fill.
  A different toil another forge employs:
Here the loud hammer faſhions female toys;
Hence is the fair with ornament ſupply'd;
Hence ſpring the glittering implements of pride;

Each.

Each trinket that adorns the modern dame
First to these little artists ow'd its frame;
Here an unfinish'd diamond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen;
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the railly'd fop for smart replies;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames;
Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground;
There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
Compleatly furnish'd with bright Beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in different labour slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
A swarm of labourers different tasks attend:
Here pullies make the ponderous oak ascend;
With echoing strokes the craggy quarry groans,
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains;

Strait to the grott with graceful ſtep ſhe goes,
Her looſe ambroſial hair behind her flows:
The ſwelling bellows heave for breath no more;
All drop their ſilent hammers on the floor;
In deep ſuſpence the mighty labour ſtands;
While thus the Goddeſs ſpoke her mild commands:
Induſtrious Loves! your preſent toils forbear;
A more important taſk demands your care:
Long has the ſcheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgement ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often ſeen,
Who draws the car of the celeſtial Queen?
Have ye not oft' furvey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not ſeen him in a ſunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride diſplay;
Then ſuddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers ſweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this inſtruct your art;
Thin taper ſticks muſt from one centre part:
Let theſe into the quadrant's form divide,
The ſpreading ribs with ſnowy paper hide;
Here ſhall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings cloſe,
And now its plaited ſurface wide diſpoſe.
So ſhall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the reſtleſs toy;
With various play bid grateful zephyrs riſe,
While Love in every grateful zephyr flies.

The

The maſter Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught deſigns:
Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly purſue.
Some ſlit their arrows with the niceſt art,
And into ſticks convert the ſhiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the ſleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the ſparks aſpire;
Their arrow's point they ſoften in the flame,
And ſounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this the little pin they neatly mold,
From whence their arms the ſpreading ſticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at juſt diſtance the wide ribs extend;
Then on the frame they mount the limber ſkreen,
And finiſh inſtantly the new machine.

The Goddeſs, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan ſhe moves the yielding air,
And gales till then unknown play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will ye withſtand,
When theſe new arms ſhall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artleſs, and the look demure;
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck incloſ'd,
And heaving breaſts within the ſtays repos'd;
When the cloſe hood conceal'd the modeſt ear,
Ere black-lead combs diſown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.

How

How are the ſex improv'd in amorous arts!
What new-found ſnares they bait for human hearts!
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirſty plains with human gore,
At firſt, the brandiſh'd arm the javelin threw,
Or ſent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful faulchion ſhone,
Or whiſtling ſlings diſmiſs'd th' uncertain ſtone.
Now men thoſe leſs deſtructive arms deſpiſe;
Wide-waſteful death from thundering cannon flies:
One hour with more battalions ſtrows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles ſlain.
So Love with fatal airs the nymph ſupplies,
Her dreſs diſpoſes, and directs her eyes.
The boſom now its panting beauties ſhows;
Th' experienc'd eye reſiſtleſs glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And ſtrike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dreſs ſinks, and now aſpires
A towery front of lace on branching wires;
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.
How ſhall I ſoar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their ſpring!
What force of thought, what numbers, can expreſs
Th' inconſtant equipage of female dreſs!
How the ſtrait ſtays the ſlender waiſt conſtrain,
How to adjuſt the manteau's ſweeping train!
What fancy can the petticoat ſurround,
With the capacious hoop of whale-bone bound!

But ſtay, preſumptuous Muſe! nor boldly dare
The toilette's ſacred myſteries declare.
Let a juſt diſtance be to beauty paid;
None here muſt enter but the truſty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearſe,
And gloſſy manteaus ruſtle in thy verſe;
Should you the rich brocaded ſuit unfold,
Where riſing flowers grow ſtiff with froſted gold;
The dazzled Muſe would from her ſubject ſtray,
And in a maze of faſhions loſe her way.

THE FAN.

BOOK II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in Heaven's high towers
Appear in council all th' immortal powers.
Great Jove above the reſt exalted ſate,
And in his mind revolv'd ſucceeding fate;
His awful eye with ray ſuperior ſhone;
The thunder-graſping eagle guards his throne;
On ſilver clouds the great aſſembly laid,
The whole creation at one view ſurvey'd.
But ſee! fair Venus comes in all her ſtate;
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her looſe robe officious Zephyrs play,
And ſtrew with odoriferous flowers the way;
In her right hand ſhe waves the fluttering Fan;
And thus in melting ſounds her ſpeech began:
Aſſembled Powers! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the ſea, the ſkies, and earth, preſide;
Ye fountains! whence all human bleſſings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus firſt rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to ſtream with generous wine;
Induſtrious Ceres tam'd the ſavage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harveſts crown'd;
Flora with bloomy ſweets enrich'd the year;
And fruitful Autumn is Pomona's care.

I firſt

I firſt taught woman to ſubdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dreſs refin'd:
Celeſtial Synod! this machine ſurvey,
That ſhades the face, or bids cool Zephyrs play;
If conſcious bluſhes on her cheek ariſe,
With this ſhe veils them from her lover's eyes;
No level'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the Fan's ambuſh ſhe directs the dart.
The royal ſceptre ſhines in Juno's hand,
And twiſted thunder ſpeaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon ſhield appears,
And Neptune's mighty graſp the trident bears;
Ceres is with the bending ſickle ſeen,
And the ſtrong bow points out the Cynthian Queen;
Henceforth the waving Fan my hands ſhall grace,
The waving Fan ſupply the ſceptre's place.
Who ſhall, ye Powers! the forming pencil hold?
What ſtory ſhall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle-wreaths and flowery chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow ſtrow the ſmiling plains
With unreſiſting nymphs and amorous ſwains:
May glowing pictures o'er the ſurface ſhine,
To melt ſlow virgins with a warm deſign!
  Diana roſe, with ſilver creſcent crown'd,
And fix'd her modeſt eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mien ſhe rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin ſaid:
  Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and deluſive ſmiles?

Does

Does man againſt her charms too powerful prove?
Or are the ſex grown novices in love?
Why then theſe arms? or why ſhould artful eyes,
From this ſlight ambuſh, conquer by ſurprize?
No guilty thought the ſpotleſs virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conſcious crimſon glows.
Since bluſhes then from ſhame alone ariſe,
Why ſhould we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And truſt his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the Gods already cheriſh'd pride,
And woman with deſtructive arms ſupply'd?
Neptune on her beſtows his choiceſt ſtores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping ſhell its pearly charge reſigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the ſoil,
Where the green emerald pays the ſearcher's toil.
Does not the diamond ſparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing luſtre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet, if Venus' wiſhes muſt ſucceed,
And this fantaſtic engine be decreed,
May ſome chaſte ſtory from the pencil flow,
To ſpeak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe!
Here let the wretched Ariadne ſtand,
deſert'd by Theſeus to ſome deſart land,

Her

Her locks diſhevel'd waving in the wind,
The cryſtal tears confeſs her tortur'd mind.
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous ſails,
And their white boſoms catch the ſwelling gales.
Be ſtill! ye winds, ſhe cries; ſtay, Theſeus, ſtay!
But faithleſs Theſeus hears no more than they.
All deſperate, to ſome craggy cliff ſhe flies,
And ſpreads a well-known ſignal in the ſkies;
His leſſening veſſel plows the foamy main;
She ſighs, ſhe calls, ſhe waves the ſign in vain.
Paint Dido there amidſt her laſt diſtreſs,
Pale cheeks and blood-ſhot eyes her grief expreſs:
Deep in her breaſt the reeking ſword is drown'd;
And guſhing blood ſtreams purple from the wound;
Her ſiſter Anna hovering o'er her ſtands,
Accuſes Heaven with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curſes with her broken ſighs.
View this, ye maids; and then each ſwain believe;
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.
Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris firſt betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the falſe youth wove for Oenone's brow;
The garlands loſe their ſweets, their pride is ſhed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled.
On her fair arm her penſive head ſhe lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look ſurveys;
That flood which witneſs'd his inconſtant flame,
When thus he ſwore, and won the yielding dame:

" Theſe

[illegible] their fountain move,
[illegible] love."
[illegible] your fountain run!
[illegible]
[illegible] the moments flew,
[illegible] nation knew,
[illegible] where you lov'd the plain,
[illegible] swain.
[illegible] the [illegible] the Fan,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Her naked boſom wanton treſſes grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face;
O'er her fair limbs a thin looſe veil is ſpread
(Stand off! ye ſhepherds; fear Actæon's head!):
Let vigorous Pan th' unguarded minute ſeize,
And in a ſhaggy goat the virgin pleaſe.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
There with juſt warmth Aurora's paſſion trace,
Let ſpreading crimſon ſtain her virgin face.
See Cephalus her wanton airs deſpiſe,
While ſhe provokes him with deſiring eyes;
To raiſe his paſſion, ſhe diſplays her charms,
His modeſt hand upon her boſom warms:
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force, his heart perſuade;
But with diſdain he quits the roſy maid.
Here let diſſolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breaſts reveal her joy;
Beneath the preſſing ſwan ſhe pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its power,
And ſoften Danaë in a glittering ſhower.
Would you warn Beauty not to cheriſh pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
Or the machine the ſage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wiſdom mark her face.
See, where ſhe lies near ſome tranſparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the reſounding wood:
Her image in the floating glaſs ſhe ſpies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and ſhrivel'd eyes;

She breaks the guiltleſs pipe, and with diſdain
Its ſhatter'd ruins flings upon the plain;
With the loud reed no more her cheek ſhall ſwell,
What! ſpoil her face! No. Warbling ſtrains, farewell.
Shall arts, ſhall ſciences, employ the fair?
Thoſe trifles are beneath Minerva's care.
From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye ſparkle with the glowing flame;
The God of War within her clinging arms
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a huſband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a cloſe embrace.
Let theſe amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be ſeen;
So ſhall the fair, as long as Fans ſhall laſt,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaſte.

THE

THE FAN.

BOOK III.

THUS Momus ſpoke. When ſage Minerva roſe;
From her ſweet lips ſmooth elocution flows;
Her ſkilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
Where ſhining colours were in order plac'd.
As Gods are bleſs'd with a ſuperior ſkill,
And, ſwift as mortal thought, perform their will;
Straight ſhe propoſes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint expreſs her great deſign.
Th' aſſembled Powers conſent. She now began,
And her creating pencil ſtain'd the Fan.
O'er the fair field trees ſpread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and diſtant mountains grow;
Life ſeems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face ſome lively paſſion reigns.
Thus have I ſeen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the ſilent air,
In darken'd rooms, where light can only paſs
Through the ſmall circle of a convex glaſs;
On the white ſheet the moving figures riſe,
The foreſt waves, clouds float along the ſkies.
She various fables on the piece deſign'd,
That ſpoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe ſhe drew
(Be wiſe, ye nymphs, that ſcornful vice ſubdue).

The tender ſiſters, bath'd in grief, appear
With ſable garments and diſhevel'd hair,
And o'er their gaſping brothers weeping ſtood;
Some with their treſſes ſtopt the guſhing blood;
They ſtrive to ſtay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action ſhare their fate.
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To ſave her only care in vain ſhe tries,
Cloſe at her feet the lateſt victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling ſorrow flows,
Like dewy ſpangles on the bluſhing roſe;
Fixt in aſtoniſhment, ſhe weeping ſtood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood;
She ſtiffens with her woes; no more her hair
In eaſy ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forſakes her eyes; her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the ſanguine tide;
All life is fled; firm marble now ſhe grows,
Which ſtill in tears the mother's anguiſh ſhows.
Ye haughty fair, your painted Fans diſplay,
And the juſt fate of lofty pride ſurvey.
Though lovers oft' extol your beauty's power,
And in celeſtial ſimilies adore;
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And Goddeſſes confeſs inferior charms;
Do not, vain maid, the flattering tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glaſs deceive.
Here lively colours Procris' paſſion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.

Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her ſickening eyes, and gaſps for life:
Her drooping head upon her ſhoulder lies,
And purple gore her ſnowy boſom dyes.
What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!
See, his red eye-lid ſeems to ſwell with tears;
With agony his wringing hands he ſtrains,
And ſtrong convulſions ſtretch his branching veins.
Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain ſuſpicion ceaſe,
Loſe not, in ſullen diſcontent, your peace.
For, when fierce love to jealouſy ferments,
A thouſand doubts and fears the ſoul invents;
No more the days in pleaſing converſe flow,
And nights no more their ſoft endearments know.
There on the piece the Volſcian Queen expir'd,
The love of ſpoils her female boſom fir'd.
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm ſhe ſighs;
Fearleſs ſhe follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obſtructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound;
The mournful nymphs her drooping head ſuſtain,
And try to ſtop the guſhing life in vain.
Thus the raw maid ſome tawdry coat ſurveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His ſnowy feather, edg'd with crimſon dyes,
And his bright ſword-knot, lure her wandering eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conſpire to move,
Till the nymph falls a ſacrifice to love.

Here young Narciſſus o'er the fountain ſtood,
And view'd his image in the cryſtal flood;
The cryſtal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image ſtrives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breaſt ſubdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy purſued,
Himſelf alone the fooliſh youth admires,
And with fond look the ſmiling ſhade deſires:
O'er the ſmooth lake with fruitleſs tears he grieves,
His ſpreading fingers ſhoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green ſap now gently flows,
And in a ſhort-liv'd flower his beauty blows.
Let vain Narciſſus warn each female breaſt,
That beauty 's but a tranſient good at beſt.
Like flowers, it withers with th' advancing year;
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh, Araminta! ceaſe thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithleſs charms confide;
Ev'n while the glaſs reflects thy ſparkling eyes,
Their luſtre and thy roſy colour flies!
Thus on the Fan the breathing figures ſhine,
And all the powers applaud the wiſe deſign.
The Cyprian Queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the ſynod leaves.
To the low world ſhe bends her ſteepy way,
Where Strephon paſs'd the ſolitary day.
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His down-caſt eyes betray'd deſponding love;
The wounded bark confeſs'd his ſlighted flame,
And every tree bore falſe Corinna's name;

Gay France ſhall make the Fan her artiſt's care,
And with the coſtly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators, that touch the heart,
With various action raiſe their ſoothing art,
Both head and hand affect the liſtening throng,
And humour each expreſſion of the tongue;
So ſhall each paſſion by the Fan be ſeen,
From noiſy anger to the ſullen ſpleen.
While Venus ſpoke, joy ſhone in Strephon's eyes;
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna ſlies.
But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting boſom flew.
Leander lov'd; and to the ſprightly dame
In gentle ſighs reveal'd his growing flame:
Sweet ſmiles Corinna to his ſighs returns,
And for the ſop in equal paſſion burns.
Lo, Strephon comes! and, with a ſuppliant bow,
Offers the preſent, and renews his vow.
When ſhe the fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride againſt my heart rebell'd?
She ſighing cry'd. Diſdain forſook her breaſt,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy gueſt.
In Procris' boſom when ſhe ſaw the dart,
She juſtly blames her own ſuſpicious heart,
Imputes her diſcontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's conſtancy ſincere.
When on Camilla's fate her eye ſhe turns,
No more for ſhow and equipage ſhe burns:

She learns Leander's paſſion to deſpiſe,
And looks on merit with diſcerning eyes.
  Narciſſus' change to the vain virgin ſhows,
Who truſts to beauty, truſts the fading roſe.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye virgins, ere the bloſſom dies.
  Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon woos the dame;
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brighteſt flame.

THE

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

IN SIX PASTORALS. 1714.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES.

" — Libeat mihi fordida rura,
" Atque humiles habitare caſas. —" VIRG.

THE PROEME

TO THE

COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvel hath it been (and that not unworthily) to diverſe worthy wits, that in this our Iſland of Britain, in all rare ſciences ſo greatly abounding, more eſpecially in all kinds of Poeſy highly flouriſhing, no Poet (though otherwiſe of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right ſimple Eclogue after the true ancient guiſe of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travailing in this plain highway of Paſtoral know I none. Yet, certes, ſuch it behoved a Paſtoral to be, as Nature in the country affordeth; and the manners alſo meetly copied from the ruſtical folk therein. In this alſo my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to deſcribe aright the manners of our own honeſt and laborious ploughmen, in no wiſe ſure more unworthy a Britiſh Poet's imitation, than theſe of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young

" As one who long in populous city pent,
" Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
" Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe
" Among the pleaſant villages and farms
" Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
" The ſmell of grain or tedded graſs or kine
" Or dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound."

Thou wilt not find my ſhepherdeſſes idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the ſheaves, or if the hogs are aſtray driving them to the ſtyes. My ſhepherd gathereth none other noſegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he ſleepeth not under myrtle ſhades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, becauſe there are none, as maiſter Spenſer well obſerveth:

" Well is known that ſince the Saxon king
" Never was wolf ſeen, many or ſome
" Nor in all Kent nor in Chriſtendom."

For as much as I have mentioned maiſter Spenſer, ſoothly I muſt acknowledge him a bard of ſweeteſt memorial. Yet hath his ſhepherd's boy at ſome times raiſed his ruſtic reed to rhymes more rumbling than rural. Diverſe grave points alſo hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily ariſing, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me beſt are his names, indeed right ſimple and meet for the country, ſuch as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, ſome of which I have made bold to borrow.

Moreover,

Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the "ſhepherd's "calendar," and divided the ſame into twelve months, I have choſen (peradventure not over-raſhly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being ſuppoſed to be chriſtian ſhepherds, and to be then at church-woſhip. Yet further of many of maiſter Spenſer's Eclogues it may be obſerved; though months they be called, of the ſaid months therein nothing is ſpecified; wherein I have alſo eſteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertiſed, (ſeeing I depart from the vulgar uſage) is touching the language of my ſhepherds; which is, ſoothly to ſay, ſuch as is neither ſpoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only ſuch as in the preſent times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times paſt; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future: it having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the preſent, too much of the preſent to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted alſo it is, that in this my language, I ſeem unto myſelf as a London maſon, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which ſoon turns to rubbiſh and ruins. For this point, no reaſon can I alledge, only deep-learned enſamples having led me thereunto.

But

But here again much comfort ariſeth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when theſe words in the courſe of tranſitory things ſhall decay, it may ſo hap, in meet time, that ſome lover of ſimplicity ſhall ariſe, who ſhall have the hardineſs to render theſe mine Eclogues into ſuch modern dialect as ſhall be then underſtood, to which end, gloſſes and explications of uncouth paſtoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyſelf with the proſpect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

Thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

LO, I who erſt beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my ſonnets in a book,
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.
As lads and laſſes ſtood around
To hear my boxen hautboy ſound,
Our *clerk* came poſting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the *queen*;
That *queen*, he ſaid, to whom we owe
Sweet *peace that maketh riches flow*;
That *queen*, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in ſtate.
At this, in tears was Cicely ſeen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps ſtood every clown,
The parſon rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had ſnatch'd queen Anne to Elzabeth,
I broke my reed, and, ſighing, ſwore,
I 'd weep for Blouzelind *no more*.

While thus we ſtood as in a ſtound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full ſoon by bonefire and by bell
We learnt our Liege was paſſing well.
A ſkilful leach (ſo God him ſpeed)
They ſaid had wrought this bleſſed deed.
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had ſlept;
But watch'd our gracious Sovereign ſtill;
For who could reſt when ſhe was ill?
Oh, may'ſt thou henceforth ſweetly ſleep!
Sheer, ſwains, oh ſheer your ſofteſt ſheep,
To ſwell his couch; for, well I ween,
He ſav'd the realm, who ſav'd the Queen.
Quoth I, pleaſe God, I 'll hye with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to ſee.
I ſold my ſheep and lambkins too,
For ſilver loops and garment blue;
My boxen hautboy, ſweet of ſound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my ſcrip, I got
A gorgeous ſword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with ſpeed,
Of ſoldier's drum-withouten dreed;
For peace allays the ſhepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.
There ſaw I ladies all a-row,
Before their Queen in ſeemly ſhow.
No more I 'll ſing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;

Nor

Nor Clumſilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damſel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lanſdowne, freſh as flower of May,
And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay;
And Angleſea, whoſe ſpeech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes ſo rare;
And Montague beyond compare:
Such ladies fair would I depaint,
In roundelay or ſonnet quaint.
There many a worthy wight I 've ſeen,
In ribbon blue and ribbon green:
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moſes, in our bibles fair;
Who for our traffick forms deſigns,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, ſhepherds, clip your fleecy care;
Ye maids, your ſpinning-wheels prepare;
Ye weavers, all your ſhuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and ſerges grow;
For trading free ſhall thrive again,
Nor leaſings lewd affright the ſwain.
There ſaw I St. John, ſweet of mien,
Full ſtedfaſt both to church and queen;
With whoſe fair name I 'll deck my ſtrain;
St. John, right courteous to the ſwain.
For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy ſonnets, gentle Gay;
And, certes, mirth it were to ſee
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,

With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All ſuddenly then home I ſped,
And did ev'n as my lord had ſaid.
Lo, here thou haſt mine Eclogues fair;
But let not theſe detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of ſtates and kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus ſings.
Rather than verſe of ſimple ſwain
Should ſtay the trade of France or Spain;
Or, for the plaint of Parſon's maid,
Yon' Emperor's packets be delay'd;
In ſooth, I ſwear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes, and all.

MONDAY;

OR,

THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN-CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but juſt awake,
No thruſtles ſhrill the bramble-buſh forſake,
No chirping lark the welkin ſheen invokes,
No damſel yet the ſwelling udder ſtrokes;
O'er yonder hill does ſcant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cott ſo rear?

CUDDY.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is gueſt;
For *he that loves, a ſtranger is to reſt*;

Ver. 3. *Welkin*, the ſame as *Welken*, an old Saxon word ſignifying *a cloud*; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for *the element* or *ſky*, as may appear by this verſe in the Dream of Chaucer,

" Ne in all the welkin was no cloud."

— *Sheen* or *ſhine*, an old word for *ſhining* or *bright*.

Ver. 5. *Scant*, uſed in the ancient Britiſh authors for *ſcarce*.

Ver. 6. *Rear*, an expreſſion in ſeveral counties of England, for *early in the morning*.

Ver. 7. *To ween*, derived from the Saxon, to *think* or *conceive*.

If ſwains belye not, thou haſt prov'd the ſmart,
And Blouzelinda's miſtreſs of thy heart.
This riſing rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Thoſe arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree:
Thee Blouzelinda ſmites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah, Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n-calf:
Woe worth the tongue! may bliſters ſore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witneſs Lobbin Clout, I thee adviſe,
Leſt bliſters ſore on thy own tongue ariſe.
Lo yonder, Cloddipole, the blithſome ſwain,
The wiſeſt lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the ſkies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds ariſe.
He taught us erſt the heifer's tail to view,
When ſtuck aloft, that ſhowers would ſtraight enſue;
He firſt that uſeful ſecret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When ſwallows fleet ſoar high and ſport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearſe,
And praiſe his ſweetheart in alternate verſe.
I'll wager this ſame oaken ſtaff with thee,
That Cloddipole ſhall give the prize to me.

Ver. 25. *Erſt*, a contraction of *ere this*; it ſignifies *ſome time ago*, or *formerly*.

LOBBIN

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch, that 's lin'd with hair,
Made of the ſkin of fleeceſt fallow-deer.
This pouch, that 's ty'd with tape of reddeſt hue,
I 'll wager, that the prize ſhall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting flouch!
Be thine the oaken ſtaff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blitheſt laſs,
Than primroſe ſweeter, or the clover-graſs.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daiſie that beſide her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens ſweet,
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzalind 's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daiſie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the feateſt maid,
That e'er at wake delightſome gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins or the gooſe's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witleſs lamb may ſport upon the plain,
The friſking kid delight the gaping ſwain,
The wanton calf may ſkip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play defteſt feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the firſt of May.

Ver. 56. *Deft*, an old word, ſignifying *briſk* or *nimble*.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her, no ſultry ſummer's heat I know;
In winter, when ſhe 's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, eaſe thy ſwain's deſire,
My ſummer's ſhadow, and my winter's fire!

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour ſeem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply ſhe were gone,
Like worky-days I wiſh'd would ſoon be done.
Eftſoons, O ſweet-heart kind, my love repay,
And all the year ſhall then be holiday.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gameſome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing ſtood,
I ſlily ran, and ſnatch'd a haſty kiſs;
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiſs.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I 'm bold to ſay,
Her breath was ſweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger ſtroak'd her milky care,

Ver. 69. *Eftſoons*, from *eft*, an ancient Britiſh word, ſignifying *ſoon*. So that *eftſoons* is a doubling of the word *ſoon*; which is, as it were, to ſay *twice ſoon*, or *very ſoon*.

I quaintly

I queintly ſtole a kiſs; at firſt, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I ſwear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welſh, to Dutchmen butter 's dear,
Of Iriſh ſwains potatoe is the chear;
Oats for their feaſts the Scottiſh ſhepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While ſhe loves turnips, butter I 'll deſpiſe,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

CUDDY.

In good roaſt-beef my landlord ſticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our parſon eats, the ſquire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While ſhe loves white-pot, capon ne'er ſhall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

Ver. 79. *Queint* has various ſignifications in the ancient Engliſh authors. I have uſed it in this place in the ſame ſenſe as Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale "As Clerkes being full ſubtle and queint," (by which he means *arch* or *waggiſh*); and not in that obſcene ſenſe wherein he uſeth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 85.

"Populus Alcidæ gratiſſima, vitis Iaccho,
"Formoſæ Myrtus Veneri, ſua Laurea Phœbo,
"Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
"Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phœbi,"
&c. VIRG.

LOBBIN

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *blindman's buff*, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miſs'd the ſwains, and ſeiz'd on Blouzelind.
True ſpeaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

CUDDY.

As at *hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick roſe, and read ſoft miſchief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the ſlacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda ſwung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment roſe,
And ſhow'd her taper leg, and ſcarlet hoſe.

CUDDY.

Acroſs the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myſelf pois'd againſt the tottering maid.
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I ſpy'd — but faithful ſweet-hearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canſt, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every ſwain.
"What flower is that which bears the *virgin's* name,
"The richeſt metal joined with the ſame?"

Ver. 103—110. were not in the early editions. N.
Ver. 113. Marygold.

CUDDY

CUDDY.

Anſwer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I 'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
" What flower is that which royal honour craves,
" Adjoin the *virgin*, and 'tis ſtrown on graves?"

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts! give o'er your ſtrains,
An oaken ſtaff each merits for his pains.
But ſee the ſun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water ſtand a-dry,
They 're weary of your ſongs — and ſo am I.

Ver. 117. Roſemary.
" Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
" Naſcantur Flores." VIRG.
Ver. 120. " Et vitula tu dignus & hic." VIRG.

TUESDAY;

OR,

THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerleſs meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In every wood his carols ſweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were ſhown.
When in the ring the ruſtic routs he threw,
The damſels' pleaſures with his conqueſts grew;
Or when aſſant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger ſmites the breaſt of every maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the ſwain,
The parſon's maid, and neateſt of the plain;
Marian, that ſoft could ſtroke the udder'd cow,
Or leſſen with her ſieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with ſage the hardening cheeſe ſhe preſs'd,
And yellow butter Marian's ſkill confeſs'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter, nor ſage-cheeſe, prepares;
For yearning love the witleſs maid employs,
And Love, ſay ſwains, "all buſy heed deſtroys."
Colin makes mock at all her piteous ſmart;
A laſs that Cicely hight had won his heart,

he weſtern laſs that tends the kee,
al of the parſon's maid was ſhe.
y ſhade now Marian lies along,
ixt with ſighs, thus wails in plaining ſong:
oful day! ah woful noon and morn!
irſt by thee my younglings white were ſhorn;
rſt, I ween, I caſt a lover's eye,
:p were ſilly, but more ſilly I.
the ſhears they felt no laſting ſmart,
ıſt but fleeces, while I loſt a heart.
Colin! canſt thou leave thy ſweetheart true?
have done for thee, will Cicely do?
e thy linen waſh, or hoſen darn,
it thee gloves made of her own ſpun yarn?
e with huſwife's hand provide thy meat?
ery Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,
, o'er thy kerſey doublet ſpreading wide,
ice-time drew Cicely's eyes aſide?
re-e'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,
ν diſaſters in my look appear.
as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
my features that I 'm hardly known.
ighbours tell me oft', in joking talk,
:s, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
ingly of Marian they divine,
iſt not that with thoughtful love I pine.
lin Clout, untoward ſhepherd ſwain,
whiſtling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

21. *Kee*, a weſt-country word for *kine* or *cows*.

Whilom

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the ſoil you guide the crooked ſhare,
Your early breakfaſt is my conſtant care;
And when with even hand you ſtrow the grain,
I fright the thieviſh rooks from off the plain.
In miſling days when I my threſher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Loſt in the muſick of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the ſmoaking pail:
In harveſt when the ſun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought ſupply;
When-e'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft' been ſun-burnt for thy ſake;
When in the welkin gathering ſhowers were ſeen,
I lagg'd the laſt with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy carr,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far,
Straight on the fire the ſooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haſte.
When hungry thou ſtood'ſt *ſtaring, like an oaf,*
I ſlic'd the luncheon from the barley-loaf;
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy meſs.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage leſs!
"Laſt Friday's eve, when as the ſun was ſet,
I, near yon ſtile, three ſallow gypſies met.
Upon my hand they caſt a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they ſhc
They ſaid that many croſſes I muſt prove;
me in my worldly gain, but moſt in love.

Next morn I miſs'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a ſmock;
I bore theſe loſſes with a chriſtian mind,
And no miſhaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But ſince, alas! I grew my Colin's ſcorn,
I 've known no pleaſure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypſies; bring him home again,
And to a conſtant laſs give back her ſwain.

Have I not ſat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When every creature did in ſlumbers lie,
Beſides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move;
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at laſt year's wake
I bought the coſtly preſent for thy ſake;
Could'ſt thou ſpell o'er the poſy on thy knife,
And with another change thy ſtate of life?
If thou forget'ſt, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verſe ſo ſweet:
"As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
"So is thy image on this heart of mine."
But woe is me! ſuch preſents luckleſs prove,
For *knives*, they tell me, *always ſever love*.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears ſhe ſought;
Then ſaw the cow well ſerv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY;

OR,

THE DUMPS*.

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair that Sparabella hight.
Such ſtrains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts ſo ſweet a note.
No mag-pye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor aſs to bray;

* *Dumps*, or *Dumbs*, made uſe of to expreſs a fit of the *ſullens*. Some have pretended that it is derived from *Dumops*, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So *mopes* after the ſame manner is thought to have come from *Merops*, another Egyptian king that died of the ſame diſtemper. But our Engliſh antiquaries have conjectured that *dumps*, which is a *grievous heavineſs of ſpirits*, comes from the word *dumplin*, the heavieſt kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much uſed in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.

" Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca
" Certantes, quorum ſtupefactæ carmine lynces;
" Et mutata ſuos requiêrunt flumina curſus."

VIRG.

No

No ruſtling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damſel ſung.
A while O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guiſe, my verſe diſdain;
Whether thou ſeek'ſt new kingdoms in the ſun,
Whether thy Muſe does at Newmarket run,
Or does with goſſips at a feaſt regale,
And heighten her conceits with ſack and ale,
Or elſe at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyricks ſwell in every voice;
Yet ſuffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.
Now the ſun drove adown the weſtern road,
And oxen laid at reſt forgot the goad,
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his ſpade,
Acroſs the meadows ſtretch'd the lengthen'd ſhade;
When Sparabella, penſive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,

Ver. 9.

" Tu mihi ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Timavi,
" Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris —"

Ver. 11. An opera written by this author, called, " The World in the Sun, or The Kingdom of Birds; he is alſo famous for his ſong on the Newmarket horſe-race, and ſeveral others that are ſung by the Britiſh ſwains.

Ver. 17. *Meed*, an old word for *fame* or *renown*.

Ver. 18.

— " Hanc ſine tempora circum
" Inter victrices ederam *tibi* ſerpere lauros."

Lean'd on her rake, and ſtrait with doleful guiſe
Did this ſad plaint in moanful notes deviſe.
Come night as dark as pitch, ſurround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Laſt Sunday happier Clumſilis put on.
Sure if he 'd eyes (*but love, they ſay, has none*)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah, well-a-day! I 'm ſhent with baneful ſmart,
For with the ribbon he beſtow'd his heart.
"My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burden aid,
"'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Shall heavy Clumſilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me deſpair.
Her blubber'd lip by ſmutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne!
The cleanly cheeſe-preſs ſhe could never turn,
Her aukward fiſt did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er ſhe brew'd, the drink would ſtrait go ſour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power;
No huſwifery the dowdy creature knew;
To ſum up all, her tongue confeſs'd the ſhrew.
"My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
"'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."

Ver. 25. "Incumbens tereti Damon ſic cœpit olivæ."

Ver. 33. *Shent*, an old word, ſignifying *hurt* or *ſtunned*.

Ver. 37.
"Mopſo Niſa datur, quid non ſperemus amantes?" VIRG.

I 've

I 've often ſeen my viſage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homelieſt make,
Though Clumſilis may boaſt a whiter dye,
Yet the black ſloe turns in my rolling eye;
And faireſt bloſſoms drop with every blaſt,
But the brown beauty will like hollies laſt.
Her wan complexion 's like the wither'd leek,
While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet ſhe, alas! the witleſs lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling ſtraps unite,
The clucking hen make friendſhip with the kite;
Let the fox ſimply wear the nuptial nooſe,
And join in wedlock with the waddling gooſe;
For love hath brought a ſtranger thing to paſs,
The faireſt ſhepherd weds the fouleſt laſs.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burden aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."

Ver. 49.
" Nec ſum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi."
VIRG.

Ver. 53.
" Alba liguſtra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur."
VIRG.

Ver. 59.
" Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque ſequenti
" Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ."
VIRG.

Sooner ſhall cats diſport in waters clear,
And ſpeckled mackrel graze the meadows fair;
Sooner ſhall ſcreech-owls baſk in ſunny day,
And the ſlow aſs on trees, like ſquirrels, play;
Sooner ſhall ſnails on inſect pinions rove;
Than I forget my ſhepherd's wonted love.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Ah! didſt thou know what proffers I withſtood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!
To me he ſped, regardleſs of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with ſhame;
My lip he kiſs'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purſe of ſilk a guinea took,
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modeſt ſtruggling broke his hold.
He ſwore that Dick, in livery ſtriped with lace,
Should wed me ſoon, to keep me from diſgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee;
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Now plain I ken whence Love his riſe begun.
Sure he was born ſome bloody butcher's ſon,
Bred

Ver. 67.
" Ante leves ergo paſcentur in æthere cervi,
" Et freta deſtituent nudos in littore piſces —
" Quàm noſtro illius labatur pectore vultus."
VIRG.

Ver. 89. *To ken.* Scire. Chaucer *to ken*, and *kende*; notus; A. S. *cunnan*. Goth. *kunnan*. Germanis *kennen*.

Bred up *in* ſhambles, where our younglings ſlain
Erſt taught him miſchief, and to ſport with pain.
The father only filly ſheep annoys,
The ſon the fillier ſhepherdeſs deſtroys.
Does ſon or father greater miſchief do?
The fire is cruel, ſo the ſon is too.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye ſtreams that flow;
A ſudden death ſhall rid me of my woe.
This penknife keen my windpipe ſhall divide.
What! ſhall I fall as ſqueaking pigs have dy'd?
No — To ſome tree this carcaſe I 'll ſuſpend.
But worrying curs find ſuch untimely end!
I 'll ſpeed me to the pond, where the high ſtool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That ſtool, the dread of every ſcolding quean;
Yet, ſure a lover ſhould not die ſo mean!
There plac'd aloft, I 'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the pariſh ſay I 've loſt my wits;

Danis *kiende*. Iſlandis *kunna*. Belgis *kennen*. This word is of general uſe, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. *Ken* for *proſpicere* is well known and uſed *to diſcover by the eye*. RAY, F. R. S.

" Nunc ſcio quid ſit amor, &c.
" Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
" Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater."
VIRG.

Ver. 99. " — vivite ſylvæ:
" Præceps aërii ſpeculâ de montis in undas
" Deferar." VIRG.

And thence, if courage holds, myſelf I 'll throw,
And quench my paſſion in the lake below.
" Ye laſſes, ceaſe your burthen, ceaſe to moan,
" And, by my caſe forewarn'd, go mind your own."
The ſun was ſet; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarſe owl his woful dirges ſings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

THURSDAY;

OR,

THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, ſeated in a dreary vale,
In penſive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in ſighs bemoan,
And pining Echo anſwers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forſakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, theſe ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and ſpells ſhall eaſe my care.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
When firſt the year I heard the cuckow ſing,
And call with welcome note the budding ſpring,
I ſtraightway ſet a-running with ſuch haſte,
Deborah that won the ſmock ſcarce ran ſo faſt;

Ver 8. *Dight* or *bedight*, from the Saxon word *dihtan*, which ſignifies *to ſet in order*.

Till

Till ſpent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a riſing bank I ſat adown,
Then doff'd my ſhoe, and by my troth, I ſwear,
Therein I ſpy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
At eve laſt Midſummer no ſleep I ſought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-ſeed brought;
I ſcatter'd round the ſeed on every ſide,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
" This hemp-ſeed with my virgin hand I ſow,
" Who ſhall my true-love be, the crop ſhall mow."
I ſtraight look'd back, and, if my eyes ſpeak truth,
With his keen ſcythe behind me came the youth.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Laſt Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I early roſe, juſt at the break of day,
Before the ſun had chac'd the ſtars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for ſo ſhould huſwives do);
Thee firſt I ſpy'd; and the firſt ſwain we ſee,
In ſpite of fortune, ſhall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canſt thou then thy ſweetheart dear forſake?

Ver 21. *Doff* and *don*, contracted from the words *do off* and *do on*.

" With

" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Laſt May-day fair I ſearch'd to find a ſnail,
That might my ſecret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooſeberry-buſh a ſnail I found
(For always ſnails near ſweeteſt fruit abound).
I ſeiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly ſped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers ſpread.
Slow crawl'd the ſnail, and, if I right can ſpell,
In the ſoft aſhes mark'd a curious *L*:
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a ſweet-heart's name;
This with the loudeſt bounce me ſore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brighteſt colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, ſo may thy paſſion grow;
For 'twas thy nut that did ſo brightly glow.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As peaſcods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to ſee
One that was cloſely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd I ſafely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the ſpell in ſecret laid,

Ver. 64. ——ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δίλφιδι δάφναν
Αἴθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακίει, μέγα καππυρίσασα. THEOC.
Ver. 66.
" Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide."

My

My wheel I turn'd, and ſung a ballad new,
While from the ſpindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who ſhould firſt come in,
But, in his proper perſon—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, ſurpriz'd the ſight to ſee;
Sure ſign that he would break his word with me.
Eftſoons I join'd it with my wonted ſlight;
So may again his love with mine unite!
"With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This Lady-fly I take from off the graſs,
Whoſe ſpotted back might ſcarlet red ſurpaſs,
"Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or Eaſt, or Weſt,
"Fly where the man is found that I love beſt."
He leaves my hand; ſee to the Weſt he 's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithleſs town.
"With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
I pare this pippin round and round again,
My ſhepherd's name to flouriſh on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the graſs a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is ſeen
Than what the paring makes upon the green.
"With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This pippin ſhall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;

Ver. 93. "Tranſque caput jace; ne reſpexeris." VIRG.

This

This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t' other ſide is borne.
But Boobyclod ſoon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love 's unſound;
While Lubberkin ſticks firmly to the laſt;
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd ſo faſt!
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As Lubberkin once ſlept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wiſt not when the hempen ſtring I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together faſt I tye the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this ſtrain,
" Three times a true-love's knot I tye ſecure,
" Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!"
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As I was wont, I trudg'd laſt market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preſerv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purſe grew heavy, and my baſket light.
Strait to the 'pothecary's ſhop I went,
And in love-powder all my money ſpent.

Ver. 109.
" Nectę tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli colores
" Nectę, Amarylli, modo; & Veneris die vincula
" necto." VIRG.

Ver. 123.
" Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
" Ipſe dedit Mœris." VIRG.

Behap

Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-houſe Lubberkin repairs,
Theſe *golden flies* into his mug I 'll throw,
And ſoon the ſwain with fervent love ſhall glow.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder ſtile ſee Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia 's not bewray'd,
Nor ſhall ſhe crown'd with willow die a maid.
He vows, he ſwears, he 'll give me a green gown:
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

Ver. 127. — Ποτὸν κακὸν αὔριον εἰσῶ. THEOC.
Ver. 131.
Neſcio quid certe eſt: & Hylax in limine latrat."

FRIDAY;

FRIDAY;

OR,

THE DIRGE*.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, doſt thou ſo wiſtful ſeem?
There 's ſorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blaſts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a ſhower of leaves is borne,
And their loſt beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet ev'n this ſeaſon pleaſance blithe affords,
Now the ſqueez'd preſs foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hye, and quaff a cheary bowl,
Let cyder new "waſh ſorrow from thy ſoul."

GRUBBINOL.

Ah, Bumkinet! ſince thou from hence wert gone,
From theſe ſad plains all merriment is flown;

* *Dirge*, or *Dyrge*, a mournful ditty, or ſong of lamentation, over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige* in the Popiſh Hymn, *Dirige greſſus meos*, as ſome pretend. But from the Teutonic *Dyrkè*, *Laudare*, to praiſe and extol. Whence it is poſſible their *Dyrke*, and our *Dirge*, was a laudatory Song to commemorate and applaud the dead.

COWELL's Interpretet.

Should

Should I reveal my grief, 'twould ſpoil thy chear,
And make thine eye e'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

"Hang ſorrow!" Let 's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim ſonnets "caſt away our care."
"Gillian of Croydon" well thy pipe can play;
Thou ſing'ſt moſt ſweet, "O'er hills and far away."
Of "Patient Griſſel" I deviſe to ſing,
And catches quaint ſhall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this ſhelter, come;
From hence we view our flocks ſecurely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithſome lad, a tale I mean to ſing,
But with my woe ſhall diſtant valleys ring.
The tale ſhall make our kidlings droop their head,
For, woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead!

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
No happineſs is now reſerv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
So ſhall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerleſs maid that did all maids excell.
Henceforth the morn ſhall dewy ſorrow ſhed,
And evening tears upon the graſs be ſpread;

Ver. 15.
"Incipe, Mopſe, prior ſi quos aut Phyllidis ignes
"Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri."

Ver. 27. *Glee*, Joy; from the Dutch, *Gleeren*, to *recreate*.

The rolling ſtreams with watery grief ſhall flow,
And winds ſhall moan aloud — when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft' as autumn ſhall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, ſhall mourn;
The ſeaſon quite ſhall ſtrip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.

Where-e'er I gad, I Blouzelind ſhall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our paſſion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Freſh riſing ſorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I 've often been the damſel's guide,
When rotten ſticks our fuel have ſupply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently theſe happy ſhoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
And ſtuff'd her apron wide with nuts ſo brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miſs'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feaſt of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the ſtye I drove,
And whiſtled all the way — or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I ſhall her goodly countenance eſpy;
For there her goodly countenance I 've ſeen,
Set off with kerchief ſtarch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, ſhe rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I 've ſeen her ſkim the clouted cream,
And preſs from ſpungy curds the milky ſtream:
But now, alas! theſe ears ſhall hear no more
The whining ſwine ſurround the dairy door;

" Here Blouzelinda lies — Alas, alas!
" Weep, ſhepherds — and remember fleſh is graſs."

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy ſongs are ſweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirſty cattle rivers clear;
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and ſugar to the damſel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name ſhall tune my lay,
Of her I 'll ſing for ever and for aye.
When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The ſolemn death-watch click'd the hour ſhe dy'd,
And ſhrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage ſate,
And with hoarſe croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal inſtant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten ſtick the bees I ſpy'd,
Which erſt I ſaw when goody Dobſon dy'd.
How ſhall I, void of tears, her death relate,
Then on her darling's bed her mother ſate!
Theſe words the dying Blouzelinda ſpoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:

Ver. 93.
Vale tuum carmen nobis, divine poëta,
Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine: quale per æſtum
Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.
Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi noſtra viciſſim
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad aſtra." VIRG.

V. 96. An imitation of *Theocritus*.

"Mother, quoth ſhe, let not the poultry need,
And give the gooſe wherewith to raiſe her breed:
Be theſe my ſiſter's care — and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her ſcatter corn;
The ſickly calf that 's hous'd, be ſure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die — ſee, mother, yonder ſhelf,
There ſecretly I 've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good ſhillings in a rag I laid;
Be ten the Parſon's, for my ſermon paid.
The reſt is yours — my ſpinning-wheel and rake
Let Sufan keep for her dear ſiſter's ſake;
My new ſtraw hat, that 's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for ſhe 's a damſel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harveſts try'd,
Be Grubbinol's — this ſilver ring beſide:
Three ſilver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is ſent."
Thus ſpoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd;
And peaceful, like the harmleſs lamb, ſhe dy'd.

To ſhow their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd with wiſtful look the damſel's bier.
Sprigg'd roſemary the lads and laſſes bore,
While diſmally the Parſon walk'd before.
Upon her grave the roſemary they threw,
The daiſie, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whoſe turn would be the next;
He ſaid, that Heaven would take her ſoul, no doubt,
And ſpoke the hour-glaſs in her praiſe — quite out.

To

To her ſweet memory, flowery garlands ſtrung,
O'er her now empty ſeat aloft were hung.
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beaſt the hallow'd ground;
Left her new grave the Parſon's cattle raze,
For both his horſe and cow the church-yard graze.
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.
For gaffer Tread-well told us, by the by,
"Exceſſive ſorrow is exceeding dry."
While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or laſſes with ſoft ſtroakings milk the cow;
While padling ducks the ſtanding lake deſire,
Or battening hogs roll in the ſinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raiſe;
So long ſhall ſwains tell Blouzelinda's praiſe.
Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy ſtrain,
Till bonny Sufan ſped acroſs the plain.
They ſeiz'd the laſs in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-houſe forc'd the willing maid;
In ale and kiſſes they forget their cares,
And Sufan Blouzelinda's loſs repairs.

Ver 153.
"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
"Dumque thymo paſcentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt."
VIRG.

SATURDAY;

OR,

THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER ſtrains, O ruſtic Muſe! prepare;
Forget a while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raiſe,
The drunkard's flights require ſonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' ſongs exalt thy verſe,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearſe.
'Twas in the ſeaſon when the reapers toil
Of the ripe harveſt 'gan to rid the ſoil;
Wide through the field was ſeen a goodly rout,
Clean damſels bound the gather'd ſheaves about;
The lads with ſharpen'd hook and ſweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plow.
To the near hedge young Suſan ſteps aſide,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'er ſhe did, ſhe ſtoop'd adown unſeen,
And merry reapers what they liſt will ween.
Soon ſhe roſe up, and cry'd with voice ſo ſhrill,
That echo anſwer'd from the diſtant hill;
The youths and damſels ran to Suſan's aid,
Who thought ſome adder had the laſs diſmay'd.

When

When faſt aſleep they Bowzybeus ſpy'd,
His hat and oaken ſtaff lay cloſe beſide;
That Bowzybeus who could ſweetly ſing,
Or with the roſin'd bow torment the ſtring;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers ſpeed,
Could call ſoft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches ſung:
They loudly laugh to ſee the damſel's fright,
And in diſport ſurround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didſt thou ſtay ſo long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous ſtrong!
Thou ſhould'ſt have left the Fair before 'twas night;
But thou ſat'ſt toping till the morning light.
Cicely, briſk maid, ſteps forth before the rout,
And kiſs'd with ſmacking lip the ſnoaring lout:
(For cuſtom ſays, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
"For ſuch a kiſs demands a pair of gloves.")
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling ſtraw within his noſe.
He rubs his noſtril, and in wonted joke
The ſneering ſwains with ſtammering ſpeech beſpoke:
To you, my lads, I 'll ſing my carols o'er,
As for the maids — I 've ſomething elſe in ſtore.

Ver. 22.
"Serta procul tantum capiti delapſa jacebant." VIRG.
Ver. 40.
"Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit." VIRG.
Ver. 43.
"Carmina quæ vultis, cognoſcite: carmina vobis;
"Huic aliud mercedis erit." VIRG.

No ſooner 'gan he raiſe his tuneful ſong,
But lads and laſſes round about him throng.
Not ballad-ſinger plac'd above the croud
Sings with a note ſo ſhrilling ſweet and loud;
Nor pariſh-clerk, who calls the pſalm ſo clear,
Like Bowzybeus ſooths th' attentive ear.

Of nature's laws his carols firſt begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the ſun.
For owls, as ſwains obſerve, deteſt the light,
And only ſing and ſeek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their ſwelling heads below;
And how the cloſing colworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wiſp miſleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and ſinking bogs, and pathleſs downs.
Of ſtars he told, that ſhoot with ſhining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He ſung where wood-cocks in the ſummer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed
(Some think to northern coaſts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours aſcend);
Where ſwallows in the winter's ſeaſon keep,
And how the drowſy bat and dormouſe ſleep;

Ver. 47.
" Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnaſſia rupes:
" Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Iſmarus Orphea."
VIRG.

Ver. 61. Our ſwain had poſſibly read Tuſſer, from whence he might have collected theſe philoſophical obſervations:
" Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta," &c.

How

How nature does the puppy's eyelid cloſe,
Till the bright ſun has nine times ſet and roſe
(For huntſmen by their long experience find,
That puppies ſtill nine rolling ſuns are blind).
Now he goes on, and ſings of fairs and ſhows,
For ſtill new fairs before his eyes aroſe.
How pedlars' ſtalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long ſilken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets ſhine;
How the tight laſs, knives, combs, and ſciſſars ſpies,
And looks on thimbles with deſiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where ſilver ſpoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and laſſes trudge the ſtreet along,
And all the fair is crouded in his ſong.
The mountebank now treads the ſtage, and ſells
His pills, his balſams, and his ague-ſpells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler ſprings,
And on the rope the venturous maiden ſwings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Toſſes the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of Raree-ſhows he ſung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crouds, and various cheats.
Then ſad he ſung "the Children in the Wood:"
(Ah, barbarous uncle, ſtain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deſarts wild,
And fearleſs at the glittering faulchion ſmil'd;
Their little corpſe the robin-red-breaſts found,
And ſtrow'd with pious bill the leaves around.

(Ah gentle birds! if this verſe laſts ſo long,
Your names ſhall live for ever in my ſong.)
For "Buxom Joan" he ſung the doubtful ſtrife,
How the ſly ſailor made the maid a wife.
To louder ſtrains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befell,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
"Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadſt never heard the horn or hound!
Yet ſhall the Squire, who fought on bloody ſtumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
"All in the land of Eſſex" next he chaunts,
How to ſleek mares ſtarch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother ſtood on bank ſo green —
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was ſeiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a ſudden ſung the hundredth pſalm.
He ſung of "Taffey Welſh," and "Sawney Scot,"
"Lilly-bullero" and the "Iriſh Trot."

Ver. 97.
"Fortunati ambo, ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
"Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo."
VIRG.

Ver. 99. A Song in the Comedy of "Love for Love," beginning "A Soldier and a Sailor," &c.

Ver. 109. A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.

Ver. 112.
"Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent,
"Paſiphaën." VIRG.

Why

Why ſhould I tell of "Bateman" or of "Shore,"
Or "Wantley's Dragon" ſlain by valiant Moore,
"The Bower of Roſamond," or "Robin Hood,"
And how the "graſs now grows where Troy town "ſtood?"

His carols ceas'd: the liſtening maids and ſwains
Seem ſtill to hear ſome ſoft imperfect ſtrains.
Sudden he roſe; and, as he reels along,
Swears kiſſes ſweet ſhould well reward his ſong.
The damſels laughing fly: the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-ſheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk, his ſleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the ſun deſcends.

Ver. 117. "Quid loquar aut Scyllam Niſi, &c." VIRG.

Ver. 117—120. Old Engliſh ballads.

ALPHA-

ALPHABETICAL

CATALOGUE

OF

NAMES, PLANTS, FLOWERS, FRUITS, HERBS, BEASTS, INSECTS, and other MATERIAL THINGS, mentioned in these PASTORALS.

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TRIVIA;

OR,

THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Quo te Mœri pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?"
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take ſo little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticks may ſee by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may ſave me from their envy. I ſhould be ſorry to raiſe that paſſion in men whom I am ſo much obliged to, ſince they allow me an honour hitherto only ſhewn to better writers, That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to diſpleaſe you, and if it be any advantage to you to aſcribe it to ſome perſon of greater merit; I ſhall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe ſeveral hints of it to Dr. Swift. And, if you will ſo far continue your favour as to write againſt it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

" — Non tu, in *triviis*, indocte, ſolebas
" Stridenti, miſerum, ſtipulâ, diſperdere carmen?"

TRIVIA.

TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

Of the Implements for walking the Streets, and Signs of the Weather.

THROUGH winter ſtreets to ſteer your courſe aright,
How to walk clean by day, and ſafe by night,
How joſtling crouds with prudence to decline,
When to aſſert the wall, and when reſign,
I ſing: Thou, Trivia, Goddeſs, aid my ſong,
Through ſpacious ſtreets conduct thy bard along;
By thee tranſported, I ſecurely ſtray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The ſilent court and opening ſquare explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and ſmooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the ſturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilſt every ſtroke his labouring lungs reſound;
For thee the ſcavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt ſubſide.
My youthful boſom burns with thirſt of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown;

But more my country's love demands the lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praiſe!
When the black youth at choſen ſtands rejoice,
And "clean your ſhoes" reſounds from every voice;
When late their miry ſides ſtage-coaches ſhow,
And their ſtiff horſes through the town move ſlow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damſels firſt renew their oyſter-cries:
Then let the prudent walker ſhoes provide,
Not of the Spaniſh or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raiſe the dancer's bound,
And with the ſcallop'd top his ſtep be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd ſoles protect thy feet
Through freezing ſnows, and rains, and ſoaking ſleet.
Should the big laſt extend the ſhoe too wide,
Each ſtone will wrench th' unwary ſtep aſide;
The ſudden turn may ſtretch the ſwelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle ſprain;
And, when too ſhort the modiſh ſhoes are worn,
You 'll judge the ſeaſons by your ſhooting corn.
Nor ſhould it prove thy leſs important care
To chuſe a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The ſilken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's ſpongy nap is ſoak'd with rain,
And ſhowers ſoon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
True Witney * broad-cloth, with its ſhag unſhorn,
Unpierc'd is in the laſting tempeſt worn:

* A town in Oxfordſhire.

Be

Be this the horſeman's fence; for who would wear
Amid the town the ſpoils of Ruſſia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's claſp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, ſtretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the ſop embrace,
Or his deep cloak beſpatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment beſt the winter's rage defends,
Whoſe ample form without one plait depends;
By various names * in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true Surtout alone;
Be thine of Kerſey firm, though ſmall the coſt,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the froſt.

If the ſtrong cane ſupport thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer ſhall the wall command:
Ev'n ſturdy carmen ſhall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches ſtop to make thee way:
This ſhall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce;
Be theirs for empty ſhow, but thine for uſe.
In gilded chariots while they loll at eaſe,
And lazily inſure a life's diſeaſe;
While ſofter chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to White's †, aſſemblies, or the play;
Roſy-complexion'd health thy ſteps attends,
And exerciſe thy laſting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choiceſt gifts profane:
Thus ſome beneath their arm ſupport the cane;

* A Joſeph, Wrap-raſcal, &c.
† A Chocolate-houſe in St. James's-ſtreet.

Her roſy cheek with diſtant viſits glow'd,
And exerciſe unartful charms beſtow'd;
But ſince in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long training mantua ſweeps the ground,
Her ſhoe diſdains the ſtreet; the lazy fair
With narrow ſtep affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the laviſh age,
And the ſtreets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gameſter inſolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot-ſides;
In ſaucy ſtate the griping broker ſits,
And laughs at honeſty and trudging wits.
For you, O honeſt men, theſe uſeful lays
The Muſe prepares; I ſeek no other praiſe.

When ſleep is firſt diſturb'd by morning cries;
From ſure prognoſticks learn to know the ſkies,
Leſt you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
Surpriz'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
When ſuffocating miſts obſcure the morn,
Let thy worſt wig, long us'd to ſtorms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care
Beneath his flapping hat ſecures his hair.
Be thou for every ſeaſon juſtly dreſt,
Nor brave the piercing froſt with open breaſt;
And, when the burſting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy Surtout defend the drenching ſhower.

The changing weather certain ſigns reveal.
Ere winter ſheds her ſnow, or froſts congeal,
You 'll ſee the coals in brighter flame aſpire,
And ſulphur tinge with blue the riſing fire:

Your

Of Learning ſtrips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, cloath all their tilts in blue;
On hoſiers' poles depending ſtockings ty'd
Flag with the ſlacken'd gale from ſide to ſide;
Church-monuments foretell the changing air;
Then Niobe diſſolves into a tear,
And ſweats with ſacred grief; you 'll hear the ſounds
Of whiſtling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-ſhores diffuſe,
And dropping vaults diſtil unwholeſome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the ſmoaking ſhower,
And ſpouts on heedleſs men their torrents pour.
All ſuperſtition from thy breaſt repel.
Let credulous boys and prattling nurſes tell,
How, if the feſtival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn ſhall ſtrow the year;
When the dark ſkies diſſolve in ſnow or rain,
The labouring hind ſhall yoke the ſteer in vain;
But, if the threatening winds in tempeſts roar,
Then war ſhall bathe her waſteful ſword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feaſt the welkin lours,
And every penthouſe ſtreams with haſty ſhowers,
Twice twenty days ſhall clouds their fleeces drain,
And waſh the pavements with inceſſant rain.
Let not ſuch vulgar tales debaſe thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.
If you the precepts of the Muſe deſpiſe,
And ſlight the faithful warning of the ſkies;
Others you 'll ſee, when all the town 's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kerſey-coat,

Or

Where

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny ſoil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter bleſt his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) ſhe bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilſt on her father's knee the damſel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the ſmiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.
Soon as the grey-eye'd morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty houſwife bears,
And ſinging to the diſtant field repairs;
And, when the plains with evening-dews are ſpread,
The milky burthen ſmoaks upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane ſhe pick'd her way,
Above her ancle roſe the chalky clay.
Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden ſpies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He ſaw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah, Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian ſpouſe,
Think how her eyes dart inexhauſted charms,
And canſt thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?
The Lemnian Power forſakes the realms above,
His boſom glowing with terreſtrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholeſome ground.

Here

Here ſmoaks his forge, he bares his ſinewy arm,
And early ſtrokes the ſounding anvil warm:
Around his ſhop the ſteely ſparkles flew,
As for the ſteed he ſhap'd the bending ſhoe.
When blue-eye'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil reſts, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his ſoothing tales, ſhe feigns delays;
What woman can reſiſt the force of praiſe?
At firſt ſhe coyly every kiſs withſtood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modeſt blood;
With headleſs nails he now ſurrounds her ſhoes,
To ſave her ſteps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his ſoothing tales, his preſents wore;
And granted kiſſes, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold ſhe pines,
And on her cheek the fading roſe declines;
No more her humid eyes their luſtre boaſt,
And in hoarſe ſounds her melting voice is loſt.
This Vulcan ſaw, and, in his heavenly thought,
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her ſhelter'd ſteps to raiſe,
And bear her ſafely through the wintery ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten roſe.
No more her lungs are ſhook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his ſuit: though flattery fail,
Preſents with female virtue muſt prevail.
The patten now ſupports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-eye'd Patty takes the name.

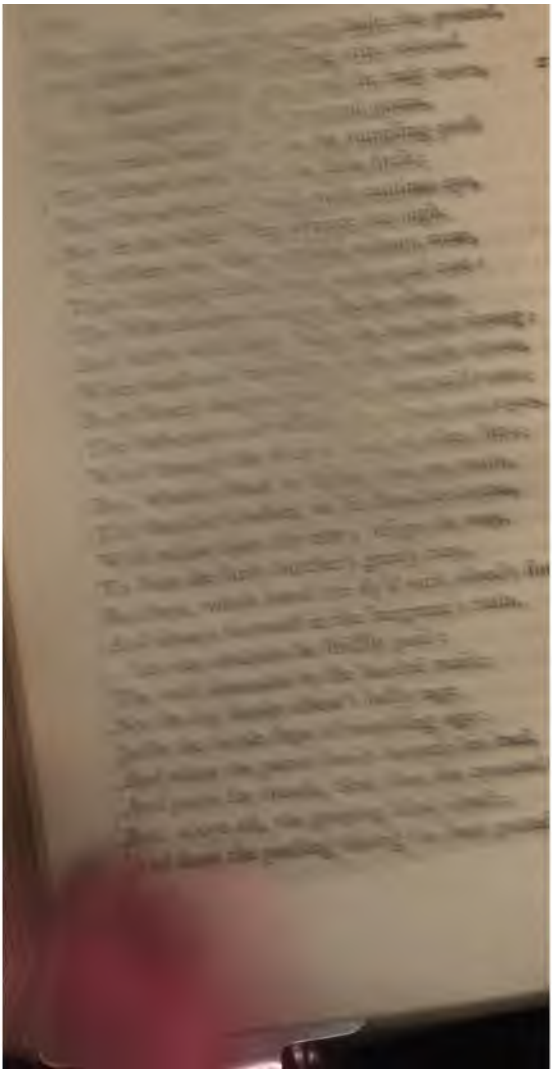
TRIVIA.

BOOK II.

Of Walking the Streets by Day.

THUS far the Muſe has trac'd in uſeful lays
The proper implements for wintery ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the ſkies:
Now venture, Muſe, from home to range the town,
And for the public ſafety riſque thy own.
For eaſe and for diſpatch, the morning's beſt;
No tides of paſſengers the ſtreets moleſt.
You 'll ſee a draggled damſel here and there,
From Billingſgate her fiſhy traffick bear;
On doors the ſallow milk-maid chalks her gains:
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending aſſes bray,
Or arrogate with ſolemn pace the way;
Theſe grave phyſicians with their milky chear
The love-ſick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers ſtand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder ſhake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are ſounds like theſe
The proper prelude to a ſtate of peace?
Now induſtry awakes her buſy ſons;
Full-charg'd with news the breathleſs hawker runs:

Shops



You 'll ſometimes meet a fop, of niceſt tread,
Whoſe mantling peruke veils his empty head,
At every ſtep he dreads the wall to loſe,
And riſques, to ſave a coach, his red-heel'd ſhoes;
Him, like the miller, paſs with caution by,
Leſt from his ſhoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with aſſuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarniſh'd lace,
Yield not the way, defy his ſtrutting pride,
And thruſt him to the muddy kennel's ſide;
He never turns again, nor dares oppoſe,
But mutters coward-curſes as he goes.
If drawn by buſineſs to a ſtreet unknown,
Let the ſworn porter point thee through the town;
Be ſure obſerve the ſigns, for ſigns remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
Thoſe fabling boys will turn thy ſteps aſtray;
Aſk the grave tradeſman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives—but when he profits by 't.
Where fam'd St. Giles's antient limits ſpread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to ſeven ſtreets ſeven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft' the peaſant, with enquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every ſign with ſtupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Thro' every winding court and ſtreet in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary ſteps again.

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[illegible]

[illegible]

To vulgar deities deſcends the faſhion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly paſſion.
Then * Cloacina (Goddeſs of the tide,
Whoſe ſable ſtreams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modiſh flame; the town ſhe rov'd,
A mortal ſcavenger ſhe ſaw, ſhe lov'd;
The muddy ſpots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:
She gaz'd; ſhe ſigh'd; (for love can beauties ſpy
In what ſeem faults to every common eye.)
Now had the watchman walk'd his ſecond round;
When Cloacina hears the rumbling ſound
Of her brown lover's cart (for well ſhe knows
That pleaſing thunder): ſwift the Goddeſs roſe,
And through the ſtreets purſued the diſtant noiſe,
Her boſom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs ſhe paſt,
Bruſh'd near his ſide, and wanton glances caſt;
In the black form of cinder-wench ſhe came,
When love, the hour, the place, had baniſh'd ſhame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her ſpace,
The pregnant Goddeſs (cautious of diſgrace)

* Cloacina was a Goddeſs, whoſe image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common ſhore; and, not knowing what Goddeſs it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. i, 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

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Deſcends to earth; but ſought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midſt her anguiſh to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful goſſip wiſh'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk ſhe dropt the boy.
The child, through various riſques in years improv'd,
At firſt a beggar's brat, compaſſion mov'd;
His infant tongue ſoon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.
Oh happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The ſcorching dog-ſtar, and the winter's air;
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirſts with each heat, and coughs with every rain!
The Goddeſs long had mark'd the child's diſtreſs,
And long had ſought his ſufferings to redreſs
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands ſome beneficial art
Practis'd in ſtreets: the Gods her ſuit allow'd,
And made him uſeful to the walking croud;
To cleanſe the miry feet, and o'er the ſhoe
With nimble ſkill the gloſſy black renew.
Each Power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the ſtrong briſtles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his bruſh; the God of Day
A tripod gives, amid the crouded way
To raiſe the dirty foot, and eaſe his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vaſe with fetid oil
Preſt from th' enormous whale; the God of Fire,
From whoſe dominions ſmoaky clouds aſpire,
Among theſe generous preſents joins his part,
And aids with ſoot the new japanning art.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd ſhe receives the gifts; ſhe downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and ſhoots beneath the tides.
Now dawns the morn, the ſturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his ſtall, his tangled hair he ſhakes;
Then leaning o'er the rails, he muſing ſtood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common ſhores a lulling murmur keep,
Whoſe torrents ruſh from Holborn's fatal ſteep:
Penſive through idleneſs, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and waſh'd his face!
At length he ſighing cry'd, That boy was bleſt,
Whoſe infant lips have drain'd a mother's breaſt;
But happier far are thoſe (if ſuch be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I, alas! hard fortune's utmoſt ſcorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Chriſtmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For leſſer boys can drive; I thirſty ſtand,
And ſee the double flaggon charge their hand,
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.
While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either ſide;
The Goddeſs roſe amid the inmoſt round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;

Low reach'd her dripping treſſes, lank, and black
As the ſmooth jet, or gloſſy raven's back;
Around her waiſt a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now beckoning to the boy, ſhe thus begun:
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my ſon:
Go thrive. At ſome frequented corner ſtand;
This bruſh I give thee, graſp it in thy hand,
Temper the ſoot within this vaſe of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
On this methinks I ſee the walking crew,
At thy requeſt, ſupport the miry ſhoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence ſound.
The Goddeſs plunges ſwift beneath the flood,
And daſhes all around her ſhowers of mud:
The youth ſtrait choſe his poſt; the labour ply'd
Where branching ſtreets from Charing-croſs divide;
His treble voice refounds along the Meuſe,
And White-hall echoes—"Clean your Honour's ſhoes!"
Like the ſweet ballad, this amuſing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The buſy city aſks inſtructive ſong.
Where, elevated o'er the gaping croud,
Claſp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailſtones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled ſhower)
Among the rabble rain: ſome random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though

Though expedition bids, yet never ſtray
Where no rang'd poſts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels claſh with wheels, and bar the narrow ſtreet;
The laſhing whip reſounds, the horſes ſtrain,
And blood in anguiſh burſts the ſwelling vein.
O barbarous men! your cruel breaſts aſſuage;
Why vent ye on the generous ſteed your rage?
Does not his ſervice earn you daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the ſoul revives,
And, ſhifting ſeats, in other bodies lives;
Severe ſhall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horſe the town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load ſhall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the laſh ſhall awe.
Who would of Watling-ſtreet the dangers ſhare,
When the broad pavement of Cheapſide is near?
Or who that rugged ſtreet * would traverſe o'er,
That ſtretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black ſhore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here ſteams aſcend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled noſe offend.
Where chandlers' cauldrons boil; where ſiſhy prey
Hide the wet ſtall, long abſent from the ſea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's ſpoil,
And where huge hogſheads ſweat with trainy oil;
Thy breathing noſtril hold: but how ſhall I
Paſs, where in piles Carnavian † cheeſes lie;

* Thames-ſtreet. † Cheſhire anciently ſo called.

Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise?
O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft' the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Morter and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.
But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrouded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks bye-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travel Drury-lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful

Careful obſervers, ſtudious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that diſgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Paſs by the Meuſe, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never croſs behind,
Where bubbling yeſt is blown by guſts of wind:
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move ſlow,
Far from the ſtraining ſteeds ſecurely go,
Whoſe daſhing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'ſquire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies infeſts purſuing foes.

The thoughtleſs wits ſhall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainſt the ſentry's box diſcharge their tea.
Do thou ſome court or ſecret corner ſeek,
Nor fluſh with ſhame the paſſing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not deſcend to trivial ſong,
Nor vulgar circumſtance my verſe prolong.
Why ſhould I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to ſhelter from the ſudden ſhower?
Nature will beſt her ready hand inform,
With her ſpread petticoat to fence the ſtorm.
Does not each walker know the warning ſign,
When wiſps of ſtraw depend upon the twine
Croſs the cloſe ſtreet; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart?
Who knows not that the coachman laſhing by
Oft' with his flouriſh cuts the heedleſs eye?

* A cheat commonly practiſed in the ſtreets with three thimbles and a little ball.

And

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple ſtands,
That boaſts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the ſquare:
Here oft' my courſe I bend; when lo! from far,
I ſpy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his ſhop, to join the crew,
Increaſing crouds the flying game purſue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er ſnowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither ſhall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now ſkims the ſtreet, now ſoars on high;
The dextrous glazier ſtrong returns the bound,
And gingling ſaſhes on the pent-houſe ſound.
O, roving Muſe! recal that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with froſted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the ſhore,
Penſive reclines upon his uſeleſs oar;
See harneſs'd ſteeds deſert the ſtony town,
And wander roads unſtable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters ſmoothly glide,
And raſe with whiten'd tracks the ſlippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And ſcarce the ſpit can turn the ſteer entire;
Booths ſudden hide the Thames, long ſtreets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crouded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the ſpacious plain;

Thick

Thick rising tents a canvaſs city build,
And the loud dice reſound through all the field.
'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of diſtant flutes, at hours
When ſilent evening cloſes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noiſe;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.
Doll every day had walk'd theſe treacherous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: ſhe now a baſket bore;
That head, alas! ſhall baſket bear no more.
Each booth ſhe frequent paſt, in queſt of gain,
And boys with pleaſure heard her ſhrilling ſtrain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals muſt reſign their breath,
And induſtry itſelf ſubmit to death!
The cracking cryſtal yields; ſhe ſinks, ſhe dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her loſt ſhoulders flies;
Pippins ſhe cry'd; but death her voice confounds;
And *pip- pip- pip-* along the ice reſounds.
So, when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His ſever'd head floats down the ſilver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his loſt conſort cry'd;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.
But now the weſtern gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;

From

very pent-houſe ſtreams the fleeting ſnow,
ith diſſolving froſt the pavements flow.
erienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
ot the Calendar to count their days.
through the town with ſlow and ſolemn air,
the noſtril, walks the muzzled bear;
him moves majeſtically dull,
ide of Hockley-hole, the ſurly bull.
hence the periods of the week to name,
ys and Thurſdays are the days of game.
en fiſhy ſtall with double ſtore are laid;
olden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
eckled trouts, the ſalmon's ſilver jowl,
inted lobſter, and unſeemly ſoal,
ſcious 'ſcallops to allure the taſtes
id zealots to delicious faſts;
ſdays and Fridays you 'll obſerve from hence,
when our fires were doom'd to abſtinence.
en dirty waters from balconies drop,
extrous damſels twirl the ſprinkling mop,
leanſe the ſpatter'd ſaſh, and ſcrub the ſtairs;
Saturday's concluſive morn appears.
eſſive cries the ſeaſons' change declare,
ark the monthly progreſs of the year.
how the ſtreets with treble voices ring,
the bounteous product of the Spring!
ſmelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
nettle's tender ſhoots, to cleanſe the blood;
when June's thunder cools the ſultry ſkies,
undays are profan'd by mackrel cries.

Wallnuts

Wallnuts the fruiterer's hand in autumn ſtain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To truſt their copper fortunes to the dice.
When roſemary, and bays the Poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the feſtival of Chriſtmas near,
Chriſtmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples ſtrow,
With laurel green, and ſacred miſletoe.
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy bleſſings ſhed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her ſickly head;
Bid ſhivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy ſoul!
See, ſee! the heaven-born maid her bleſſings ſhed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her ſickly head;
Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While ſelfiſh Avarice alone is ſad.
Proud coaches paſs, regardleſs of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity ſtill moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purſe relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciouſly thy half-pence are beſtow'd,
Where the laborious beggar ſweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long ſtretch his palſy'd hand.
Thoſe who give late are importun'd each day,
And ſtill are teaz'd becauſe they ſtill delay.
If e'er the miſer durſt his farthings ſpare,
He thinly ſpreads them through the public ſquare,

Where,

ıll beſide the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
n each other catch the doleful cry;
:aven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his ſcore,
his eyes, and haſtes to beggar more.
: the braſs-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
:he thunder of the footman's hand;
ɔlder, rueful harbinger of death,
ith impatience for the dying breath,
ıres o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
› the future carnage of the fight.
ıſt thou paſs, unmindful of a prayer,
:aven in mercy may thy brother ſpare?
, Forteſcue, ſincere, experienc'd friend,
:fs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees ſuſpend;
t us leave the Temple's ſilent walls,
neſs to my diſtant lodging calls;
h the long Strand together let us ſtray;
ee converſing, I forget the way.
:hat narrow ſtreet which ſteep deſcends,
building to the ſlimy ſhore extends;
rundel's fam'd ſtructure rear'd its frame,
:et alone retains the empty name.
Titian's glowing paint the canvaſs warm'd,
ıphael's fair deſign, with judgement, charm'd,
ngs the bellman's ſong, and paſted here
our'd prints of Overton appear.
ſtatues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
len pump, or lonely watch-houſe, ſtands.
Eſſex' ſtately pile adorn'd the ſhore,
Cecil's, Bedford's, Villers', now no more.

Yet

Yet Burlington's fair palace ſtill remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel ſtrikes the ſtrings, the melting ſtrain
Tranſports the ſoul, and thrills through every vein;
There oft' I enter (but with cleaner ſhoes),
For Burlington's belov'd by every Muſe.

O ye aſſociate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your ſtate what happineſs attends!
What though no coach to frequent viſit rolls,
Nor for your ſhilling chairmen fling their poles;
Yet ſtill your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your ſaffron eye;
No waſting cough diſcharges ſounds of death,
Nor wheezing aſthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your reſtleſs couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or ſedentary ſtone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the ſtreet,
And truſt their ſafety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft' the ſudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and ſhifts the dangerous ſail;
Then ſhall the paſſenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithleſs oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel ſpurns,
The glaſſes ſhatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've

I 've ſeen a beau, in ſome ill-fated hour,
When o'er the ſtones choak'd kennels ſwell the ſhower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with diſdain
Views ſpatter'd paſſengers all drench'd in rain;
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing ſteeds, lac'd charioteer!
The duſtman laſhes on with ſpiteful rage,
His ponderous ſpokes thy painted wheel engage,
Cruſh'd is thy pride, down falls the ſhrieking beau,
The ſlabby pavement cryſtal fragments ſtrow,
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat diſgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So, when dread Jove the ſon of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headſtrong courſers tore the ſilver reins,
And the ſun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His ſickly hand is ſtor'd with friendly bills:
From hence he learns the ſeventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapeſt tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton ſmoak upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market beſt affords.
Would'ſt thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's ſends thee veal;
Thames-ſtreet gives cheeſes; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-ſtreet old ſuits.
Hence mayſt thou well ſupply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and cloathe thy wife.

Volumes on ſhelter'd ſtalls expanded lie,
And various ſcience lures the learned eye;

The bending ſhelves with ponderous ſcholiaſts groan,
And deep divines, to modern ſhops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on induſtrious wing
Collects the various odours of the ſpring,
Walkers, at leiſure, learning's flowers may ſpoil,
Nor watch the waſting of the midnight oil;
May morals ſnatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's ſage:
Here ſauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve ſmile, or over D'Urfy ſleep;
Pleas'd ſempſtreſſes the Lock's ſam'd Rape unfold;
And * Squirts read Garth, till apozems grow cold.
O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy ſtall, for every curious eye!
So ſhall the poor theſe precepts gratis know,
And to my verſe their future ſafeties owe.
What walker ſhall his mean ambition fix
On the falſe luſtre of a coach and ſix?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring ſhow,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its braces ſwing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched ſpring.
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his ſiſter to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'ſcutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb ſhows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, ſunk in velvet, ſleeps;
The ſtarving orphan, as he paſſes, weeps;

* An Apothecary's boy, in "The Diſpenſary."

There

There flames a fool, begirt with tinſel'd ſlaves,
Who waſtes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other, with a cluſtering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a ſordid mind;
This next in court-fidelity excells,
The publick rifles, and his country ſells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at ſo mean, ſo dear a rate!
Or rather give me ſweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good ſurtout!

T R I V I A.

B O O K III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O TRIVIA, [illegible] low abodes,
And [illegible] the [illegible] roads;
Celestial [illegible] light,
Now Cynthia [illegible] night.
At sight of thee, the [illegible] heavens his worth;
Nor scales the wall, [illegible]
O [illegible] lamp from [illegible] high tower
Direct [illegible]
When [illegible] appear,
Or [illegible]
Then swarms the [illegible] tread,
Where the [illegible] thy head;
Now [illegible] strength
To bear the [illegible] length;
Still fix thy [illegible] upon the throng,
And, as the passes open, wind along.
Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;

A species of window now almost forgotten. N.

Summon

Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be reſolute, beware.
Forth iſſuing from ſteep lanes, the collier's ſteeds
Drag the black load; another cart ſucceeds;
Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement ſounds with trampling feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the ſtreet.
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harneſs; here a ponderous beam
Lies over-turn'd athwart; for ſlaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raiſe their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the ſmart blow provokes the ſturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining laſh their ſhins reſound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood guſhes down their painful eye;
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fiſts renew the fight;
Blow anſwers blow, their cheeks are ſmear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene * bred,
Or on Weſtphalia's fattening cheſnuts fed,
Gnaſh their ſharp tuſks, and, rouz'd with equal fire,
Diſpute the reign of ſome luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws diſtil with foam and gore.

* New Foreſt in Hampſhire, anciently ſo called.

Where the mob gathers, ſwiftly ſhoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noiſy throng:
Lur'd by the ſilver hilt, amid the ſwarm,
The ſubtle artiſt will thy ſide diſarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with ſafety worn;
High on the ſhoulder, in a baſket borne,
Lurks the fly boy, whoſe hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the ſkulking thief, with practis'd ſleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where 's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late ſnuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder theft ſome tradeſman ſpies,
Swift from his prey the ſcudding lurcher flies;
Dextrous he 'ſcapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilſt every honeſt tongue "ſtop thief" reſounds.
So ſpeeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathleſs, he ſtumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honeſt work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he 's dragg'd amid the rout,
And ſtretch'd beneath the pump's inceſſant ſpout:
Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gaſping lies,
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaiſters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-ſinger's ſhrilling ſtrain
Amid the ſwarm thy liſtening ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for theſe Syrens ſtand
To aid the labours of the diving hand;

Confe-

Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the ſong.
But ſoon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in ſhoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either ſide.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop ſhort; nor ſtruggle through the croud in vain,
But watch with careful eye the paſſing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond), if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my ſide,
Impatient venture back; deſpiſing harm,
I force my paſſage where the thickeſt ſwarm.
Thus his loſt bride the Trojan ſought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of ſlain.
Thus Niſus wander'd o'er the pathleſs grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathleſs grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

That walker, who, regardleſs of his pace,
Turns off' to pore upon the damſel's face,
From ſide to ſide by thruſting elbows toſt,
Shall ſtrike his aking breaſt againſt the poſt;
Or water, daſh'd from fiſhy ſtalls, ſhall ſtain
His hapleſs coat with ſpirts of ſcaly rain.
But, if unwarily he chance to ſtray
Where twirling turnſtiles intercept the way,
The thwarting paſſenger ſhall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathleſs to the ground.

Let conſtant vigilance thy footſteps guide,
And wary circumſpection guard thy ſide;
Then ſhalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous night,
Nor need th' officious linkboy's ſmoaky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to croſs the road,
Where ale-houſe benches reſt the porter's load,
Grievous to heedleſs ſhins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruiſes oft' the truant ſchool-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with inſidious pace,
Shall mark thy ſtocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy venturous ſteps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low ſteepy cellars lie.
Should thy ſhoe wrench aſide, down, down you fall,
And overturn the ſcolding huckſter's ſtall;
The ſcolding huckſter ſhall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.
Though you through cleanlier allies wind by day,
To ſhun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to thoſe dark paths by night retire;
Mind only ſafety, and contemn the mire.
Then no impervious courts thy haſte detain,
Nor ſneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's-inn, wide ſpace, is rail'd around,
Croſs not with venturous ſtep; there oft' is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light ſhone
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compaſſion mov'd, ſhall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet truſt him not along the lonely wall;

In the mid-way he 'll quench the flaming brand,
And ſhare the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public ſtreets, where oily rays,
Shot from the cryſtal lamp, o'erſpread the ways.
Happy Auguſta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanterns ſhade the villain's frown;
No Spaniſh jealouſies thy lanes infeſt,
Nor Roman vengeance ſtabs th' unwary breaſt;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and juſtice guard the land;
No bravos here profeſs the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.
Let not the chairmen, with aſſuming ſtride,
Preſs near the wall, and rudely thruſt thy ſide:
The laws have ſet him bounds; his ſervile feet
Should ne'er encroach where poſts defend the ſtreet.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whoſe flambeau gilds the faſhes of Pall-mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight viſits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman reſts with ſafety tread;
Whene'er I paſs, their poles (unſeen below)
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.
If wheels bar up the road, where ſtreets are croſt,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accoſt:
He ne'er the throat or harſh command obeys,
But with contempt the ſpatter'd ſhoe ſurveys.
Now man with utmoſt fortitude thy ſoul,
To croſs the way where carts and coaches roll;

Yet

Yet do not on my harmy skill carriage,
Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride;
Stay till at the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
The God will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing machines crush my tortur'd bone.
Or wheels inclose the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand.
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of my prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulph they shun,
Amazed, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.
Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.
The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the cozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risqu'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare!

Blood

Blood ſtuff'd in ſkins is Britiſh chriſtian's food;
And France robs marſhes of the croaking brood!
Spungy morels in ſtrong ragouts are found,
And in the ſoup the ſlimy ſnail is drown'd.
When from high ſpouts the daſhing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For, ſhould'ſt thou quit thy ground, the ruſhing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All preſs to gain thoſe honours thou haſt loſt,
And rudely ſhove thee far without the poſt.
Then to retrieve the ſhed you ſtrive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and ſoak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the ſhower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel riſque thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' deteſted ſtate,
And by his woes be warn'd to ſhun thy fate.
Where three roads join'd, he met his ſire unknown;
(Unhappy ſire, but more unhappy ſon!)
Each claim'd the way, their ſwords the ſtrife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died!
Hence ſprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy curſed inceſt! and thy children ſlain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endleſs night to ſtray
Through Theban ſtreets, and cheerleſs grope thy way.
Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether ſome heir attends in ſable ſtate,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A croud of lovers follow to her tomb:

Why

Why is the hearse with [illegible] blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrum crown'd?
No: the dead know'st not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to [illegible] the [illegible] pain.
How short [illegible] human trust!
[illegible]
Where [illegible] the painted stall,
Brush not [illegible] sweeping skirt too near the wall;
Thy hearth's sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket [illegible]
Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amid'st the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?
Who can the various city frauds * recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crouded play thou lead'st the fair;
Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchief that India's shuttle boast?

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads,
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes!
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly ſtand
Where Catharine-ſtreet deſcends into the Strand!
Say, vagrant Muſe, their wiles and ſubtle arts,
To lure the ſtrangers' unſuſpecting hearts:
So ſhall our youth on healthful ſinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis ſhe who nightly ſtrolls with ſauntering pace,
No ſtubborn ſtays her yielding ſhape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-ſcower'd manteau, and the ſlattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels ſhow,
And hollow cheeks with artful bluſhes glow;
With flattering ſounds ſhe ſooths the credulous ear,
"My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"
In riding-hood near tavern-doors ſhe plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox ſhe delights to range,
And feigns a diſtant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, ſhe will oft' the Quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from ſarſenet ambuſh wily leers,
Twitches thy ſleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat the cheek; theſe ſnares diſdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when ſhe turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirſt of gain,
To the great city drove from Devon's plain
His numerous lowing herd; his herds he ſold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold.

Drawn

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Thus, would you gain ſome favourite courtier's word,
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.
Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of ſleep.
His ſcatter'd pence the flying Nicker * flings,
And with the copper ſhower the caſement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I paſs their deſperate deeds, and miſchiefs done
Where from Snow-hill black ſteepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogſhead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the ſtones thunders, bounds from ſide to ſide:
So Regulus to ſave his country dy'd.
Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbiſh grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-ſhores deſcend;
Oft' by the winds extinct the ſignal lies,
Or ſmother'd in the glimmering ſocket dies,
Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulph the ſhatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the ſnorting ſteeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the ſpoke.
So, when fam'd Eddyſtone's far-ſhooting ray,
That led the ſailor through the ſtormy way,

* Gentlemen, who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

Was

Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;
Fleets bulg'd their ſides againſt the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the ſtrand.
Who then through night would hire the harneſs'd ſteed?
And who would chuſe the rattling wheel for ſpeed?
But hark! diſtreſs with ſcreaming voice draws nigher,
And wakes the ſlumbering ſtreet with cries of fire.
At firſt a glowing red enwraps the ſkies,
And borne by winds the ſcattering ſparks ariſe;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion ſpreads;
The ſpiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Through the burſt ſaſh a blazing deluge pours,
And ſplitting tiles deſcend in rattling ſhowers.
Now with thick crouds th' enlighten'd pavement ſwarms,
The fire-man ſweats beneath his crooked arms;
A leathern caſque his venturous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickeſt ſmoak aſcends;
Mov'd by the mother's ſtreaming eyes and prayers,
The helpleſs infant through the flame he bears,
With no leſs virtue, than through hoſtile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged ſire.
See forceful engines ſpout their level'd ſtreams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the ſmoaky ruin falls;
Blown by ſtrong winds, the fiery tempeſt roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a ſanguine dreadful light.

'Twas ſuch a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome,
The dire preſage of mighty Cæſar's doom,
When the ſun veil'd in ruſt his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the ſkies o'erſpread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crouds, retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous ſtore is laid, the ſmutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
Flames ſudden wrap the walls; with ſullen ſound
The ſhatter'd pile ſinks on the ſmoaky ground.
So, when the years ſhall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her ſapp'd foundations ſhall with thunders ſhake,
And heave and toſs upon the ſulphurous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood ſhall rend,
And in th' abyſs her plunging towers deſcend.
  Conſider, reader, what fatigues I 've known,
The toils, the perils, of the wintery town;
What riots ſeen, what buſtling crouds I bore,
How oft' I croſs'd where carts and coaches roar:
Yet ſhall I bleſs my labours, if mankind
Their future ſafety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
Whoſe ſteps have printed Aſia's deſert ſoil,
The barbarous Arab's haunt; or ſhivering croſt
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal froſt;
Whom Providence in length of years reſtores
To the wiſh'd harbour of his native ſhores;)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.

And now compleat my generous labours lie,
Finiſh'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death ſhall entomb in duſt this mouldering frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.
When W— and G——, mighty names *! are dead;
Or but at Chelſea under cuſtards read;
When criticks crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High rais'd on Fleet-ſtreet poſts, conſign'd to fame,
This work ſhall ſhine, and walkers bleſs my name.

* Probably Ward and Gilden. N.

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EPISTLES

EPISTLES
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPISTLE I.
TO A LADY.

OCCASIONED BY THE ARRIVAL OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM, to all your cenſures I ſubmit,
And frankly own I ſhould long ſince have writ.
You told me, ſilence would be thought a crime,
And kindly ſtrove to teaze me into rhyme:
No more let trifling themes your Muſe employ;
Nor laviſh verſe, to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damſels ſport;
But ſing the glories of the Britiſh court.
By your commands and inclination ſway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muſes to my aid:

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd to write, the noble theme I chuſe.
And to the Princeſs thus the poem ſuits.
"Aid me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye ſacred Nine!
"Exalt my genius, and my verſe refine.
"My ſtrains with Caroline's name I grace,
"The lovely parent of our royal race.
"Breathe ſoft, ye winds! ye waves, in ſilence ſleep!
"Let proſperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
"Swell the white ſails, and with the ſtreamers play,
"To waft her gently o'er the watery way."
Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
To rein the winds, and guard the Royal Fair;
Bid the blue Tritons ſound their twiſted ſhells,
And call the Nereids from their pearly cells.
Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muſe along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her ſong:
I then reſolv'd ſome model to purſue,
Peruſ'd French critics, and began anew.
Long open panegyrick drags at beſt,
And praiſe is only praiſe when well addreſs'd.
Straight Horace for ſome lucky ode I ſought:
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought.
This new performance to a friend I ſhow'd:
For ſhame! ſays he; what, imitate an ode!
I 'd rather ballads write, and Grub-ſtreet lays,
Than pillage Cæſar for my patron's praiſe:
One common fate all imitators ſhare,
To ſave mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, ſimilies, Lords' names, and ends of wit;

In blotted ſtanzas ſcraps of odes expire,
And fuſtian mounts in pyramids of fire.
Ladies! to you I next inſcrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way:
For, ſtill impatient till the Princeſs came,
You from deſcription wiſh'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleaſing labour larger grew,
For ſtill new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme;
And then I thus purſued the growing ſcheme:
"Beauty and wit were ſure by nature join'd,
"And charms are emanations of the mind;
"The ſoul, tranſpiercing through the ſhining frame,
"Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame:
"Benevolence her converſation guides,
"Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye reſides.
"Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
"As ſoftens Engliſh to Italian ſound:
"Yet in thoſe ſounds ſuch ſentiments appear,
"As charm the judgement, while they ſooth the ear.
"Religion's chearful flame her boſom warms,
"Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
"Henceforth, ye Fair, at chapel mind your prayers,
"Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;
"Reſtrain your looks, kneel more, and whiſper leſs,
"Nor moſt devoutly criticize on dreſs.
"From her form all your characters of life,
"The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
"Oft' have I ſeen her little infant-train,
"The lovely promiſe of a future reign;

" Obſerv'd with pleaſure every dawning grace,
" And all the mother opening in their face.
" The ſon ſhall add new honours to the line,
" And early with paternal virtues ſhine;
" When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
" His little heart with emulation beats;
" With conqueſts yet to come his boſom glows,
" He dreams of triumphs, and of vanquiſh'd foes;
" Each year with arts ſhall ſtore his ripening brain,
" And from his grandſire he ſhall learn to reign."

Thus far I 'd gone: Propitious riſing gales
Now bid the ſailor hoiſt the ſwelling ſails.
Fair Carolina lands; the cannons roar;
White Albion's cliffs reſound from ſhore to ſhore.
Behold the bright original appear,
All praiſe is faint when Carolina 's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's coſt,
The Princeſs came, and my new plan was loſt.

Since all my ſchemes were baulk'd, (my laſt reſort),
I left the Muſes, to frequent the Court;
Penſive each night from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Enquir'd what news, or ſuch a Lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the ſame.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.
I aſk'd a friend what method to purſue;
He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
Another aſk'd me, why I had not writ;
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.

Straight

Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace
Flows eaſy verſe from him that has a place!
Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his ſtrains,
He ſtill had ſung of flocks and homely ſwains;
And, had not Horace ſweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to ſound.
Once Ladies fair in homely guiſe I ſung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.
O teach me now to ſtrike a ſofter ſtrain!
The Court refines the language of the plain.
You muſt, cries one, the Miniſtry rehearſe,
And with each Patriot's name prolong your verſe:
But ſure this truth to Poets ſhould be known,
That praiſing all alike, is praiſing none.
Another told me, if I wiſh'd ſucceſs,
To ſome diſtinguiſh'd Lord I muſt addreſs;
One whoſe high virtues ſpeak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and ſtrong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, reſolute in fight;
Whoſe generous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble patron ſhown;
But I, alas! am to Argyll unknown.
Still every one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to ſucceed;
But now preferments ſo poſſeſs'd my brain,
That ſcarce I could produce a ſingle ſtrain:
Indeed I ſometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection, as without deſign.

One morn upon the Princeſs this I writ,
An Epigram that boaſts more truth than wit.
" The pomp of titles eaſy faith might ſhake,
" She ſcorn'd an empire for religion's ſake:
" For this on earth the Britiſh crown was given,
" And an immortal crown decreed in heaven."
Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetic fancy wrought.
" Methinks I ſee ſome Bard, whoſe heavenly rage
" Shall riſe in ſong, and warm a future age;
" Look back through time, and, wrapt in wonder, trace
" The glorious ſeries of the Brunſwick race.
" From the firſt George theſe godlike kings deſcend;
" A line which only with the world ſhall end.
" The next a generous Prince renown'd in arms,
" And bleſs'd, long bleſs'd, in Carolina's charms;
" From theſe the reſt. 'Tis thus, ſecure in peace,
" We plow the fields, and reap the year's increaſe:
" Now Commerce, wealthy Goddeſs, rears her head,
" And bids Britannia's fleets their canvaſs ſpread;
" Unnumber'd ſhips the peopled ocean hide,
" And wealth returns with each revolving tide."
Here paus'd the ſullen Muſe; in haſte I dreſs'd,
And through the croud of needy courtiers preſs'd;
Though unſucceſsful, happy whilſt I ſee
Thoſe eyes, that glad a nation, ſhine on me.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A JOURNEY TO EXETER. 1716.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid ſtately piles aſcend,
Or in your Chiſwick bowers enjoy your friend;
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plumb, and bluſhing peach;
I journey far. — You knew fat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, ſent me forth your truſty Squire.
'Twas on the day when city-dames repair
To take their weekly doſe of Hyde-park air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infeſt,
For ſtill on Sundays country horſes reſt.
Thy gardens, Kenſington, we leave unſeen;
Through Hammerſmith jog on to Turnham-green;
That Turnham-green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for *Solomon is dead.
Three duſty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty ſtreets and white-legg'd chickens known:

* A man once famous for feeding pigeons.

Thence, o'er wide ſhrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,
We come where Thames divides the meads of Staines.
We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagſhot-heath we croſs,
Where broken gameſters oft' repair their loſs.
At Hartley-row the foaming bit we preſt,
While the fat landlord welcom'd every gueſt.
Supper was ended, healths the glaſſes crown'd,
Our hoſt extoll'd his wine at every round;
Relates the juſtices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his gueſts in days of yore,
And prais'd their wiſdom much, their drinking more.
Let travellers the morning-vigils keep:
The morning roſe, but we lay faſt aſleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the ſultry ſun,
And Popham-lane was ſcarce in ſight by one:
The ſtraggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the ſtage-coach'd laſs reſign'd her gold;
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And ſent her home a belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood:
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For, ſhould the maiden-mother nurſe her ſon,
'Twould ſpoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hoſteſs nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breaſt to ſuckle nineteen more.
Be juſt, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear:
Be virgins ſtill in town, but mothers here.

Sutton

Sutton we paſs, and leave her ſpacious down,
And with the ſetting ſun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy every viſage wears;
What! no election come in ſeven long years!
Of all our race of Mayors, ſhall Snow * alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known?
Our ſtreets no more with tides of ale ſhall float,
Nor coblers feaſt three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd ſhepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bowers a noon-day ſhelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art, he counts the ſtraggling flock,
And by the ſun informs you what 's o'clock.
How are our ſhepherds fall'n from antient days!
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays;
From her no liſtening echos learn to ſing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here ſheep the paſture hide, there harveſts bend,
See Sarum's ſteeple o'er yon hill aſcend;
Our horſes faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen ſtomachs know the hour to eat.

* Sir Richard Steele, member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatiſe called "The Importance of Dunkirk conſi-"dered," and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge. GAY. — Dr. Swift wrote a humourous treatiſe in anſwer to it, called "The Importance of the "Guardian conſidered, in a Second Letter to the Bailiff "of Stockbridge, 1713." N.

[illegible]

[illegible] gnoc[illegible]

[illegible] ruling-hood.

[illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] want of [illegible]

[illegible] away.

[illegible]

[illegible] hand.

[illegible] hands.

[illegible] hands.

[illegible] hands.

[illegible]

[illegible] hand.

[illegible]

[illegible] ground.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] we take.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] hang his [illegible]

[illegible] There are [illegible] in this town. GAY.

Ca

On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And ſtrip the lobſter of his ſcarlet mail.
We climb'd the hills, when ſtarry night aroſe,
And Axminſter affords a kind repoſe.
The maid, ſubdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlaſs-ſmocks.
Mean time our ſhirts her buſy fingers rub,
While the ſoap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer ſuch pleaſing dreams incite,
Lend us your ſmocks, ye damſels, every night!
We riſe, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her ſkilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her eaſy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus ſtroak'd the beard of Jove.
Now from the ſteep, midſt ſcatter'd farms and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.
Behind us ſoon the buſy town we leave,
Where fineſt lace induſtrious laſſes weave.
Now ſwelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and ſmoak'd along the road;
When (O bleſt ſight!) a friendly ſign we ſpy'd,
Our ſpurs are ſlacken'd from the horſes ſide;
For ſure a civil hoſt the houſe commands,
Upon whoſe ſign this courteous motto ſtands,
"This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
"Here is for horſes hay, and meat for men."
How rhyme would flouriſh, did each ſon of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!

Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearſe,
Might ſweetly mourn in Elegiac verſe.
But, were his Muſe for Elegy unfit,
Perhaps a diſtich might not ſtrain his wit;
If Epigram offend, his harmleſs lines
Might in gold letters ſwing on ale-houſe ſigns.
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tuttle-fields record his ſimple lays;
Where rhymes like theſe might lure the nurſes' eyes,
While gaping infants ſquawl for farthing pies:
"Treat here, ye ſhepherds blithe, your damſels ſweet,
"For pies and cheeſecakes are for damſels meet."
Then Maurus in his proper ſphere might ſhine,
And theſe proud numbers grace great William's ſign:
"This is the man, this the Naſſovian, whom
"I nam'd the brave deliverer to come *."
But now the driving gales ſuſpend the rain,
We mount our ſteeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land! — but I forbear,
What other counties muſt with envy hear.

* Blackmore's Prince Arthur, Book V.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq. 1717.

PULTENEY, methinks you blame my breach of word;
What! cannot Paris one poor page afford?
Yes, I can ſagely, when the times are paſt,
Laugh at thoſe follies which I ſtrove to taſte,
And each amuſement, which we ſhar'd, review,
Pleas'd with meer talking, ſince I talk to you.
But how ſhall I deſcribe in humble proſe
Their balls, aſſemblies, operas, and beaux?
In proſe? you cry: oh no, the Muſe muſt aid,
And leave Parnaſſus for the Tuilleries' ſhade:
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled Muſe, with pattens ſhod,
Through dirty lanes, and alleys' doubtful ways)
Refuſe to write, when Paris aſks his lays!
Well then, I 'll try. Deſcend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow ſhine,
Let ſparkling ſtars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the bluſhes of the crimſon morn;
So may ye balls and gay aſſemblies grace,
And at the opera claim the foremoſt place.
Travellers ſhould ever fit expreſſion chuſe,
Nor with low phraſe the lofty theme abuſe.

When

When they describe the state of eastern lords,
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
And, when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide;
But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
Describe alike Mockaws and Great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
Dress forth in simple style the *Petit-maitre*:
"In Paris, there 's a race of animals
"(I 've seen them at their operas and balls):
"They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
"Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
"They 're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
"And, like camelions, daily change their hue;
"From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
"And with vermilion lacquer o'er their faces.
"This custom, as we visibly discern,
"They, by frequenting ladies' toilettes, learn."
Thus might the traveller easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start.
How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance:
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
No lady's favour on his sword is hung;
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue,

His

His wit is ſpiritleſs and void of grace,
Who wants th' aſſurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
Like a court-lady though he write and ſpell,
His minuet-ſtep was faſhion'd by Marcell *;
He dreſſes, fences. What avails to know?
For women chuſe their men, like ſilks, for ſhow.
Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boaſts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toaſts?
For ſuch a fluttering ſight we need not roam;
Our own aſſemblies ſhine with theſe at home.

Let us into the field of beauty ſtart;
Beauty 's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye fair, that I the ſex accuſe:
How ſhall I ſpare you, prompted by the Muſe?
(The Muſes all are *prudes!*) She rails, ſhe frets,
Amidſt this ſprightly nation of coquettes;
Yet let not us their looſe coquetry blame;
Women of every nation are the ſame.

You aſk me, if Pariſian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice prophane the Sunday's hours;
If they the gameſter's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And ſtake their honour while their huſbands ſleep?
Yes, Sir; like Engliſh toaſts, the dames of France
Will riſque their income on a ſingle chance.
Nannette laſt night a tricking *pharaon* play'd,
The cards the Taillier's ſliding hand obey'd:

* A famous dancing-maſter.

To-day

To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an aſſembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the ſharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent loſſes burns,
And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
Ah, too raſh virgin! where 's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her perſon for the ſharper's loan.
Yet who with juſtice can the fair upbraid,
Whoſe debts of honour are ſo duly paid?
But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red 's too pale, nor gives a diſtant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her opera face;
From this we ſcarce extract the milk-maid's bloom:
Bring the deep dye that warms acroſs the room:
Now flames her cheek, ſo ſtrong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the ſilken roſe looks pale!
Not but that France ſome native beauty boaſts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toaſts.
When the ſweet-breathing ſpring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the duſty town for ſhady woods.
Then Tottenham fields with roving beauty ſwarm,
And Hampſtead balls the city virgin warm;
Then Chelſea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the preſt graſs defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the ſame; but in a higher ſphere,
For ev'n court-ladies ſin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would truſt his ſpouſe
Beneath the tempting ſhade of Greenwich boughs?

What

What peer of France would let his dutcheſs rove,
Where Boulogne's cloſeſt woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blaſt her huſband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the graſs, the ſhepherd ſighs his pain;
And on the graſs, what ſhepherd ſighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon laid along,
Melts with the languiſh of her amorous ſong;
There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickeſt ſhade;
Here Celimene defends her lips and breaſt,
For kiſſes are by ſtruggling cloſer preſt:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold;
Be wiſe, Alexis; what, ſo near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and huſbands are abroad!
Such were our pleaſures in the days of yore,
When amorous Charles Britannia's ſceptre bore;
The nightly ſcene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled every ſhade.
But, ſince at court the rural taſte is loſt,
What mighty ſums have velvet-couches coſt!
Sometimes the Tuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crouds of ruſtling mantuas rove.
As here from ſide to ſide my eyes I caſt,
And gaz'd on all the glittering train that paſt,
Sudden a fop ſteps forth before the reſt;
I knew the bold embroidery of his veſt.
He thus accoſts me with familiar air,
"Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!

"Quell

"Quelle manche [illegible] galon est grossièrement rangé;
"[illegible] de fort beau et dégagé!"
[illegible] turns, and then
[illegible] proceeds again:
"[illegible] Paris seen, you [illegible] frankly own
"[illegible] London seems a country town;
"[illegible] your nation?
"[illegible] Are masquerades in fashion?
"[illegible] introduce?
"Are [illegible] in use?"
[illegible] know the Paris mode,
[illegible] from [illegible] abroad.
[illegible] our courtiers keep a numerous train
[illegible] their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.
[illegible] left us in the lurch;
[illegible] in France, our vulgar croud the church;
Our ladies too support the masquerade,
The sex by nature love th' intriguing trade.
Straight the vain fop in ignorant raptures cries,
"Paris the barbarous world will civilize!"
Pray, Sir, point out among the passing band
The present beauties who the town command.
"See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
"Mark in her eye demure the prude profest;
"That frozen bosom native fire must want,
"Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!
"This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
"Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
"The necklace Florio's generous flame bestow'd,
"Chander's sparkling gems her finger load;

"But

" But now her charms grow cheap by conſtant uſe,
" She ſins for ſcarfs, clock'd-ſtockings, knots, and ſhoes.
" This next, with ſober gait and ſerious leer,
" Wearies her knees with morn and evening prayer;
" She ſcorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
" But with three abbots in one night engages.
" This with the cardinal her nights employs,
" Where holy ſinews conſecrate her joys.
" Why have I promis'd things beyond my power?
" Five aſſignations wait me at this hour!
" The ſprightly counteſs firſt my viſit claims,
" To-morrow ſhall indulge inferior dames.
" Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave;
" Gay Florimella ſlily twitch'd my ſleeve."

Adieu, Monſieur!—The opera hour draws near.
Not ſee the opera! all the world is there;
Where on the ſtage th' embroider'd youth of France
In bright array attract the female glance:
This languiſhes, this ſtruts, to ſhow his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd ſtocking moves unſeen.
But hark! the full orcheſtra ſtrike the ſtrings;
The hero ſtruts, and the whole audience ſings.

My jarring ear harſh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarſe and confus'd, like Babel's mingled ſound.
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noiſy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd every note.
Pray, Sir, ſays I, ſuſpend awhile your ſong;
The opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous ſtrong;
I wiſh to hear your Roland's ranting ſtrain,
While he with rooted foreſts ſtrows the plain.

[illegible] surprize, and answer much.
"Monsieur [illegible] [illegible]"
Then turning round, he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
And the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] me with some [illegible] [illegible],
Let harmony compose my [illegible] [illegible]!
When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,
The melting warble thrills through every vein;
Thought stands suspense, and silence pleas'd attends,
While [illegible] her notes the heavenly choir descends.
But you'll imagine I in a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So strongly with this prejudice possest,
He thinks French musick and French painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes;
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
Yes, Sir, says he, in colour and design,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine!
'Tis true his country's love transports his breast
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profest.
Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of vore,
Yet that sage traveller left his native shore.
What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines!
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lust to learning, if enslav'd by arms.

France

France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;
And then, I grant it, France in ſcience ſhone:
We too, I own, without ſuch aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.
But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's ſtrong ſenſe, and Moliere's humourous ſcene.
Let Cambray's name be ſung above the reſt,
Whoſe maxims, Pulteney, warm thy patriot breaſt;
In Mentor's precepts wiſdom ſtrong and clear
Dictates ſublime, and diſtant nations hear.
Hear, all ye princes, who the world control,
What cares, what terrors, haunt the Tyrant's ſoul;
His conſtant train are, Anger, Fear, Diſtruſt.
To be a king, is to be good and juſt;
His people he protects, their rights he ſaves,
And ſcorns to rule a wretched race of ſlaves.
Happy, thrice happy, ſhall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws deſpotic power reſtrain!
There ſhall the plough-ſhare break the ſtubborn land,
And bending harveſt tire the peaſant's hand:
There Liberty her ſettled manſion boaſts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coaſts.
O Britain, guard thy laws, thy rights defend:
So ſhall theſe bleſſings to thy ſons deſcend!
You 'll think 'tis time ſome other theme to chuſe,
And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muſe:
Should I let ſatire looſe on Engliſh ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verſe is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PAUL METHUEN*, Esq.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes science ſpread,
Is rarely practiſ'd, though 'tis often ſaid.
When learning droops and ſickens in the land,
What patron's found, to lend a ſtrong hand?
True generous ſpirit proſperous vice deteſt,
And love to cherish virtue when diſtreſt:
But, ere our mighty lords this ſcheme purſue,
Our mighty lords muſt think and act like you.
Why muſt we climb the Alpine mountain's ſides,
To find the ſeat where harmony reſides?
Why touch we not ſo ſoft the ſilver lute,
The chearful haut-boy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the ſound;
But there the patrons of her ſons are found.
Why flouriſh'd verſe in great Auguſtus' reign?
He and Mecenas lov'd the Muſe's ſtrain.
But now that wight in poverty muſt mourn
Who was (o cruel ſtars!) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write rancorous libels to reform the ſtate:
Or, if you chuſe more ſure and ready ways,
Spatter a miniſter with fulſome praiſe:

* Afterwards Sir Paul, K. B.

Launch

Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not—all men are dedication-proof.
Be bolder yet, you muſt go farther ſtill,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He, who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Liſts an hir'd bravo to ſupport the cauſe;
He muſt indulge his patron's hate and ſpleen,
And ſtab the fame of thoſe he ne'er had ſeen.
Why then ſhould authors mourn their deſperate caſe?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? Exert the gifts to riſe,
And baniſh timorous virtue from thy eyes.
All this ſeems modern preface, where we 're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Againſt th' ungrateful age theſe authors roar,
And fancy learning ſtarves becauſe they 're poor.
Yet why ſhould learning hope ſucceſs at court?
Why ſhould our patriots virtue's cauſe ſupport?
Why to true merit ſhould they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meaneſt of the Muſe's train)
Can boaſt ſubſcriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praiſe.
Aſk Painting, why ſhe loves Heſperian air;
Go view, ſhe cries, my glorious labours there;
There in rich palaces I reign in ſtate,
And on the temples lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the ſcience, and the painter prize.

Why dost thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To imitate at distance Raphael's hand?
Think it more fit for this to raise thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington unbiass'd knows thy worth;
His judgement in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace.
But, oh, consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unburn the tongue of Envy bear?
Censure will blame; her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a liberal hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had Pope with groveling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, unknown,
Poor slander-selling Curll would be undone.
He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.

But

But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deſerving well.
A crow was ſtrutting o'er the ſtubbled plain,
Juſt as a lark deſcending clos'd his ſtrain.
The crow beſpoke him thus, with ſolemn grace:
"Thou moſt accompliſh'd of the feather'd race!
"What force of lungs! how clear! how ſweet you ſing!
"And no bird ſoars upon a ſtronger wing."
The lark, who ſcorn'd ſoft flattery, thus replies:
"True, I ſing ſweet, and on ſtrong pinion riſe;
"Yet let me paſs my life from envy free,
"For what advantage are theſe gifts to me?
"My ſong confines me to the wiry cage,
"My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
"But, as you paſs, I hear the fowlers ſay,
"To ſhoot at crows is powder flung away."

EPISTLE V.

TO HER GRACE

HENRIETTA,

DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, &c.

Excuse me, Madam, if amidst your tears
A Muse intruder, a Muse who feels your cares;
Numbers, like musick, can ev'n grief control,
And lull to peace the tumults of the soul.
If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousands grieve;
The affliction purchase not your heart alone;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dangerous toils he chose,
To [illegible] his country with a fixt repose;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raise his country to the pitch of fame;
His [illegible], sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws and native rights;
No father (every generous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown.
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.
Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes, Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,

She

She saw her frontier towers in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly:
Then Marlborough came, defeated Gallia fled;
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head;
In him secure, as in her strongest mound
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.
O Germany! remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at every vein;
Think on the rescue of th' imperial throne,
Then think of Marlborough's death without a groan!
Apollo kindly whispers me: "Be wise:
"How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
"The force of verse another theme might raise,
"But here the merit must transcend the praise.
"Hast thou, presumptuous bard! that godlike flame
"Which with the sun shall last, and Marlborough's fame?
"Then sing the man. But who can boast this fire?
"Resign the task, and silently admire."
Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse:
Let punctual history his deeds rehearse;
Let truth in native purity appear,
You 'll find Achilles and Æneas there.
Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barbarous, to the sighing maid
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?

Would

What can the muse? Her fancy cannot reach
What can the muse? her feeble voice must preach
A parent's praise and mourn her parent's fate!
But see, where Britain's genius bids her wait
Your motion, bows to Marlborough's fame, and pays
The tribute of a mother's tears and praise.
Turn, mighty shade, to those triumphant bays
Which never fade, which Time himself must raise;
Those bays which round your temples learn to spread
Their shade, while you enjoy immortal bliss,
And crown with endless honours what they bless.
Now, while you hear the thunder roll below,
Look down with pity on the pomp of woe;
Look down on scenes of grief, and see how all
Attend the sable obsequies of Saul.
Behold the fatal spear that pierced his side,
His sword, with which the slaughter'd Philistines died,
His bow, which never sent a shaft in vain,
Lie broken near the master of the slain.
The mighty Jonathan, who shar'd his throne,
Lies pale and breathless, mingled with his own;
Abner, whose conduct and unerring skill
Could wield at will the battle and the field,
Abner, the guardian of the king and state,
Who fell a victim to the public fate,
Whose arm could check the torrent in its course,
And hurl destruction on the hosts of Thrace,
As prostrate now he lies, no more shall wake
The weapon that inflicts the fatal stroke,
Provoke the firy steed to scour the plain,
Or shake the hostile ranks with thundering rein.
Nor you, ye tuneful choir, forget to mourn
Your hero, now for ever doom'd to burn;
Nor you, ye fair, refuse the tender tear
To him who bade the soft affections share
Your gentle hearts, and early taught to prove
The pleasing pains of sympathetic love.
Ye saw the youth with every grace adorn'd,
Ye saw the youth by every muse inform'd,
Ye saw the youth in early manhood shine
With every art that could the soul refine.
Ye saw the youth with every virtue bless'd,
Which gain'd the friendship of the wise and best.
Ye saw, and wept to see, the generous mind
Thus to destruction and the grave consign'd.
Ye saw, and wept to see, the blooming flower
Thus withering in the morning hour.
Ye saw, and wept to see, the setting ray
Of glory gilding the meridian day.
Ye saw, and wept to see, the sudden night
Of death o'erwhelming all the mental light.
Ye saw, and wept to see, the mighty fall
Of him who was the greatest and the best of all.
Ye saw, and wept to see, the hero laid
Among the dead, by whom the dead were made.
Ye saw, and wept to see, the mighty fall
Of him who was the greatest and the best of all.
Ye saw, and wept to see, the hero laid
Among the dead, by whom the dead were made.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VI*.

TO MR. POPE.

ON HIS HAVING FINISHED HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

I.

LONG haſt thou, friend! been abſent from my ſoil,
Like patient Ithacus at ſiege of Troy;
I have been witneſs of thy ſix years toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
Loſt to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide ſea, oft' threatening to deſtroy:
Methinks with thee I 've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the ſhores of Helleſpont reſound.

II.

Did I not ſee thee when thou firſt ſett'ſt ſail
To ſeek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not ſee thy ſinking ſpirits fail,
And wiſh thy bark had never left the ſtrand?

* A cloſe imitation of the beginning of the 46th Canto of the "Orlando Furioſo." Mr. Gay has even adopted the meaſure of his original, and has compriſed his deſign in almoſt the ſame number of lines, viz. in twenty-one octave ſtanzas, inſtead of nineteen. S.

Ev'n

Ev'n in mid ocean often didſt thou quail,
And oft' lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and ſaintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Chear up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks — nay, ſure the riſing coaſts appear;
Hark! how the guns ſalute from either ſhore,
As thy trim veſſel cuts the Thames ſo fair:
Shouts anſwering ſhouts from Kent and Eſſex roar,
And bells break loud through every guſt of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of ſome mighty king.

IV.

Now paſs we Graveſend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More viſited than or her park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Diſney, greet thee firſt of all:
I ſee his chimney ſmoke, and hear him ſay,
Duke*! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V.

Come in, my friends! here ſhall ye dine and lie,
And here ſhall breakfaſt, and here dine again;
And ſup, and breakfaſt on, (if ye comply)
For I have ſtill ſome dozens of champaign:
His voice ſtill leſſens as the ſhip ſails by;
He waives his hand to bring us back in vain;

* *He was* uſually called "Duke Diſney." N.

For

For now I ſee, I ſee proud London's ſpires;
Greenwich is loſt, and Deptford-dock retires.

VI.

Oh, what a concourſe ſwarms on yonder quay!
The ſky re-echoes with new ſhouts of joy:
By all this ſhow, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy. —
No, now I ſee them near. — Oh, theſe are they
Who come in crouds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard, whom long as loſt we mourn'd;
From ſiege, from battle, and from ſtorm, return'd!

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The ſilken petticoat, and broider'd veſt;
Yea peers, and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue,
(True blue, fair emblem of unſtained breaſt.)
Others I ſee, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
Firſt ſee I Methuen, of ſincereſt mind,
As Arthur * grave, as ſoft as woman-kind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! thoſe are Wortley's eyes:
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!
For ſhe diſtinguiſhes the good and wiſe.

* This perſon is mentioned in Pope's Epiſtle to Arbuthnot, ver. 23.

"Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the laws,
"Imputes to me, and my damn'd works, the cauſe."

The

The ſweet-tongued Murray near her ſide attends;
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngeſt daughter, ſweet Lepell.

IX.

I ſee two lovely ſiſters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Tereſa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the talleſt of the land;
And ſmiling Mary, ſoft and fair as down.
Yonder I ſee the chearful dutcheſs ſtand,
For friendſhip, zeal, and blithſome humours known:
Whence that loud ſhout in ſuch a hearty ſtrain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelſea, ſtill meditating ſong:
With her perhaps Miſs Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why ſhe comes along.
Far off from theſe ſee Santlow, fam'd for dance*;
And frolick Bicknell†, and her ſiſter young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in publick fam'd!

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
And the ſhrill muſick of their voice is ſtill'd!
Methinks I ſee fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadſt not been kill'd;

* She afterwards married Booth the player. S.

† Mrs. Bicknell, the actreſs, is mentioned in the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, with applauſe. S.

Sheffield,

Sheffield, who knows to ſtrike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer ſkill'd.
Bathurſt impetuous haſtens to the coaſt,
Whom you and I ſtrive who ſhall love the moſt.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes wafted in a ſoft ſedan);
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muſe;
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath ſent excuſe;)
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forſaken;
And Laughton whiſpering aſks —Is Troy town taken?

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honeſt mind;
Bold, generous Craggs, whoſe heart was ne'er diſguis'd:
Ah why, ſweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
St. John, for every ſocial virtue priz'd.—
Alas! to foreign climates he 's confin'd,
Or elſe to ſee thee here I well ſurmiz'd:
Thou too, my Swift, doſt breathe Bœotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV.

Harcourt I ſee, for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of juſtice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beſide him found,
Another Simon, like as ſtraw to ſtraw.
How Lanſdown ſmiles, with laſting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?

See

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] grace

[illegible] ways:

[illegible]

[illegible] stays.

[illegible]

[illegible] ways:

[illegible]

[illegible] sons, and cousins.

[illegible]

[illegible] art,

[illegible] ;

[illegible] heart,

[illegible]

[illegible] part †,

[illegible] create:

[illegible] confine?

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] he cries:

[illegible] ‡.

[illegible] eyes,

[illegible]

[illegible] S.

† This [illegible] the vanity of Sir Godfrey [illegible] g to the [illegible] S.

[illegible] harles Ford, [illegible] the Gazette. S.

(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of ſize)
Yea Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou haſt riches)
And honeſt, hatleſs Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'ſt thou with ſhorten'd hair,
And viſage from thy ſhelves with duſt beſprent *?
" Forſooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
" For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
" Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
" But hither me hath my meeke lady ſent:—
" In manuſcript of Greeke rede we thilke ſame,
" But book yprint beſt pleſyth myn gude dame."

XIX.

Yonder I ſee, among th' expecting croud,
Evans with laugh jocoſe, and tragic Young;
High-buſkin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles ſlow along †.

* So in the Dunciad, B. iii. 185.
" But who is he in cloſet cloſe ypent
" Of ſober face, *with learned duſt beſprent?*"
Humphrey Wanley was librarian to Lord Oxford. S.

† The names of the majority of perſons here enumerated are in want of no illuſtration; and concerning a few of them, it would be difficult to ſupply any. Titcomb, however, is mentioned in a letter from Pope to Congreve. " There is a grand revolution at Will's. " Morrice has quitted for a coffee-houſe in the city; " and Titcomb is reſtored, to the great joy of Cromwell, " who was at a loſs for a perſon to converſe with on " the fathers and church hiſtory." S.

See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng;
Tickell, whoſe ſkiff (in partnerſhip they ſay *)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

XX.

Lo the two Doncaſtles in Berkſhire known!
Lo Bickford, Forteſcue, of Devon land!
Lo Tooker, Eckerſhall, Sykes, Rawlinſon!
See hearty Morley † takes thee by the hand!
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the ſtars, the ſand?
Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo thouſands more; but I want rhyme and room!

XXI.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:
And ſure thou art not, for I hear thee ſay,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's ſtrain,
On whoſe ſtrong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
Theſe honours, Homer, had been juſt to thee.

* See the "Firſt Book of the Iliad" among the Poems of Mr. Tickell. N.

† See Prior's Ballad of "Down Hall." N.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VII.

TO

MR. THOMAS SNOW,

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR.

A PANEGYRICK, OCCASIONED

By his buying and ſelling of the Third South-Sea Subſcriptions, taken in by the Directors at a thouſand *per Cent.*

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble verſe to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter ſhine with ſums untold,
And thy wide-graſping hand grow black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and ſable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the ſtocks;
Suſpend the worldly buſineſs of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
O thou, whoſe penetrative wiſdom found
The South-Sea rocks and ſhelves, where thouſands drown'd!
When credit ſunk, and commerce gaſping lay,
Thou ſtood'ſt; nor ſent'ſt one bill unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's ſelf was drain'd of all his hoards,

Thou ſtood'ſt (an Indian king in ſize and hue)
Thy unexhauſted ſhop was our Peru.
Why did 'Change-Alley waſte *thy* precious hours
Among the fools who gap'd for golden ſhowers?
No wonder if we found ſome poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea ſchemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder they their third ſubſcriptions ſold,
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder, that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reaſons, that a thing is ſtill the ſame,
Though chang'd throughout in ſubſtance and in name.
But you (whoſe judgement ſcorns poetic flights)
With contracts furniſh boys for paper-kites.
Let Vulture Hopkins ſtretch his ruſty throat,
Who 'd ruin thouſands for a ſingle groat.
I know thou ſpurn'ſt his mean, his ſordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'ſt plague mankind.
Why ſtrive his greedy hands to graſp at more? —
The wretch was born to want, whoſe ſoul is poor.
Madmen alone their empty dreams purſue,
And ſtill believe the fleeting viſion true;
They ſell the treaſure which their ſlumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail,
Yet be *diverted* by this moral tale.
Through fam'd Moorfields extends a ſpacious ſeat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;

Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in ſtraw,
The wiſer few from the mad world withdraw.
There, in full opulence, a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His ſide-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate.
As on a time he paſs'd the vacant hours,
In raiſing piles of ſtraw and twiſted bowers;
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eyes obſerv'd the ſtructure well;
A ſharpen'd ſkewer croſs his bare ſhoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cry'd, "Behold my caſtle-walls,
"My ſtatues, gardens, fountains, and canals;
"With land of twenty thouſand acres round!
"All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchaſe ſaw,
So ſign'd the contract (as ordains the law).
The banker's brain was cool'd, the miſt grew clear;
The viſionary ſcene was loſt in air.
He now the vaniſh'd proſpect underſtood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good:
Yet, loath the ſum entire ſhould be deſtroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract 's void."
The ſtartled bard with eye indignant frown'd.
"Shall I, ye Gods (he cries) my debts compound!"
So ſaying, from his rug the ſkewer he takes,
And on the ſtick ten equal notches makes;
With juſt reſentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally of ten thouſand pound!"

EPISTLE VIII.

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, ſome time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympſon's in the Country; Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late Behaviour ſome Eſtrangement of his Affections, writes him the following expoſtulating, ſoothing, and tenderly-complaining Epiſtle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
— What, touch me not? What, ſhun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious abſence borne,
And wak'd and wiſh'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no ſecond ſpouſe;
What Redriff wife ſo long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your noſe, inconſtancy betray;
Your noſe you ſtop, your eyes you turn away.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid that thou ſhould'ſt *cleave unto thy wife*;
Once thou didſt cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan:
Be kind at leaſt to theſe — they are thy own!
Be bold, and count them all; ſecure to find
The honeſt number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why ſtart you? are they ſnakes? or have they claws?
Thy Chriſtian ſeed, our mutual fleſh and bone:
Be kind at leaſt to theſe — they are thy own!
* Biddel, like thee, might fartheſt India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retains his love:
There 's captain * Pannel, abſent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife:
Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Miſtreſs Biddel ſure is fifty-three!
Not touch me! Never neighbour call'd me ſlut:
Was Flimnap's dame more ſweet in Lilliput?
I 've no red hair, to breathe an odious fume;
At leaſt thy conſort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty ſtable-boy thy care?
What mean thoſe viſits to the forrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
Preferr'ſt thou litter to the marriage bed!
Some ſay the devil himſelf is in that mare:
If ſo, our Dean ſhall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad; ſome think you are poſſeſt;
That Bedlam and clean ſtraw will ſuit you beſt.

* Names of the ſea-captains mentioned in the Travels.

[illegible] to appeaſe!
[illegible] heighten the diſeaſe.
[illegible] our former joys,
[illegible] two lovely boys,
[illegible] I call my dear.
[illegible] Gulliver is there!
[illegible] ſhivering with the froſt,
[illegible] Gulliver is loſt!
[illegible] with frantic cries;
[illegible] the neighbours riſe:
[illegible] O tell me where!
[illegible] With the ſorrel mare!"
[illegible] market haſte
[illegible] thy taſte);
[illegible] I choſe
[illegible] of thoſe):
[illegible] ſeven groats;
[illegible] r oats.
[illegible] houſes,
[illegible] and ſpouſes;
[illegible]
[illegible] corn.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] gn to quit,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] woe.
[illegible] every danger [illegible]
[illegible] ing infants ſq[illegible]

How

How did I tremble when, by thouſands bound,
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on Lilliputian ground;
When ſcaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each ſtep they trod I felt upon my heart.
But, when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, ſtaring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my huſband came!
And what extinguſh'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Thoſe ſpectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to ſave,
Were once my preſent; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For, when he ſign'd thy death, he ſentenc'd me.
When folks might ſee thee all the country round
For ſix-pence, I 'd have given a thouſand pound.
Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I ſee thee ramm'd,
Or on the houſe-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heaven 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her caſe:
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all diſgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to ſet him free?
My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.
O teach me, Dear, new words to ſpeak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy beſt-lov'd name.

Whether

Whether the Isle of Gribling pleasant [illegible],
So call'd in Brobdingnag, [illegible] [illegible],
When on the [illegible] ample hand you [illegible],
And hallo'd in his ear [illegible] of [illegible]:
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look down on kings;
If [illegible] Narbac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumdum's [illegible] title [illegible] thy ear;
[illegible] and Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
I [illegible] call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name,
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IX.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

FROM

A DOG AT TWICKENHAM,

TO

A DOG AT COURT.

TO thee, ſweet Fop, theſe lines I ſend,
Who, though no ſpaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail in wanton play,
Now friſking this and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of juſt the tip,
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ſhip;
Yet thence to think I 'd bite your head off;
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.
Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what 's the top of all your tricks)
Can ſtoop to pick up ſtrings and ſticks.
We country dogs love nobler ſport,
And ſcorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come
To fart and piſs about the room,

To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—snap:
The worſt that envy, or that ſpite,
E'er ſaid of me is, I *can* bite;
That ſturdy vagrants, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to touze ſuch things as *flutter*,
To honeſt Bounce is bread and butter.

While you and every courtly fop
Fawn on the devil for a chop;
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat:
And, let me tell you, have a noſe
(Whatever ſtinking fops ſuppoſe)
That, under cloth of gold or tiſſue,
Can ſmell a plaſter, or an iſſue.
Your pilfering lord, with ſimple pride,
May wear a pick-lock at his ſide:
My maſter wants no key of ſtate,
For Bounce can keep his houſe and gate.

When all ſuch dogs have had their days,
As knaviſh Pams, and fawning Trays:
When pamper'd Cupids, beaſtly Veni's,
And motley, ſquinting Harlequini's *,
Shall lick no more their lady's breech,
But die of looſeneſs, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames from either echoing ſhore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

* Alii legunt *Harvequini's*.

See

See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd
With thundering offspring all around,
Beneath, beſide me, and at top,
A hundred ſons! and not one Fop.
Before my children ſet your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permiſſion feed
(Though ſome of J——'s hungry breed);
But whatſoe'er the father's race,
From me they ſuck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to ſteal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.
My eldeſt-born reſides not far
Where ſhines great Strafford's glittering ſtar;
My ſecond (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates;
A third majeſtically ſtalks
(Happieſt of dogs) in Cobham's walks!
One uſhers friends to Bathurſt's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.
Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race,
And, oh! would fate the bliſs decree
To mine (a bliſs too great for me),
That two my talleſt ſons might grace
Attending each with ſtately pace
Iülus' ſide, as erſt Evander's *,
To keep off flatterers, ſpies, and panders;

* Virg. Æn. viii.

To

To let no noble ſlave come near,
And ſcare lord Fannies from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at leaſt a friend—or two;
A treaſure, which, of royal kind,
Few but himſelf deſerve to find;
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the ſect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality aſſign'd
To any beaſt but Dryden's hind *:
Yet maſter Pope, whom Truth and Senſe
Shall call their friend ſome ages hence,
Though now on lofticr themes he ſings,
Than to beſtow a word on kings,
Has ſworn by Styx †, the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he 'll ſoon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

* "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd."
Hind and Panther, ver. 1.

† Orig. *Sticks*; purpoſely miſ-ſpelt, to make it "the "dread of dogs."

EPISTLE

EPISTLE X.

TO THE

LEARNED INGENIOUS AUTHOR*

OF

LICENTIA POETICA DISCUSSED,

OR THE

TRUE TEST OF POETRY.

Written in 1709.

THE vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious Art can ne'er aſpire,
Nor conſtant ſtudies the bright bays acquire;
And that high flights the unborn Bard receives,
And only Nature the due laurel gives:
But you, with innate ſhining flames endow'd,
To wide Caſtalian ſprings point out the God;

* Dr. William Coward, a phyſician of ſome eminence. He was author of a great variety of treatiſes on various ſubjects, medical, poetical, and religious. The latter having been principally of a ſceptical nature, he is generally ranked amongſt the Deiſtical writers. N.

Through

Through your Perſpective we can plainly ſee,
The new-diſcover'd road of Poetry;
To ſteep Parnaſſus you direct the way
So ſmooth, that venturous travellers cannot ſtray,
But with unerring ſteps rough ways diſdain,
And, by you led, the beauteous ſummit gain,
Where poliſh'd lays ſhall raiſe their growing fames,
And with their tuneful guide enrol their honour'd names.

EPISTLE XI.

DR. GARTH TO MR. GAY.

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN Fame did o'er the ſpacious plains
The lays ſhe once had learn'd, repeat;
And liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrains,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet:
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muſes ſtrung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir;
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE X.

TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND

WILLIAM LOWNDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN FOLIO, CALLED THE LAND-TAX BILL.

WHEN Poets print their works, the ſcribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Chriſtmas-pew:
Can meagre poetry ſuch fame deſerve?
Can poetry, that only writes to ſtarve?
And ſhall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the Senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires;
By nobler *ways and means* true fame acquires.
O had I Virgil's force, to ſing the man,
Whoſe learned lines can millions raiſe *per ann.*
Great Lownds's praiſe ſhould ſwell the trump of fame,
And *rapes* and *wapentakes* reſound his name!
If the blind Poet gain'd a long renown
By ſinging every Grecian chief and town;
Sure Lownds's proſe much greater fame requires,
Which ſweetly counts five thouſand knights and ſquires,
Their ſeats, their cities, pariſhes, and ſhires.

Thy copious preamble ſo ſmoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns;
Lords, Knights, and Squires, th' Aſſeſſor's power obey,
We read with pleaſure, though with pain we pay.
Ah! why did Coningſby thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name.
After his ſpeeches can his pen ſucceed?
Though forc'd to hear, we 're not oblig'd to read.
Under what ſcience ſhall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not Poet born and bred.
Or doſt thou boaſt th' Hiſtorian's laſting pen,
Whoſe annals are the acts of worthy men?
No. Satire is thy talent; and each laſh
Makes the rich Miſer tremble o'er his caſh.
What on the Drunkard can be more ſevere,
Than direful taxes on his ale and b.er?
Ev'n Button's wits are nought, compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea;
While thou through Britain's diſtant iſle ſhalt ſpread,
In every *hundred* and *diviſion* read.
Criticks in Claſſics oft' interpolate,
But every word of thine is fix'd as Fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing ſtinges round a tallow-light.
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like Steele (when unaſſiſted by a friend):
But thou ſhalt live a year, in ſpite of Fate;
And where's your author boaſts a longer date?
Poets of old had ſuch a wondrous power,
That with their verſes they could raiſe a tower:

But

thy proſe a greater force is found;
Poet ever rais'd ten thouſand pound?
as, by ſowing dragons' teeth, we read,
a vaſt army from the poiſonous ſeed.
ibours, Lownds, can greater wonders do;
raiſeſt armies, and canſt pay them too.
with thy dreaded pen; thy annals ceaſe;
ieed we armies when the land 's in peace?
's are perfect devils in their way;
once they 're rais'd, they 're curſed hard to lay.

EPISTLE XI.

TO A YOUNG LADY. WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the faſhion
By preſents to convey their paſſion;
No matter what the gift they ſent,
The lady ſaw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her Hero gave her;
Nor could the briſtly thing affront her;
'Twas a fit preſent from a hunter.
When ſquires ſend woodcocks to the dame,
It ſerves to ſhew their abſent flame.
Some by a ſnip of woven hair,
In poſied lockets, bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have ſprung from diamond-rings and watches!
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a Poet's pocket;
He ſhould ſend ſongs that coſt him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.
Why then ſend Lampreys? Fye, for ſhame!
'Twill ſet a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend ſixty-five a lift.
I know your maiden aunt will ſcold,
And think my preſent ſomewhat bold.

I ſee her lift her hands and eyes:
" What! eat it, Niece; eat Spaniſh flies!
" Lamprey 's a moſt immodeſt diet:
" You 'll neither wake nor ſleep in quiet.
" Should I to-night eat Sago-cream,
" 'Twould make me bluſh to tell my dream;
" If I eat Lobſter, 'tis ſo warming,
" That every man I ſee looks charming;
" Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
" Laid Rocheſter upon your pillow?
" I vow and ſwear, I think the preſent
" Had been as modeſt and as decent.
" Who has her virtue in her power?
" Each day has its unguarded hour;
" Always in danger of undoing,
" A prawn, a ſhrimp, may prove our ruin!
" The ſhepherdeſs, who lives on ſallad,
" To cool her youth, controls her palate.
" Should Dian's maids turn liquoriſh livers,
" And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
" Then, all beſide each glade and viſto,
" You 'd ſee Nymphs lying like Caliſto.
" The man, who meant to heat your blood,
" Needs not himſelf ſuch vicious food—"
In this, I own, your aunt is clear,
I ſent you what I well might ſpare:
For, when I ſee you, (without joking)
Your eyes, lips, breaſts, are ſo provoking,
They ſet my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole ſeas of craw-fiſh ſoup.

EPISTLE XII.

TO A LADY,

ON HER

PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT extaſies her boſom fire!
How her eyes languiſh with deſire!
How bleſt, how happy, ſhould I be,
Were that fond glance beſtow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a china-jar.
China's the paſſion of her ſoul:
A cup, a plate, a diſh, a bowl,
Can kindle wiſhes in her breaſt,
Inflame with joy, or break her reſt.
Some gems collect; ſome medals prize,
And view the ruſt with lovers' eyes;
Some court the ſtars at midnight-hours;
Some doat on Nature's charms in flowers:
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My ſtars are in this brighter ſphere,
My lily and my roſe is here.
Philoſophers, more grave than wiſe,
Hunt ſcience down in butterflies;

Or,

Or, fondly poring on a ſpider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Foſſils give joy to Galen's ſoul;
He digs for knowledge, like a mole;
In ſhells ſo learn'd, that all agree
No fiſh that ſwims knows more than he!
In ſuch purſuits if wiſdom lies,
Who, Laura, ſhall thy taſte deſpiſe?
When I ſome antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or ſpeck'd with gold;
Veſſels ſo pure, and ſo refin'd,
Appear the types of woman-kind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for houſhold duty?
With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,
Of every houſe the grace and pride?
How white, how poliſh'd is their ſkin,
And valued moſt when only ſeen!
She, who before was higheſt priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw deſpis'd.
I grant they 're frail; yet they 're ſo rare,
The treaſure cannot coſt too dear!
But man is made of coarſer ſtuff,
And ſerves convenience well-enough;
He 's a ſtrong earthen veſſel, made
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And, when wives loſe their other ſelf,
With eaſe they bear the loſs of delf.
Huſbands, more covetous than ſage,
Condemn this china-buying rage;

They count that woman's prudence little,
Who ſets her heart on things ſo brittle.
But are thoſe wiſe-men's inclinations
Fixt on more ſtrong, more ſure foundations?
If all that 's frail we muſt deſpiſe,
No human view or ſcheme is wiſe.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They ſwell like bubbles, ſhine, and break.
A Courtier's promiſe is ſo ſlight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleaſure 's ſure? The Miſs you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your ſleep.
The man who loves a country-life
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And, if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman 's not like china ſold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly chuſe the prudent part,
Or elſe you break a faithful heart.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XIII.

ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

TO BERNARD LINTOTT.

" Ipſa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis, quædam
" fortaſſe omnibus placeant."

PLIN. Epiſt.

AS when ſome ſkilful cook, to pleaſe each gueſt,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feaſt,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his diſh with different ſorts of fare,
Fiſhes and fowls deliciouſly unite,
To feaſt at once the taſte, the ſmell, and ſight.
So, Bernard, muſt a Miſcellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The Muſes' olio, which all taſtes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.
Would'ſt thou for Miſcellanies raiſe thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the Muſes in the piece conſpire;
The lyric bard muſt ſtrike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroic ſtrains muſt here and there be found,
And nervous ſenſe be ſung in lofty ſound;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill ſome pages with melodious woe;

Let

Let not your amorous ſongs too numerous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;
Satire muſt interfere, whoſe pointed rage
May laſh the madneſs of a vicious age;
Satire! the Muſe that never fails to hit,
For if there 's ſcandal, to be ſure there 's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Thoſe ſwell the piece, but very rarely pleaſe;
Let ſhort-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And ſtrike at follies in a ſingle line.
Tranſlations ſhould throughout the work be ſown,
And Homer's godlike Muſe be made our own;
Horace in uſeful numbers ſhould be ſung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the Britiſh tongue.
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard diſdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain;
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the liſtening ear with tales of love.
Let every claſſic in the volume ſhine,
And each contribute to thy great deſign;
Through various ſubjects let the reader range,
And raiſe his fancy with a grateful change.
Variety 's the ſource of joy below,
From whence ſtill freſh revolving pleaſures flow.
In books and love, the mind one end purſues,
And only *change* th' expiring flame renews.
Where Buckingham will condeſcend to give,
That honour'd piece to diſtant times muſt live;
When noble Sheffield ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
The little Loves rejoice, and clap their wings;

Anacreo

Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious ſwain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted ſtrains.
'Tis he—our loſt Anacreon lives again.
But, when th' illuſtrious poet ſoars above
The ſportive revels of the God of Love,
Like Maro's Muſe, he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wondering Cupid's ſight.
If thou would'ſt have thy volume ſtand the teſt,
And of all others be reputed beſt,
Let Congreve teach the liſtening groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Paſtora's urn.
Let Prior's Muſe with ſoftening accents move,
Soft as the ſtrains of conſtant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy chuſe ſome jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenſer's ſtrains.
Waller in Granville lives; when Mira ſings,
With Waller's hand he ſtrikes the ſounding ſtrings,
With ſprightly turns his noble genius ſhines,
And manly ſenſe adorns his eaſy lines.
On Addiſon's ſweet lays attention waits,
And ſilence guards the place while he repeats;
His Muſe alike on every ſubject charms,
Whether ſhe paints the god of love, or arms:
In him pathetic Ovid ſings again,
And Homer's Iliad ſhines in his Campaign.
Whenever Garth ſhall raiſe his ſprightly ſong,
Senſe flows in eaſy numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned ſon we ſee,
Alike in phyſic, as in poetry.

When Pope's harmonious Muſe with pleaſure roves
Amidſt the plains, the murmuring ſtreams, and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his ſongs,
Through the glad ſhade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our raviſh'd ears,
His ſteady judgement far out-ſhoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.

From theſe ſucceſsful bards collect thy ſtrains;
And praiſe with profit ſhall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather-binding bears the ſway,
And ſheep-ſkin to its ſleeker gloſs gives way;
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Then Pirate Hill's brown ſheets and ſcurvy letter;
While print-admirers careful Aldus chuſe,
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
So long ſhall live thy praiſe in books of fame,
And Tonſon yield to Lintott's lofty name.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XIV.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF OXFORD,

THE LORD HIGH TREASURER*.

The Epigrammatical Petition of your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant,

JOHN GAY.

I'M no more to converſe with the ſwains,
But go where fine people reſort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

If when with the ſwains I did gambol,
I array'd me in ſilver and blue;
When abroad and in courts I ſhall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

* See, in Swift's Works, a letter from Mr. Gay, dated June 8, 1714. N.

ECLOGUES.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE ſylvan Muſes, loftier ſtrains recite:
Not all in ſhades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the diſtant grounds
The driving gales convey the ſwelling ſounds;
Th' attentive ſwain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What ſudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye ſtags, and all ye beaſts of chace;
This hour deſtruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geeſe and grocers' ſweeteſt ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every noſe.

Beagles

Beagles and ſpaniels round his cradle ſtand,
Kiſs his moiſt lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the ſhrill horn's echoing ſounds,
And learns to liſp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley ſhall in paternal acres grow;
The bee ſhall ſip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
For him the cluſtering hop ſhall climb the poles,
And his own orchard ſparkle in his bowls.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monſtrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How, when youth ſtrung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the ſtaring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny ſpoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this ſtag through three whole counties fled,
What rivers ſwam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Deſcribes the deſperate chace, and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious ſpeed,
He tir'd ſeven courſers of the fleeteſt breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch!
Theſe ſtories, which deſcend from ſon to ſon,
The forward boy ſhall one day make his own.

* The moſt common accident to Sportſmen, to hunt a witch in the ſhape of a hare.

Ah,

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How ſhall his ſpirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-ſchools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Laſh'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that ſmart diſgrace:
Why ſhould he wiſer prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'erſhades his chin,
And every female eye incites to ſin;
The milk-maid (thoughtleſs of her future ſhame)
With ſmacking lip ſhall raiſe his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft' be conſcious of their ſtolen love.
But think, Priſcilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms ſhall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple 's preſt,
To ſee the white drops bathe thy ſwelling breaſt!
Nine moons ſhall publickly divulge thy ſhame,
And the young Squire foreſtall a father's name.
When twice twelve times the reaper's ſweeping hand
With level'd harveſts has beſtrown the land;
On fam'd St. Hubert's feaſt, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager ſpeed
Shall urge with bloody heel the riſing ſteed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the duſt his groveling honour lies,

Headlong he falls, and on the rugged ſtone
Diſtorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O venturous youth, thy thirſt of game allay:
May'ſt thou ſurvive the perils of this day!
He ſhall ſurvive; and in late years be ſent
To ſnore away Debates in Parliament.
The time ſhall come, when his more ſolid ſenſe
With nod important ſhall the laws diſpenſe;
A Juſtice with grave Juſtices ſhall ſit;
He praiſe their wiſdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound ſhall attend the tenant's pace,
No ruſty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons ſhall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thieviſh net or triple ſpear;
Poachers ſhall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.
Aſſiſt me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To ſing his friendſhips and his midnight hours!
Why doſt thou glory in thy ſtrength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy ſign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio ſhine?
Think on the miſchiefs which from hence have ſprung!
It arms with curſes dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul ſcandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wiſdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The ſtate is cenſur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou ſtill, O Squire, brew ale ſo ſtrong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic ſong.

Methinks

Methinks I ſee him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midſt mugs and glaſſes ſhatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his ſervile crew ſupinely ſnore;
Triumphant, o'er the proſtrate brutes he ſtands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious Sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty ſprings had cloath'd the park with green,
Since Lydia knew the bloſſom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours moleſt,
And catch her at her toilette half-undreſt;
The thundering knocker wakes the ſtreet no more,
No chairs, no coaches, croud her ſilent door;
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! ſhe dreams away in bed.
Around her wait Shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaux;
In theſe ſhe views the mimickry of man,
And ſmiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
When Poll repeats, the ſounds deceive her ear
(For ſounds like his once told her Damon's care);
With theſe alone her tedious mornings paſs;
Or, at the dumb devotion of her glaſs,
She ſmooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dreſs gives youthful airs;
With crimſon wool ſhe fixes every grace,
That not a bluſh can diſcompoſe her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm, ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of youth too late.

O Youth!

O Youth! O ſpring of life! for ever loſt!
No more my name ſhall reign the favourite toaſt;
On glaſs no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes miſpelt record a lover's flame:
Nor ſhall ſide-boxes watch my reſtleſs eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows ariſe
With humble bows; nor white-lov'd beaux encroach
In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah, hapleſs nymph! ſuch conqueſts are no more;
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!
'Tis true, this Chloe boaſts the peach's bloom.
But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume?
I own, her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe.
Yet if you ſaw her unconfin'd by ſtays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.
What ſhall I do? how ſpend the hateful day?
At chapel ſhall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at theſe unmodiſh hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And gray religious maids? My preſence there
Amid that ſober train would own deſpair;
Nor am I yet ſo old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.
Straight then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted range
Through every Indian ſhop through all the Change;

Where the tall jar erects his coſtly pride,
With antick ſhapes in china's azure dy'd;
There careleſs lies the rich brocade unroll'd;
Here ſhines a cabinet with burniſh'd gold:
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice falſe Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize;
'Twas there he firſt convers'd with Chloe's eyes.
Hence ſprung th' ill-fated cauſe of all my ſmart;
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But ſoon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The ſhiver'd china dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithleſs prove;
Frail was thy preſent, frailer is thy love.
O happy Poll, in wiry priſon pent;
Thou ne'er haſt known what love or rivals meant;
And Pug with pleaſure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers ſwear!
How am I curſt (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's ſcorn!
Falſe are the looſe coquette's inveigling airs,
Falſe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
Falſe is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
Falſe are the dice when gameſters ſtamp the board,
Falſe is the ſprightly widow's public tear;
Yet theſe to Damon's oaths are all ſincere.
Fly from perfidious man, the ſex diſdain;
Let ſervile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modiſh life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.

He games; he ſwears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Miſtreſs and wife can well ſupply his need,
A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for breed.
But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
Powder'd with diamonds; free from thought and care,
A huſband's ſullen humours ſhe can bear.
Why are theſe ſobs? and why theſe ſtreaming eyes?
Is love the cauſe? no, I the ſex deſpiſe;
I hate, I loath his baſe perfidious name.
Yet if he ſhould but feign a rival flame?
But Chloe boaſts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he's faithful; 'tis to me he feigns.
Thus love-ſick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her ſteady hand ſhe bears.
How well this ribband's gloſs becomes your face!
She cries, in raptures; then, ſo ſweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! ſo bright! ſo fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dreſs owes its air.
Straight Lydia ſmil'd; the comb adjuſts her locks,
And at the play-houſe Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS AND MELANTHE.

SAINT James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
And crouches to the patron's *levee* roll'd,
[illegible] rule. And now through all the room
[illegible] flowery Tea exhales a fragrant fume.
[illegible] cup they ſipt, and talk'd by fits,
[illegible] news, and there Melanthe ſits.
[illegible] young, a laughter-loving dame,
[illegible] own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
[illegible] gave than ſunk a circumſtance;
[illegible] her memory, ſecrets never dy'd.
[illegible] begun: Melanthe thus reply'd.

DORIS.

[illegible] the vain fantaſtic Fop admires;
[illegible] Duke's looſe gallantry her boſom fires;
[illegible] like that is vain, like this ſhe roves;
[illegible] ſung them, ſhe but herſelf approves.

MELANTHE.

[illegible] rails on at men, the ſex reviles,
[illegible] condemns, or at their folly ſmiles,
[illegible] tongue in juſt reſentment fail,
[illegible] with equal freedom rail?

DORIS.

DORIS.

Laſt Maſquerade was Sylvia nymph-like ſeen,
Her hand a crook ſuſtain'd, her dreſs was green;
An amorous ſhepherd led her through the crowd,
The nymph was innocent, the ſhepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with ſhepherds truſt;
So both withdrew, as nymph and ſhepherd muſt.

MELANTHE.

Name but the licence of the modern ſtage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragic love ſhe ſcarce can bear,
But nauſeous comedy ne'er ſhock'd her ear;
Yet, in the gallery mobb'd, ſhe ſits ſecure,
And laughs at jeſts that turn the box demure.

DORIS.

Truſt not, ye Ladies, to your beauty's power,
For beauty withers like a ſhrivel'd flower;
Yet thoſe fair flowers, that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with ſudden blights or winter's wind;
Like thoſe, her face defies the rolling years;
For art her roſes and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE.

Laura deſpiſes every outward grace,
The wanton ſparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the ſoul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has deny'd;
If affectation ſhew a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

DORIS.

DORIS.

Sylvia be ſure defies the town's reproach,
Whoſe diſhabille is ſoil'd in hackney coach;
What though the ſaſh was clos'd, muſt we conclude,
That ſhe was yielding, when her fop was rude?

MELANTHE.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a coſt.
What Fair could e'er retrieve her honour loſt?
Secret ſhe loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durſt not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS.

Though Laura's homely taſte deſcends ſo low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELANTHE.

Yet why ſhould Laura think it a diſgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders lace?

DORIS.

What though for muſick Cynthio boaſts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an Opera air.
Cynthio can bow, takes ſnuff, and dances well;
Robin talks common-ſenſe, can write and ſpell.
Sylvia's vain fancy dreſs and ſhow admires;
But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

MELANTHE.

Plato's wiſe morals Laura's ſoul improve:
And this no doubt muſt be Platonic love!
Her ſoul to generous acts was ſtill inclin'd.
What ſhews more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS.

DORIS.

What though young Sylvia love the park's cool ſhade,
And wander in the dulk the ſecret glade?
Maſqu'd and alone (by chance) ſhe met her ſpark;
That innocence is weak which ſhuns the dark.

MELANTHE.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in ſenſe.
All prudes I hate; and thoſe are rightly curſt
With ſcandal's double load, who cenſure firſt.

DORIS.

And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter ty'd?
Who ſuch a foot and ſuch a leg would hide;
When crook-knee'd Phyllis can expoſe to view
Her gold-clock'd ſtocking, and her tawdry ſhoe?

MELANTHE.

If pure Devotion center in the face,
If cenſuring others ſhew intrinſic grace,
If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all muſt own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS.

Sylvia diſdains reſerve, and flies conſtraint:
She neither is, nor would be thought, a Saint.

MELANTHE.

Love is a trivial paſſion, Laura cries:
May I be bleſt with friendſhip's ſtricter ties!
To ſuch a breaſt all ſecrets we commend;
Sure the whole Drawing-room is Laura's friend.

DORIS.

DORIS.

At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would truſt?
Yet huſbands' jealouſies are ſometimes juſt.
Her favours Sylvia ſhares among mankind:
Such generous love ſhould never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs ariſe;
"This unexpected viſit," Doris cries,
"Is doubly kind!" Melanthe Laura led:
"Since I was laſt ſo bleſt, my dear," ſhe ſaid,
"Sure 'tis an age!" They ſate; the hour was ſet;
And all again that night at Ombre met.

THE

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since firſt the veil o'ercaſt Sabina's face.
Then died the tender partner of her bed.
And lives Sabina when Fidelio 's dead?
Fidelio 's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
But ſee the tribute of her tears ſhe gives:
Their abſent Lord her rooms in ſable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of ſtate ſhe penſive lies,
While oft' the ſnowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: truſty Lucy knew
To roll a ſleeve, or bear a billet-doux;
Her ready tongue, in ſecret ſervice try'd,
With equal fluency ſpoke truth or ly'd;
She well could fluſh or humble a gallant,
And ſerve at once as maid and confidant!
A letter from her faithful ſtays ſhe took:
Sabina ſnatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in haſty words her grief confeſt;
While Lucy ſtrove to ſooth her troubled breaſt.

SABINA.

SABINA.

What, ſtill Myrtillo's hand! his flame I ſcorn;
Give back his paſſion with the ſeal untorn.
To break our ſoft repoſe has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the ſex my firm reſolves ſhall move;
My life's a life of ſorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleneſs ſicken o'er my face;
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boaſt,
And coquettes triumph in my honour loſt;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May theſe curſt eyes behold a matadore;
Break China, periſh Shock, die Perroquet;
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget!
Fidelio's judgement ſcorn'd the foppiſh train;
His air was eaſy, and his dreſs was plain;
His words ſincere, reſpect his preſence drew,
And on his lips ſweet converſation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

LUCY.

Yet, when he liv'd, he wanted every grace;
That eaſy air was then an aukward pace:
Have not your ſighs in whiſpers often ſaid,
His dreſs was ſlovenly, his ſpeech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a ſecret tear,
Call that ſweet converſe ſullen and ſevere?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part;
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, ſhare his heart;

Let

Let Chloe's love in every ear expreſs
His graceful perſon and genteel addreſs.
All well may judge what ſhaft has Daphne hit,
Who ſuffers ſilence, to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move;
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris, fondly love.
Sooner ſhall Cits in fashions guide the Court,
And beaux upon the buſy Change reſort;
Sooner the nation ſhall from ſnuff be freed,
And fops' apartments ſmoak with India's weed;
Sooner I 'd wiſh and ſigh through nunnery grates;
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SABINA.

Becauſe ſome widows are in haſte ſubdued;
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian ſong?
Did not his roſy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as ſteams from tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curſe
Than ſqualls of children for an abſent nurſe.
Have you not fancy'd, in his frequent kiſs,
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy Miſs?

SABINA.

Love, I thy power defy; no ſecond flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might loſe her Lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his preſence but at board.

And

And why ſhould ſorrow ſit on Leſbia's face?
Are there ſuch comforts in a ſot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Leſbia dead;
For Leſbia long had known a ſeparate bed.
Guſh forth, ye tears; waſte, waſte, ye ſighs, my breaſt;
My days, my nights, were by Fidelio bleſt!

LUCY.

You cannot ſure forget how oft' you ſaid,
His teazing fondneſs jealouſy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
You thought you read ſuſpicion in his look.
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wiſh'd the abſence of your Lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedoms of a wife's expence?

SABINA.

But why ſhould I Myrtillo's paſſion blame,
Since Love 's a fierce, involuntary flame?

LUCY.

Could he the ſallies of his heart withſtand,
Why ſhould he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe 's handſome; yet he ſlights her flame;
Laſt night ſhe fainted at Sabina's name.
Why, Daphne, doſt thou blame Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards;
Doris was touch'd with ſpleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.

Why,

Why, Doris, doſt thou curſe Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtilla is a vulgar prize.

SABINA.

Yet ſay, I lov'd; how loud would cenſure rail!
So ſoon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, ſooner Plays and Operas I 'd forſwear,
And change theſe China jars for Tunbridge ware;
Or truſt my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendſhip with my maiden-aunt;
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me ſee him, if he comes to-day!

THE ESPOUSAL.

A SOBER ECLOGUE.

BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a silent-meeting sat;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB

Beloved, see how all things follow love;
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure.
O fairest of our sisters, let me be
The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind;
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside:
But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popish shows,
Dotest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.

If

If thy falſe heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in ſummer-ſkies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the firſt, but paſſeth ſoon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice miſ-led me through the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look the ſex beheld,
And Nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All ſuch-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the ſpouſal love within,
And ſpouſal love no ſiſter holds a ſin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longeſt for the flaunting maid,
Thy falſehood own, and ſay I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is bliſter'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes.
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to teaze,
I too might blame—but love delights to pleaſe.
Why ſhould I tell thee, that, when laſt the ſun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Joſiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kiſſes with his talk?

Ah, Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside:
How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
For verily no gift the sisters take
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABITHA.

I owe, Josiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ;
When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
I look on this, and chide the hours delay:
And, when Josiah would his love purchase,
On this I look, and shun his wanton view.
Man put in vain with trinkets tries to move;
The only present love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear these words of thine,
My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
The spirit mov'd the yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree!
When extasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek!
With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes!
How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs!
Words that with holy sighs might others move,
But, Tabitha, my sighs were sighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?

Then

Then hear me, Caleb, witneſs what I ſpeak,
This ſolemn promiſe death alone can break:
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodeſt favourites ſhade my face,
Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be dreſt
In flaring diamonds and a ſcarlet veſt,
Or make a curtſie in Cathedral pew,
Than prove inconſtant, while my Caleb's true.

CALEB.

When I prove falſe, and Tabitha forſake,
Teachers ſhall dance a jig at country-wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then ſhall bow their head,
And with prophane mince pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that Joſiah were with paſſion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when firſt inſpir'd;
In ſteady love though he might perſevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaux;
Yet I for thee would all thy ſex reſign:
Siſters, take all the reſt—be Caleb mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all that ſinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whoſe couches creak with whoredom's ſinful ſhame,
Whoſe velvet chairs are with adultery lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not ſip
The dew of lewdneſs from her lying lip;

I 'd ſhun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More ſweet than powder which the merchants ſell.
O ſolace me with kiſſes pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
The ſpring now calls us forth; come, ſiſter, come,
To ſee the primroſe and the daiſy bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair;
Siſters eſteem the brethren's words ſincere.

TABITHA.

Eſpouſals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For ſecret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw.
True love is nature unreſtrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy ſect allows;
So Tabitha took earneſt of a ſpouſe.

ELEGIES.

ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

LONG had Panthea felt Love's ſecret ſmart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Conſenting glances had her flame confeſt:
In woman's eyes her very ſoul 's expreſt.
Perjur'd Alexis ſaw the bluſhing maid,
He ſaw, he ſwore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Thoſe oaths, oft' whiſper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea ſwears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful ſolitude enjoys the ſhade;
There with faint voice ſhe breath'd theſe moving ſtrains,
While ſighing Zephyrs ſhar'd her amorous pains.
Pale ſettled ſorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear ſhepherd, on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my ſwain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move;
And think yet more—that all my fault was love.

Ah, could you view me in this wretched ſtate,
You might not love me, but you could not hate.
Could you behold me in this conſcious ſhade,
Where firſt thy vows, where firſt my love was paid,
Worn-out with watching, ſullen with deſpair,
And ſee each eye ſwell with a guſhing tear?
Could you behold me on this moſſy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimſon fled,
Which in my ſofter hours you oft' have ſworn,
With roſy beauty far outbluſh'd the morn?
Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
And would not loſt Panthea claim a tear?
You could not, ſure—tears from your eyes would ſteal,
And unawares thy tender ſoul reveal.
Ah, no! thy ſoul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderneſs diſturbs thy ſavage thought;
Sooner ſhall tigers ſpare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner ſhall vultures from their quarry fly;
Than falſe Alexis for Panthea ſigh.
Thy boſom ne'er a tender thought confeſt,
Sure ſtubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breaſt;
But hardeſt flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the ſoft drops diſſolve their ſolid veins;
While thy relentleſs heart more hard appears,
And is not ſoften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love! Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reaſon, flown!
And when I view me in the watery glaſs,
I find Panthea now, not what ſhe was.

As

As northern winds the new-blown roſes blaſt,
And on the ground their fading ruins caſt;
As ſudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure ſpoil the mournful plain;
So hapleſs love on blooming features preys,
So hapleſs love deſtroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle ſleep, relieve theſe weary'd eyes,
All ſorrow in thy ſoft embraces dies:
There, 'ſpite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithleſs Alexis languiſhingly kind;
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy ſtream,
And pleaſingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the ſecret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
Oh, could I thus conſume each tedious day,
And in ſweet ſlumbers dream my life away!
But ſleep, which now no more relieves theſe eyes,
To my ſad ſoul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the ſun dart forth its chearful rays?
Why do the woods reſound with warbling lays?
Why does the roſe her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowſlips paint the ſmiling field?
Why do the ſtreams with murmuring muſick flow,
And why do groves their friendly ſhade beſtow?
Let ſable clouds the chearful ſun deface,
Let mournful ſilence ſeize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roſes, grateful fragrance yield,
Droop, droop, ye cowſlips, in the blaſted field;
No more, ye ſtreams, with murmuring muſick flow,
And let not groves a friendly ſhade beſtow:

With

With ſympathizing grief let nature mourn,
And never know the youthful ſpring's return.
And ſhall I never more Alexis ſee?
Then what is ſpring, or grove, or ſtream, to me?
Why ſport the ſkipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices ſtrain?
Why friſk thoſe heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.
Oh! lead me to ſome melancholy cave,
To lull my ſorrows in a living grave;
From the dark rock where daſhing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall;
Where I may waſte in tears my hours away,
And never know the ſeaſons or the day!
Die, die, Panthea—fly this hateful grove;
For what is life without the ſwain I love?

ARAMINTA.

ARAMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

NOW Phœbus roſe, and with his early beams
Wak'd ſlumbering Delia from her pleaſing dreams;
Her wiſhes by her fancy were ſupply'd,
And in her ſleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With ſecret joy ſhe ſaw the morning-ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that ſhall her bliſs compleat,
And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haſte ſhe roſe, forgetful of her prayers,
Flew to the glaſs, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-ſet jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waiſt,
Some round her neck a circling light diſplay,
Some in her hair diffuſe a trembling ray;
The ſilver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face;
Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua ſhine,
And the rich ſtays her taper ſhape confine;
Thus all her dreſs exerts a graceful pride,
And ſporting Loves ſurround th' expecting bride;
For Daphnis now attends the bluſhing maid,
Before the Prieſt the ſolemn vows are paid;
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall ſwell a thouſand eyes with ſecret tears.

Ceaſe,

Ceaſe, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canſt thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
Diſdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn:
Recall my love, and find a ſure return.
But ſtill the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with reſentment cheriſhes her woes;
Alone ſhe pines, and, in theſe mournful ſtrains,
Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate complains:
"Was it for this I ſparkled at the Play,
And loiter'd in the Ring whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle ſhone,
Our mutual paſſion by our looks was known:
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I paſs, thy grateful eyes purſue.
"Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
"For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
Think, Daphnis, think that ſcarce five days are fled,
Since (O falſe tongue!) thoſe treacherous things you ſaid;
How did you praiſe my ſhape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments ſincere.
Didſt thou not then in rapture ſpeak thy flame,
And in ſoft ſighs breathe Araminta's name?
Didſt thou not then with oaths thy paſſion prove,
And with an awful trembling, ſay—I love?
"Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
"For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
How could'ſt thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive?
How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
Sure thou canſt well recall that fatal night,
When ſubtle love firſt enter'd at my ſight:

When

When in the dance I was thy partner choſe,
Gods! what a rapture in my boſom roſe!
My trembling hand my ſudden joy confeſs'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart expreſs'd;
My looks ſpoke love; while you, with anſwering eyes,
In killing glances made as kind replies.
Think, Daphnis, think, what tender things you ſaid,
Think what confuſion all my ſoul betray'd.
You call'd my graceful preſence Cynthia's air;
And, when I ſung, the Syrens charm'd your ear;
My flame, blown up by flattery, ſtronger grew;
A gale of love in every whiſper flew.
"Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
"For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
Whene'er I dreſs'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
Cheriſh'd my paſſion with thy lovely name;
Thy picture in her talk ſo lively grew,
That thy dear image roſe before my view;
She dwelt whole hours upon thy ſhape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame, to ſooth my ſpleen:
When ſhe beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms ſhe chang'd her artful tale;
And, when thy matchleſs charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleaſing tale once more.
Oh, Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!
Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.
"Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
"For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."

O might

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
In ſome retreat far from this hateful town!
Vain dreſs and glaring equipage, adieu!
Let happier nymphs thoſe empty ſhows purſue.
Me let ſome melancholy ſhade ſurround,
Where not the print of human ſtep is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more ſhall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove.
No more theſe hands ſhall o'er the ſpinnet bound,
And from the ſleeping ſtrings call forth the ſound:
Muſic, adieu! farewell, Italian airs!
The croaking raven now ſhall ſooth my cares.
On ſome old ruin, loſt in thought, I reſt,
And think how Araminta once was bleſt;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruſe,
And all my grief in one kind ſentence loſe:
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a ſhort-liv'd pleaſure ſmiles.
Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears, again!
Vain are theſe oaths, and all theſe vows are vain;
Daphnis, alas! the Gordian knot has ty'd;
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
"Ah, faithleſs youth! ſince eyes the ſoul explain,
"Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?"

AN
ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

SHOCK'S fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more;
Ye Muſes, mourn; ye chamber-maids, deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to ſurvive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more ſhall deck,
And tie the favourite ribband round his neck;
No more thy hand ſhall ſmooth his gloſſy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet ceaſe thy flowing grief, forſaken maid;
All mortal pleaſures in a moment fade;
Our fureſt hope is in an hour deſtroy'd;
And love, beſt gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I ſee her frantic with deſpair,
Her ſtreaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlin pinners, rent, the floor beſtrow,
And her torn fan gives real ſigns of woe.
Hence Superſtition, that tormenting gueſt,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breaſt;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy treſſes rend.
Though certain omens oft' forewarn a ſtate,
And dying lions ſhow the monarch's fate;
Why ſhould ſuch fears bid Cælia's ſorrow riſe?
For, when a Lap-dog, falls no lover dies.

O Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye winds; my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind.
They 'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his Dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Sufan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head.
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BAL-

A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind;
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She caſt a wiſtful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didſt thou, venturous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover reſt:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant, robb'd of pleaſure,
Sees tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear;
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the ſtream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas! ſhould fill her head,
But a fountain, or a mead,
Water and a willow?

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which ſweet woodbine covers.

What are your aſſemblies then?
There, 'tis true, we ſee more men;
  But much fewer lovers.

Oh, how chang'd the proſpect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
  Coxcombs without number!
Moon and ſtars that ſhone ſo bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
  And whole nights at ombre.

Pleaſant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
  Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
  What we lent to others.

Though the favourite Toaſt I reign;
Wine, they ſay, that prompts the vain,
  Heightens defamation.
Muſt I live 'twixt ſpite and fear,
Every day grow handſomer,
  And loſe my reputation?

Thus the fair to ſighs gave way,
Her empty purſe beſide her lay.
  Nymph, ah! ceaſe thy ſorrow.
Though curſt fortune frown to-night,
This odious town can give delight,
  If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

THE ſun was now withdrawn,
The ſhepherds home were ſped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her ſilver mantle ſpread;
When Damon ſtay'd behind,
And ſaunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

Oh! thoſe were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bowers
Lodg'd ſwains and nymphs by pairs:
But now from wood and plain
Flies every ſprightly laſs;
No joys for me remain,
In ſhades, or on the graſs.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the ſwain reproves:
While Beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves;
At court I never fail
To ſcatter round my arrows,
Men fall as thick as hail;
And maidens love like ſparrows.

Then,

Then, ſwain, if me you need,
Straight lay your ſheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haſte away to town.
So well I 'm known at court,
None aſks where Cupid dwells;
But readily reſort
To Bellenden's or Lepell's.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
With arms acroſs and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay;
Looks, ſighs, and actions, ſeem'd to ſay,
My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſweet notes
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why ſhould you your ſong forbear?
Your mates delight your ſong to hear;
But Chloe mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently through the wood:
I feel the ſound; my heart-ſtrings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's ſweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what ſays my love?

How fooliſh is the nymph (ſhe cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t' other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain;
Then hadſt thou preſt my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
That lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek:
Much, much thy muſick I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

My

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Laſt night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah, Chloe, thou art won!

The youth ſtepp'd forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing Chloe lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt, in broken words, ſhe cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day!

THE COQUETTE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A SONG.

AT the cloſe of the day,
When the bean-flower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damſels and ſwains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiſs'd, and ſate on each knee,
Fond extaſy ſwam in her eyes.

See

See, thy mother is near:
Hark! ſhe calls thee to hear
What age and experience adviſe.

Haſt thou ſeen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All gloſſy with purple and gold?
If a kiſs he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows, you need not be told.

Look ye, mother, ſhe cry'd,
You inſtruct me in pride,
And men by good-manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is leſs likely to fall
Than ſhe who but trifles with one.

Pr'ythee, Molly, be wiſe,
Leſt by ſudden ſurprize
Love ſhould tingle in every vein:
Take a ſhepherd for life,
And when once you 're a wife,
You ſafely may trifle again.

Molly ſmiling reply'd,
Then I 'll ſoon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his cheſt.
But I thought all you wives
Choſe a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the reſt.

MOLLY MOG:

OR, THE

FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A BALLAD*.

SAYS my Uncle, I pray you diſcover
What hath been the cauſe of your woes;
Why you pine and you whine like a lover?
— I have ſeen Molly Mog of the Roſe.

O Nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are beſt at a clog;
But I am not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving of ſweet Molly Mog.

The ſchool-boy's deſire is a play-day;
The ſchool-maſter's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on ſweet Molly Mog.

* This ballad was written on an inn-keeper's daughter at Oakingham in Berkſhire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toaſt: ſhe lived to a very advanced age, dying ſo lately as the month of March, 1766. — See the New Foundling Hoſpital for Wit, Vol. V. p. 45.

Will-

Will-a-wiſp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog;
But no light can ſet me a-madding
Like the eyes of my ſweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet Molly Mog.

The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog;
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet Molly Mog.

I feel I 'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog;
And nothing can give ſatisfaction
But thinking of ſweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give-up the three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe who toaſt all the Family Royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
And writing another Eclogue;
Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
He 'd give-up for ſweet Molly Mog.

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
Then jealouſy fets me agog;
To be ſure ſhe 's a bit for the Vican,
And ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mog.

B A L L A D.

OF all the girls that e'er were ſeen,
There 's none ſo fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien,
And what 's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd neck, and ſmooth white ſkin,
Of lovely deareſt Nelly!
For many a ſwain it well had been
Had ſhe ne'er been at Calais.

For

For when as Nelly came to France
(Invited by her couſins),
Acroſs the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The king, as he at dinner ſat,
Did beckon to his huſſar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To ſee her ſo reſpected;
The men look'd arch, as Nelly ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then ſaid the Duke de Villeroy,
"Ah! qu' elle eſt bien jolie!"

But who 's that great philoſopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern it ſhould appear,
The fair-one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier ſly,)
He on his child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try
What ſome papa's will here do.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes,
Admir'd her roſe, and *lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françoiſes*).

Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the Spring,
And they, like *Fleurs de Palais.*

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I ſaw this charming Nelly,
Where ſhameleſs nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *allée*:
But Venus had a brazen face
Both at Verſailles and Meudon,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare!
But I ſhould turn Pygmalion:
For, ſpite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part that lies between
Her left-toe and her right-toe.

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay ſaid ay, and No ſaid no,
Without or place or fee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his ſpirit call'd Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

Kings,

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair ſuits he wore;
His troops they were with red and black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er;
And every houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
Which well court-cards they name,
And, ſtateſman-like, calls in the king,
To help out a bad game;
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to loſe Codille, &c.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a Partie Quarrée;
But now, meet when and where you will,
A Partie Quarrée is Quadrille, &c.

The commoner, and knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfill,
When the good huſband 's at Quadrille, &c.

When patients lie in piteous caſe,
In comes th' Apothecary;
And to the Doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:

The

The patient dies without a pill:
For why? the Doctor 's at Quadrille, &c.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muſcovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Muſt want both ſword and gun to kill?
For why? the General 's at Quadrille, &c.

The King of late drew forth his ſword
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath),
And made, of many a 'ſquire and lord,
An unwaſh'd Knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and ſkill?
They 're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Poſt-Boy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies;
But ſomebody took ſomething ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

And now God ſave this noble realm,
And God ſave eke Hanóver;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His ſubjects muſt play at Quadrille,

Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I 'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber, could ſee
The reſt of womankind.

Like a ſtuck-pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled-ale.

The God of Love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee;
Hearts, ſound as any bell or roach,
Are ſmit and ſigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are,
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet:

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit, like pepper, bites:

Briſk as a body-louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt;
Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But, falſe as hell! ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do;
Though ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emperor ſhould I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I 'm dull as any poſt;
Let us, like burs, together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You 'll know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, ſhe 'll drop a tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND;

BEING

A NEW BALLAD,

SHEWING

How Mr. JONATHAN WILD's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by Mr. BLAKE, alias BLUE-SKIN, the Bold Highwayman,

As he ſtood at his Trial in the OLD-BAILY, 1725.

To the Tune of, "The Cut-purſe."

YE gallants of Newgate, whoſe fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe;
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you ſhall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

When to the Old-Baily this Blue-ſkin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan ſtood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief ſhall appeaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the King's gold, and leave him but a crown;
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-men,
Who meet once a year, to rob courtiers again:
Let them all take their ſwing,
To pillage the King,
And get a blue-ribbon inſtead of a ſtring.
Now Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies penſions;
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering, fees:
Since this happy day,
Now every man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſe,
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar:
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, ſince Jonathan's cold.
For Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

MISCELLANIES.

PROLOGUE,

Deſigned for the Paſtoral Tragedy of DIONE.

THERE was a time (O were thoſe days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant-laws had woman's will ſubdued;
Then Nature rul'd; and Love, devoid of art,
Spoke the conſenting language of the heart.
Love uncontrol'd! inſipid, poor delight!
'Tis the reſtraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beaſts who range the foreſts free;
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours ſee Nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes — one month in the year.
Were theſe the pleaſures of the golden reign?
And did free Nature thus inſtruct the ſwain?
I envy not, ye nymphs, your amorous bowers:
Such harmleſs ſwains! — I 'm e en content with ours.
But yet there 's ſomething in theſe ſylvan ſcenes,
That tells our fancy what the lover means.
Name but the moſſy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-night we treat you with ſuch country-fare:
Then for your lover's ſake our author ſpare.
He draws no Hemſkirk boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the ſoft ſhepherds of Arcadia's downs.
When Paris on the three his judgement paſs'd;
I hope, you 'll own the ſhepherd ſhew'd his taſte:
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Califto break her duty;
Then was the country-nymph no aukward thing.
See what ſtrange revolutions time can bring!
Yet ſtill methinks our author's fate I dread,
Were it not ſafer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to ſtray,
And ſeeking ſtrange adventures loſe his way?
No trumpet's clangor makes his heroine ſtart,
And tears the ſoldier from her bleeding heart.
He, fooliſh bard! nor pomp nor ſhow regards.
Without the witneſs of a hundred guards
His lovers ſigh their vows. — If ſleep ſhould take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.
What, no ſuch ſhifts? there 's danger in 't, 'tis true;
Yet ſpare him, as he gives you ſomething new.

A CON-

A

CONTEMPLATION

ON

NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my ſenſe,
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But, when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty loſt;
No diſtant landſkips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet ſtill, e'en now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of ſtars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundleſs ſphere:
The ſilver moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes,

He

Her bright globe beam back the ſtarry rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether thoſe ſtars, that twinkling luſtre ſend,
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare;
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his Word bid numerous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful Word ſhall hear.
When to the Weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends;
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow ſoil.
While we in ſleep's embraces waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.
When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall Night's alternate reign be known:
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh, may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy!
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame;
But thou, O God, for ever ſhine the ſame.

A THOUGHT

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the ſubterraneous flame
Shall burſt its priſon, and devour this frame,
From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat diſſolves the melting ſkies,
Thou ſtill ſhalt be; ſtill as thou wert before,
And know no change, when Time ſhall be no more.
O endleſs thought! divine eternity!
Th' immortal ſoul ſhares but a part of thee;
For thou wert preſent when our life began,
When the warm duſt ſhot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompaſs'd round,
Amidſt our hopes, Fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound:
To-day the ſtateſman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow Death deſtroys his airy ſchemes;
Is mouldy treaſure in thy cheſt confin'd?
Think all that treaſure thou muſt leave behind;
Thy heir with ſmiles ſhall view thy blazon'd hearſe,
And all thy hoards with laviſh hand diſperſe.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will ſicken, and thy bloom decay;

Then

Then feeble age will all thy nerves diſarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wiſh to ſtretch this narrow ſpan,
To ſuffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous ſoul purſues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wiſhes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For, while the boundleſs theme extends our thought,
Ten thouſand thouſand rolling years are nought.

AN

EPIGRAMMATICAL EXPOSTULATION*.

FROM Mohock and from Hawkubite,
Good Lord, deliver me;
Who wander through the ſtreets by night,
Committing cruelty.

They ſlaſh our ſons with bloody knives,
And on our daughters fall;
And if they raviſh not our wives,
We have good luck withal.

Coaches and chairs they overturn,
Nay carts moſt eaſily:
Therefore from Gog, and eke Magog,
Good Lord, deliver me!

* Annexed, in 1712, to Gay's "Wonderful Pro-"phecy, &c." a humourous treatiſe on the Mohocks.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH
OF
BYE-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty *odd*
Every word ſhe e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of *God*, the good Dean did endeavour,
But ſtill in her heart ſhe held *Nature* more *clever*.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon ſomething or other, ſhe found better *fun*.
For the dame, by her ſkill in affairs aſtronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world, ſhe deſpis'd every ſoul ſhe met here,
And now ſhe 's in t'other, ſhe thinks it but *queer*.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jeſt, and all things ſhow it;
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

A MOTTO
FOR THE OPERA OF MUTIUS SCÆVOLA *.

WHO here blames words, or verſes, ſongs, or fingers,
Like Mutius Scævola will burn his fingers.

* An opera by Mr. Rolli, performed in 1721.

WINE:

A POEM.

" Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
" Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus."

OF happineſs terreſtrial, and the ſource
Whence human pleaſures flow, ſing, Heavenly Muſe;
Of ſparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whoſe quickening taſte adds vigour to the ſoul,
Whoſe ſovereign power revives decaying Nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age,
A kindly warmth diffuſing; — youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled viſage, ghaſtly wan before:
Cordial reſtorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods beſtow'd!
Bacchus divine, aid my adventurous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar:
Inſpir'd, ſublime, on Pegaſean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.
When fumy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns; when ſtupid, downcaſt eyes,
Th' external ſymptoms of remorſe within,
Expreſs our grief; or when in ſullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we ſit, in ſilent ſorrow drown'd:
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd

Th'

Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be diſſolv'd;
Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the ſtars,
And fix him there among the branched crew
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greateſt monſters of the Zodiac):
Or for the loſs of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Cælia's ſcornful ſlights, and cold diſdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulſe;
The worſt events that mortals can befall:
By cares depreſs'd, in penſive hyppiſh mood,
With floweſt pace the tedious minutes roll.
Thy charming ſight, but much more charming guſt,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Strait with pert looks, we raiſe our drooping fronts,
And pour in cryſtal pure, thy purer juice; —
With chearful countenance and ready hand
Raiſe it lip-high, then fix the ſpacious rim
To the expecting mouth; — with grateful taſte,
The ebbing wine glides ſwiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou ſtrait
Diſpell'ſt thoſe clouds, that, louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladſome face; —
While dimpled cheeks, and ſparkling, rolling eyes,
Thy chearing virtues and thy worth proclaim.
So miſts and exhalations, that ariſe
From *hills or ſteamy lake, duſky or grey,*
Prevail; till Phœbus ſheds Titanian rays,

And paints their fleecy ſkirts with ſhining gold:
Unable to reſiſt, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the ſurface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams diſperſe;
The earth again in former beauty ſmiles,
In gaudieſt livery dreſt, all gay and clear.
When diſappointed Strephon meets repulſe,
Scoff'd at, deſpis'd, in melancholic mood,
Joyleſs he waſtes in ſighs the lazy hours;
Till, reinforc'd by thy moſt potent aid,
He ſtorms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.
To pay thee homage, and receive thy bleſſing,
The Britiſh ſeaman quits his native ſhore,
And ventures through the trackleſs, deep abyſs,
Plowing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
"With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves;"
Shock'd by tempeſtuous jarring winds, ſhe rolls
In dangers imminent, till ſhe arrives
At thoſe bleſt climes thou favour'ſt with thy preſence.
Whether at Luſitania's ſultry coaſt,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian ſhores;
With gazing pleaſure and aſtoniſhment
At Paradiſe (ſeat of our ancient ſire)
He thinks himſelf arriv'd; the purple grapes,
In largeſt cluſters pendant, grace the vines
Innumerous; in fields groteſque and wild
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his ſpreading boughs;
Sight moſt delicious! not an irkſome thought,

Or

Or of left native isle, or absent friends,
Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
His kindly-treacherous memory now presents;
The jovial God has left no room for cares.
Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd, with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd:
Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
To jaded Muse, and oft', with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inspiring nectarous juice,
Her drooping spirits chear'd; — aloft she towers,
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings:
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious, lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'st.
O thou, that first my quicken'd soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praiſe rehears'd,
His Muſe had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field ſhe ſoar'd
Aërial: now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious floundering, like her theme
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
In acid juice, in vain attempts to riſe.
With what ſublimeſt joy from noiſy town,
At rural ſeat, Lucretelus retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine,
Join neighbouring boughs, ſweet hoſpitable ſhade
Creating, from Phœbean rays ſecure,
A cool retreat, with few well-choſen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent, ſpent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verſe!
With roſes interwoven, poplar wreaths
Their temples bind, dreſs of ſylveſtrian gods!
Choiceſt nectarean juice crown'd largeſt bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring ſight,
Of fragrant ſcent, attractive, taſte divine!
Whether from Formain-grape depreſs'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Maſſic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Leſbian or Cœcuban, the chearing bowl
Mov'd briſkly round, and ſpurr'd their heighten'd wit
To ſing Mæcenas' praiſe, their patron kind.
But we not as our priſtine ſires repair
T' umbrageous grot or vale; but, when the ſun
Faintly from weſtern ſkies his rays oblique
Darts ſloping, and to Thetis' watery lap

Haſtens

Haſtens in prone career, with friends ſelect
Swiftly we hie to Devil *, young or old,
Jocund and boon, where at the entrance ſtands
A ſtripling, who with ſcrapes and humil cringe
Greets us in winning ſpeech, and accent bland;
With lightſt bound, and ſafe, unerring ſtep,
He ſkips before, and nimbly climbs the ſtairs:
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols, and friſks before
His ſequent lord, from penſive walk return'd,
Whether in ſhady wood, or paſture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate. —
Nigh to the ſtairs' aſcent, in regal port,
Sits a majeſtic dame, whoſe looks denounce
Command and ſovereignty; with haughty air,
And ſtudied mien, in ſemi-circular throne
Enclos'd, ſhe deals around her dread commands;
Behind her (dazzling ſight!) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, cryſtalline veſſels ſhine;
Attendant ſlaves with eager ſtrides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noiſe confus'd:
She knows the jargon ſounds, and ſtrait deſcribes,
In characters myſterious, words obſcure;
More legible are algebraic ſigns,
Or myſtic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke th' infernal ſpirits aid.

* The Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his friends.

Drive hence the rude and barbarous diſſonance
Of ſavage Thracians, and Croatian boors;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harſh and grating to Lenæan god;
Chace brutal feuds of Belgian ſkippers hence
(Amid their cups, whoſe innate temper 's ſhewn),
In clumſy fiſt wielding Scymmetrian knife,
Who flaſh each other's eyes and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian, ſolemn rites:
Muſic's harmonious numbers better ſuit
His feſtivals, from inſtruments or voice,
Or Gaſperini's hand the trembling ſtring
Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuſcan dames,
Or warbling Toſt's far more melodious tongue,
Sweet ſymphonies ſhould flow, the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is aſſociate meet.
The ſtairs aſcent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The door of ſpacious room, and creaking chairs
(To ear offenſive) round the table ſets.
We ſit, when thus his florid ſpeech begins:
"Name, Sirs, the wine that moſt invites your taſte,
"Champaigne, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
"Or Hock antique, or Liſbon new or old,
"Bourdeaux, or neat French wine, or Alicant."
For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare (ſuch ſympathy 's in boon compeers).
He quits the room alert, but ſoon returns;
One hand capacious gliſtering veſſels bears
Reſplendent; t'other, with a graſp ſecure,
A bottle (mighty charge!) upſtaid, full fraught
With

With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high, pours forth the ſanguine frothy juice;
O'erſpread with bubbles, diſſipated ſoon:
We ſtrait to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs;
Now glaſſes claſh with glaſſes (charming ſound!)
And glorious Anna's health, the firſt, the beſt,
Crowns the full glaſs; — at her inſpiring name,
The ſprightly wine reſults, and ſeems to ſmile;
With hearty zeal, and wiſh unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pauſe enſues; and now with grateful chat
We' improve the interval; and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd ſouls, pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy ſenſes moves
To pleaſant laughter; ſtraight the echoing room
With univerſal peals and ſhouts reſounds.

The royal Dane, bleſt conſort of the queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whoſe bliſs
In Anna 's plac'd: — with ſympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys,
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who ſhares the grateful hearts
Of loyal ſubjects with his ſovereign queen;
For, by his prudent care, united ſhores
Were ſav'd from hoſtile fleets invaſion dire.

The hero Marlborough next, whoſe vaſt exploits
Fame's clarion ſounds; freſh laurels, triumphs new,
We wiſh, like thoſe he won at Hochſted's field.

Next Devonſhire illuſtrious, who from race
Of nobleſt patriots ſprang, whoſe worthy ſoul

Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That ſhone in his moſt worthy anceſtors;
For then diſtinct in ſeparate breaſts were ſeen
Virtues diſtinct, but all in him unite.
Prudent Godolphin, of the *nation's* weal
Frugal, but free and generous of *his own*,
Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muſes' darling ſon,
In whom conſpicuous, with full luſtre, ſhine
The ſureſt judgement, and the brighteſt wit,
Himſelf Mæcenas and a Flaccus too. —
And all the worthies of the Britiſh realm,
In order rang'd, ſucceed; ſuch Healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming guſt.
Now each his miſtreſs toaſts, by whoſe bright eye
He 's fir'd; Coſmelia fair, or Dulcibell',
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing; or airy Cælia, ſprightly maid! —
Inſenſibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glaſs ſucceeds glaſs, till the Dircean god
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that, like Arthur's knights,
Of rotund table, fam'd in old records,
Now moſt we ſeem'd—ſuch is the power of WINE.
Thus we the winged hours in harmleſs mirth
And joys unfully'd paſs, till humid night
Has half her race perform'd, now all abroad
Is hush'd and ſilent, nor the rumbling noiſe
Of coach or cart, or ſmoaky link-boy's call,

Is heard — but univerſal ſilence reigns:
When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
Surpriz'd to find the hours ſo ſwiftly fly,
With haſty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
Alarm the drowzy youth from ſlumbering nod;
Startled he flies, and ſtumbles o'er the ſtairs
Erroneous, and with buſy knuckles plies
His yet clung eye-lids, and with ſtaggering reel
Enters confus'd, and muttering aſks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the ſcore diſcharge,
And homeward each his courſe with ſteady ſtep
Unerring ſteers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE

LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

FOR THE

LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miſs'd her pleaſing care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair.
No Britiſh miſs ſincerer grief has known,
Her ſquirrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.
She furl'd her ſampler, and haul'd-in her thread,
And ſtuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then ſpread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now ſhe roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her ſorrow ſtill appears,
Her locks diſhevel'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of ſome rich ſwain,
When from the thatch drips faſt a ſhower of rain.
In vain ſhe ſearch'd each cranny of the houſe,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouſe.
"Was it for this (ſhe cry'd) with daily care
"Within thy reach I ſet the vinegar;
"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait ſupply'd,

"Where

" Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
" And all the little monsters of the brook?
" Sure in that lake he dropt: My Grilly 's drown'd."—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
" Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
" But little creatures enterprize the most.
" Trembling, I 've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
" Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
" Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew:
" Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
" Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth!
" Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
" Vers'd in court-tricks that money-loving boy
" To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
" Or, rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
" As children tear the wings of flies away.
" From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I 'll roam,
" And never will return, or bring thee home.
" But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
" How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
" Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
" In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
" Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
" Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground?
" Dost thou imbosom'd in the lovely rose,
" Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
" Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
" Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:
" O shew me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flower
" Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower!

" But

" But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
" On little females, and on little loves;
" Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny ſpouſe,
" The baby-playthings that adorn thy houſe,
" Doors, windows, chimneys, and the ſpacious rooms
" Equal in ſize to cells of honeycombs.
" Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the ſhore,
" Thy bark a bean-ſhell, and a ſtraw thy oar?
" Or in thy box now bounding on the main?
" Shall I ne'er bear thyſelf and houſe again?
" And ſhall I ſet thee on my hand no more,
" To ſee thee leap the lines, and traverſe o'er
" My ſpacious palm? of ſtature ſcarce a ſpan,
" Mimic the actions of a real man?
" No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
" As ſeamen at a capſtern anchors weigh?
" How waſt thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
" A diſh of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head?
" How chace the mite that bore thy cheeſe away,
" And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"
She ſaid; but broken accents ſtopt her voice,
Soft as the ſpeaking-trumpet's mellow noiſe.
She ſobb'd a ſtorm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad ſuns in miſty ſkies!—
O! ſquander not thy grief; thoſe tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle ſhall preſerve the fiſh,
And Europe taſte thy ſorrows in a diſh.

TO

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

I.

IN amaze
Loſt, I gaze.
Can our eyes
Reach thy ſize?
May my lays
Swell with praiſe,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muſe, inſpire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they ſaid
Atlas' head
Propt the ſkies:
See! and believe your eyes?

II.

See him ſtride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and ſhake:
Armies quake,
Leſt his ſpurn
Overturn
Man and ſteed.
Troops, take heed!
Left and right
Speed your flight!
Leſt an hoſt
Beneath his foot be loſt.

III.

Turn'd aſide
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his noſe
Clouds he blows;
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand,
Let me ſtand,
So ſhall I
(Lofty Poet!) touch the ſky.

VERSES

VERSES

TO BE PLACED UNDER THE PICTURE OF SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET;

CONTAINING A COMPLEAT CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half read:
Who firſt ſang (1) Arthur, then ſang (2) Alfred;
Prais'd great (3) Eliza in God's anger,
Till all true Engliſhmen cry'd, Hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd-up Marlborough in (4) arras;
Then, hiſs'd from earth, grew heavenly quire:
Made every reader curſe the (5) light:
Maul'd human wit in one thick (6) ſatire,
Next in three books ſpoil'd (7) human nature;
Undid (8) creation at a jirk,
And of (9) redemption made damn'd work.

(1) Two Heroic Poems, in folio, twenty books.
(2) Heroic Poem, in twelve books.
(3) Heroic Poem, in folio, ten books.
(4) Inſtructions to Vanderbank, a tapeſtry-weaver.
(5) Hymn to the light.
(6) Satire againſt wit.
(7) Of the nature of man.
(8) Creation, a Poem, in ſeven books.
(9) Redemption, another Heroic Poem in ſix books.

Then

Then took his Muſe at once and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What wonders there the man, grown old, did!
Sternhold himſelf he out-Sternholded,
Made (10) David ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought king Achiz.
No mortal read his (11) Solomon,
But judg'd Re'boam his own ſon.
Moſes he ſerv'd as Moſes Pharaoh,
And Deborah (12), as She Siſe-rah:
Made (13) Jeremy full ſore to cry,
And (14) Job himſelf curſe God and die.
What puniſhment all this muſt follow?
Shall Arthur uſe him like king Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah ſlay him?
Or dextrous Deborah Sifera-him?
Or ſhall Eliza lay a plot,
To treat him like her ſiſter Scot?
Shall William dub his better end *,
Or Marlborough ſerve him like a *friend*?
No!—none of theſe!—Heaven ſpare his life!
But ſend him, honeſt Job, thy wife!

(10) Tranſlation of all the Pſalms.
(11) Canticles and Eccleſiaſtes.
(12) Paraphraſe of the Canticles of Moſes and Deborah, &c.
(13) The Lamentations.
(14) The whole Book of Job, a Poem.
* Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the ſhoulder.

A RE-

A RECEIPT FOR STEWING VEAL.
WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

TAKE a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it or ſteal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a ſtewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace
Muſt ſeaſon this knuckle;
Then * what 's join'd to a place
With other herbs muckle;
That which killed king † Will:
And what never ‡ ſtands ſtill.
Some § ſprigs of that bed
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, if
Both ſpinnage and endive,
And lettuce, and beet,
With marrygold meet.
Put no water at all;
For it maketh things ſmall,
Which, leſt it ſhould happen,
A cloſe cover clap on.

* Vulgo, ſalary.
† Suppoſed ſorrel.
‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.
§ Parſley. Vide Chamberlayne.

Put

Put this pot of * Wood's mettle
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me ſee—
Thrice as long as you preach †:
So ſkimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

* Of this compoſition, ſee the Works of the Copper-farthing Dean.
† Which we ſuppoſe to be near four hours.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.

PART THE FIRST.

A rural proſpect, diverſified with rocks, groves, and a river. Acis and Galatea ſeated by a fountain. Chorus of nymphs and ſhepherds, diſtributed about the landſcape; and Polyphemus diſcovered ſitting upon a mountain.

CHORUS.

O THE pleaſure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy ſwains,
(Harmleſs, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and ſport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the dew,
For us unfolds the roſe,
And flowers diſplay their hue:

For

For us the winters rain;
For us the summer's shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
Purling streams, and bubbling fountains,
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleasures which you yield;
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales, to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, you pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire:
Cease your song, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my sight.

Da Capo.

AIR.

ACIS.

Where shall I seek the charming Fair?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains:
O tell me if you saw my dear;
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in cryftal fountains?

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, ſhepherd, ſtay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou purſuing,
Heedleſs running to thy ruin?
Share our joy, our pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy paſſion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from ſorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Lo here, my Love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her breath:

Love

Love on her breaſt ſits panting,
And ſwells with ſoft deſire:
Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
To ſet the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didſt thou know the pains of abſent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove,
Laments his love,
All on the naked ſpray;
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, laſting love.

DUET.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

Happy we!
What joys I feel! — What charms I ſee!
Of all youths, thou deareſt boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brighteſt fair!
Thou all my bliſs, thou all my joy!

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART THE SECOND.

A Concerto on the ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! Fate has paſs'd
This ſad decree; no joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream;
Behold the monſter Polypheme.
See what ample ſtrides he takes!
The mountain nods, the foreſt ſhakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the ſhores:
Hark! how the thundering Giant roars!

RECITATIVE accompanied.

POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has ſtabb'd me to the heart.
Thou truſty pine,
Prop of my god-like ſteps, I lay thee by.

Bring

Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In ſoft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O ſweeter than the berry!
O Nymph more bright
Than moon-ſhine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluſter!
No lily has ſuch luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as ſtorms that bluſter!

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces ſhunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey;
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin ſtay.

POLY. Thee Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire, and to love:
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;

To the grape of purple hue,
To the plumb of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant-limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monster! bid some other guest:
I loath the host; I loath the feast.

AIR.

POLYPHEMUS.

Cease to beauty to be suing:
Ever whining love disdaining,
Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining.
Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.
Da Capo.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I muſt engage:
Inſpir'd with thy victorious charms,
The God of Love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love ſounds th' alarm,
And fear is a flying;
When beauty 's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treaſure,
I 'd bleed at each vein;
Without her no pleaſure;
For life is a pain.

Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Conſider, fond ſhepherd,
How fleeting 's the pleaſure,
That flatters our hopes
In purſuit of the fair.
The joys that attend it,
By moments we meaſure;
But life is too little
To meaſure our care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle youth;
Truſt my conſtancy and truth;
Truſt my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious ſtill to Love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, and POLYPHEMUS.

ACIS and GAL. The flocks ſhall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forſake the fountains,
Ere I forſake my love.

POLY. Torture! fury! rage! deſpair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS and GAL. Not ſhowers to larks ſo pleaſing,
Nor ſunſhine to the bee;
Not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear ſmiles to me.

POLY. Fly ſwift, thou maſſy ruin, fly:
Die, preſumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes!

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muſes; weep, ye ſwains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful ſtrains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighbouring ſhore,
Ah! — the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Muſt I my Acis ſtill bemoan,
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that ſtone?
Muſt the lovely charming youth
Die for his conſtancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark deſpair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea, ceaſe to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canſt relieve;
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddeſs ſoon can heal thy ſmart;
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Tis done: thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

AIR.

Heart, thou ſeat of ſoft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a cryſtal flood;
Rock, thy hollow womb diſcloſe:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring ſtill his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears.
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murmuring ſtream,
Shepherds' pleaſure, Muſes' theme;
Through the plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murmuring ſtill thy gentle love.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE STORY OF ACHELOUS AND HERCULES.

From Ovid's Metamorphoses. Book IX.

ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, returning from a great hunting-match in Calydon, is ſtopped from proceeding by the overflowing of the river Acheloüs. — The god of the ſtream courteouſly invites him into his cave, where they paſs the time in diſcourſing of various metamorphoſes. At laſt, to prove the poſſibility of ſuch changes, he aſſerts that he has himſelf the power of varying his form within certain limitations, among which he mentions his having loſt one of his horns when in the ſhape of a bull; and this gives riſe to the following ſtory.

THESEUS requeſts the God to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans aroſe?

When

When thus the Calydonian Stream reply'd,
With twining reeds his careleſs treſſes tied:
"Ungrateful is the tale; for who can bear,
"When conquer'd, to rehearſe the ſhameful war?
"Yet I 'll the melancholy ſtory trace;
"So great a Conqueror ſoftens the diſgrace:
"Nor was it ſtill ſo mean the prize to yield,
"As great and glorious to diſpute the field.
"Perhaps you 've heard of Dęianira's name,
"For all the country ſpoke her beauty's fame.
"Long was the nymph by numerous ſuitors woo'd,
"Each with addreſs his envy'd hopes purſued:
"I join'd the loving band; to gain the fair,
"Reveal'd my paſſion to her father's ear.
"Their vain pretenſions all the reſt reſign;
"Alcides only ſtrove to equal mine:
"He boaſts his birth from Jove, recounts his ſpoils,
"His ſtep-dame's hate ſubdued, and finiſh'd toils.
"Can mortals then (ſaid I), with gods compare?
"Behold a god; mine is the watery care:
"Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
"Branch into ſtreams, and o'er the region ſtray:
"No foreign gueſt your daughter's charms adores,
"But one who riſes in your native ſhores.
"Let not his puniſhment your pity move;
"Is Juno's hate an argument for love?
"Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
"Jove 's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true.
"Chooſe then; confeſs thy mother's honour loſt,
"Or thy deſcent from Jove no longer boaſt."

While

While thus I ſpoke, he look'd with ſtern diſdain,
Nor could the ſallies of his wrath reſtrain,
Which thus broke forth: "This arm decides our right:
"Vanquiſh in words: be mine the prize in fight!"
"Bold he ruſh'd on. My honour to maintain,
"I fling my verdant garments on the plain,
"My arms ſtretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
"And with bent hands expect the furious war.
"O'er my ſleek ſkin now gather'd duſt he throws,
"And yellow ſand his mighty muſcles ſtrows.
"Oft' he my neck and nimble legs aſſails,
"He ſeems to graſp me, but as often fails:
"Each part he now invades with eager hand;
"Safe in my bulk, immoveable I ſtand.
"So when loud ſtorms break high, and foam and roar
"Againſt ſome mole that ſtretches from the ſhore;
"The firm foundation laſting tempeſts braves,
"Defies the warring winds, and driving waves.
"Awhile we breathe, then forward ruſh amain,
"Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;
"Foot ſtrove with foot, I prone extend my breaſt,
"Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead preſs'd.
"Thus have I ſeen two furious bulls engage,
"Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
"Each claims the faireſt heifer of the grove,
"And conqueſt only can decide their love:
"The trembling herds ſurvey the fight from far,
"Till victory decides th' important war.
"Three times in vain he ſtrove my joints to wreſt;
"To force my hold, and throw me from his breaſt;

"The

" The fourth he broke my gripe, that claſp'd him round,
" Then with new force he ſtretch'd me on the ground;
" Cloſe to my back the mighty burden clung,
" As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.
" Believe my tale; nor do I, boaſtful, aim
" By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
" No ſooner from his graſp I freedom get,
" Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling ſweat,
" But quick he ſeiz'd me, and renew'd the ſtrife,
" As my exhauſted boſom pants for life:
" My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he ſtrains;
" I fall, and bite the ſand with ſhame and pains.
" O'er-match'd in ſtrength, to wiles and arts I take,
" And ſlip his hold, in form of ſpeckled ſnake;
" Who, when I wreath'd in ſpires my body round,
" Or ſhew'd my forky-tongue with hiſſing ſound,
" Smiles at my threats. Such foes my cradle knew,
" He cries; dire ſnakes my infant-hand o'erthrew;
" A dragon's form might other conqueſts gain,
" To war with me you take that ſhape in vain.
" Art thou proportion'd to the Hydra's length,
" Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented ſtrength?
" He rais'd a hundred hiſſing heads in air;
" When one I lopp'd, up-ſprung a dreadful pair.
" By his wounds fertile, and with ſlaughter ſtrong,
" Singly I quell'd him, and ſtretch'd dead along.
" What canſt thou do, a form precarious, prone,
" To rouze my rage with terrors not thy own?"
" He ſaid; and round my neck his hands he caſt,
" And with his ſtraining fingers wrung me faſt:

" My

"My throat he torturd, close as pincers clasp,
"In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.
"Thus vanquish'd too, a third form still remains,
"Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
"Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
"Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down;
"Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
"And fell'd my bulk along the dusty land.
"Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,
"From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn;
"This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Naiads bear,
"Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year."
He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stor'd,
And ruddy apples for the second board.
Now morn begins to dawn, the sun's bright fire
Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire;
Nor stay'd they, till the troubled stream subsides,
And in its bounds with peaceful current glides.
But Acheloüs in his oozy bed
Deep hides his brow deform'd, and rustic head:
No real wound the victor's triumph show'd,
But his lost honours griev'd the watery god;
Yet ev'n that loss the willow's leaves o'erspread,
And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

THE

THE DEATH OF NESSUS, THE CENTAUR.

THIS virgin top, thy love, O Neſſus, found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
As the ſtrong ſon of Jove his bride conveys,
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raiſe;
Where from her ſlopy urn Evenus pours
Her rapid current, ſwell'd by wintery ſhowers,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep rolling waves all paſs deny'd.
As for himſelf, he ſtood unmov'd by fears,
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares.
The ſtrong-limb'd Neſſus thus officious cry'd
(For he the ſhallows of the ſtream had try'd),
Swim thou, Alcides, all thy ſtrength prepare;
On yonder bank I 'll lodge thy nuptial care.
Th' Aonian chief to Neſſus truſts his wife,
All pale, and trembling for her hero's life:
Cloath'd as he ſtood in the fierce lion's hide,
The laden quiver o'er his ſhoulder ty'd
(For croſs the ſtream his bow and club were caſt):
Swift he plung'd in; theſe billows ſhall be paſs'd.
He ſaid, nor ſaught where ſmoother waters glide,
But ſtem'd the rapid dangers of the tide.
The bank he reach'd: again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.

Neſſus, to thee I call (aloud he cries);
Vain is thy truſt in flight, be timely wiſe:
Thou monſter double-ſhap'd, my right ſet free:
If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred ſhould thy lawleſs luſt deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
Though wing'd with horſe's ſpeed; wounds ſhall purſue:
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew:
The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
And through his breaſt the barbed weapon ſtood;
Which when, in anguiſh, through the fleſh he tore,
From both the wounds guſh'd forth the ſpumy gore,
Mix'd with Lernæan venom; this he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breaſt forſook.
His garment, in the reeking purple dy'd,
To rouze love's paſſion, he preſents the bride.

THE DEATH OF HERCULES.

NOW a long interval of time ſucceeds,
When the great ſon of Jove's immortal deeds,
And ſtep-dame's hate, had fill'd earth's utmoſt round;
He from Oechalia, with new laurels crown'd,
In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares,
And to the king of gods directs his prayers,
When Fame (who falſehood cloaths in truth's diſguiſe,
And ſwells her little bulk with growing lyes)
The tender ear, O Deianira, mov'd,
That Hercules the fair Iole lov'd.

Her love believes the tale; the truth ſhe fears
Of his new paſſion, and gives way to tears.
The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief,
Why ſeek I thus, from ſtreaming eyes, relief?
She cries; indulge not thus theſe fruitleſs cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears:
Let ſomething be reſolv'd, while yet there 's time;
My bed not conſcious of a rival's crime.
In ſilence ſhall I mourn, or loud complain?
Shall I ſeek Calydon, or here remain?
What though, ally'd to Meleager's fame,
I boaſt the honours of a ſiſter's name?
My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to purſue
Some deſperate deed, by which the world ſhall view

How

How far revenge and woman's rage can riſe,
When weltering in her blood the harlot dies.
Thus various paſſions rul'd by turns her breaſt.
She now reſolves to ſend the fatal veſt,
Dy'd with Lernæan gore, whoſe power might move
His ſoul anew, and rouze declining love.
Nor knew ſhe what her ſudden rage beſtows,
When ſhe to Lichas truſts her future woes;
With ſoft endearments ſhe the boy commands
To bear the garment to her huſband's hands.
Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haſte,
And o'er his ſhoulders Lerna's poiſon caſt.
As firſt the fire with frankincenſe he ſtrows,
And utters to the gods his holy vows;
And on the marble altar's poliſh'd frame
Pours forth the grapy ſtream; the riſing flame
Sudden diſſolves the ſubtle poiſonous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
With wonted fortitude he bore the ſmart,
And not a groan confeſs'd his burning heart.
At length his patience was ſubdued by pain,
He rends the ſacred altar from the plain;
Oete's wide foreſts echo with its cries!
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
Where'er he plucks the veſt, the ſkin he tears,
The mangled muſcles and huge bones he bares,
(A ghaſtly ſight!) or, raging with his pain,
To rend the ſticking plague he tugs in vain.
As the red iron hiſſes in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdling blood.

Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
And livid ſweats down all his body flow;
The cracking nerves burnt-up are burſt in twain,
The lurking venom melts his ſwimming brain.
Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
Glut thy revenge, dread empreſs of the ſkies;
Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
Look down with pleaſure, and enjoy my ſmart.
Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hoſtile breaſt
(For here I ſtand thy enemy profeſt),
Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.
Death is the gift moſt welcome to my woe,
And ſuch a gift a ſtep-dame may beſtow.
Was it for this Buſiris was ſubdued,
Whoſe barbarous temples reek'd with ſtrangers' blood?
Preſs'd in theſe arms, his fate Antæus found,
Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell?
Or did I fear the triple dog of hell?
Did not theſe hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold?
Are not our mighty toils in Elis told?
Did not Stymphalian lakes proclaim my fame?
And fair Parthenian woods reſound my name?
Who ſeiz'd the golden belt of Thermodon?
And who the dragon-guarded apples won?
Could the fierce Centaur's ſtrength my force withſtand,
Or the fell boar that ſpoil'd th' Arcadian land?
Did not theſe arms the Hydra's rage ſubdue,
Who from his wounds to double fury grew?

What

What if the Thracian horſes, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I ſaw, and with their barbarous lord o'erthrew?
What if theſe hands Nemæa's lion ſlew?
Did not this neck the heavenly globe ſuſtain?—
The female partner of the thunderer's reign,
Fatigu'd, at length ſuſpends her harſh commands;
Yet no fatigue hath ſlack'd theſe valiant hands.
But now new plagues purſue me; neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts, can ſtop their raging courſe.
Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails ſtrays,
And on my lungs and ſhrivel'd muſcles preys;
Yet ſtill Euryſtheus breathes the vital air!
What mortal now ſhall ſeek the gods with prayer?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYCHAS INTO A ROCK.

THE hero ſaid; and, with the torture ſtung,
Furious o'er Oete's lofty hills he ſprung:
Stuck with the ſhaft, thus ſcours the tiger round,
And ſeeks the flying author of his wound.
Now might you ſee him trembling, now he vents
His anguiſh'd ſoul in groans and loud laments;
He ſtrives to tear the clinging veſt in vain,
And with up-rooted foreſts ſtrews the plain;
Now, kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
And to his kindred gods directs his prayers.
When Lychas, lo, he ſpies; who trembling flew,
And, in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
Had ſhunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
His madneſs chaf'd, and thus he raves again:
Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
Who bore the gift, the cauſe of all my woe.
The youth all pale with ſhivering fear was ſtung,
And vain excuſes faulter'd on his tongue.
Alcides ſnatch'd him, as with ſuppliant face
He ſtrove to claſp his knees, and beg for grace:

He

He toſs'd him o'er his head with airy courſe,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force;
Far o'er th' Euboean main aloft he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the ſkies.
So ſhowery drops, when chilly tempeſts blow,
Thicken at firſt, then whiten into ſnow;
In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
In ſolid hail reſult upon the ground.
Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through diſtant air,
The purple tide forſook his veins with fear;
All moiſture left his limbs. Transform'd to ſtone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known:
Still in th' Euboean waves his front he rears,
Still the ſmall rock in human form appears,
And ſtill the name of hapleſs Lychas bears.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF HERCULES.

BUT now the hero of immortal birth
Fells Oete's foreſts on the groaning earth;
A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
He leaves his deathful inſtruments of war;
To him commits thoſe arrows, which again
Muſt ſee the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
The ſon of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
High round the ſtructure climbs the greedy fire;
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous ſhoulders ſpread
With the Nemæan ſpoils thy careleſs head;
Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine;
Here thou, dread hero of cæleſtial line,
Waſt ſtretch'd at eaſe; as when, a chearful gueſt,
Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples dreſt.
Now on all ſides the potent flames aſpire,
And crackle round thoſe limbs that mock the fire.
A ſudden tremor ſeiz'd th' immortal hoſt,
Who thought the world's profeſt defender loſt.
This when the thunderer ſaw, with ſmiles he cries,
'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleaſures riſe;
Joy ſwells my breaſt, that my all-ruling hand
O'er ſuch a grateful people boaſts command,
That you my ſuffering progeny would aid;
Though to his deeds this juſt reſpect be paid,
Me you 've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborn,
Th' Oetean fires do thou, great hero, ſcorn.

Who

Who vanquiſh'd all things, ſhall ſubdue the flame.
That part alone of groſs maternal frame
Fire ſhall devour; while what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force ſubdue;
That, when he's dead, I'll raiſe to realms above;
May all the powers the righteous act approve!
If any god diſſent, and judge too great
The ſacred honours of the heavenly ſeat,
Ev'n he ſhall own, his deeds deſerve the ſky,
Ev'n he, reluctant, ſhall at length comply.
Th' aſſembled powers aſſent. No frown till now
Had mark'd with paſſion vengeful Juno's brow.
Meanwhile whate'er was in the power of flame
Was all conſum'd, his body's nervous frame
No more was known;—of human form bereft,
Th' eternal part of Jove alone was left.
As an old ſerpent caſts his ſcaly veſt,
Wreathes in the ſun, in youthful glory dreſt;
So when Alcides mortal mould reſign'd
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
Auguſt his viſage ſhone; almighty Jove
In his ſwift carr his honour'd offspring drove;
High o'er the hollow clouds the courſers fly,
And lodge the hero in the ſtarry ſky.

THE

THE TRANSFORMATION OF GALANTHIS.

ATLAS perceiv'd the load of Heaven's new gueſt.
Revenge ſtill rancour'd in Euryſtheus' breaſt
Againſt Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
To Iole, to vent maternal woes;
Here ſhe pours forth her grief, recounts the ſpoils
Her ſon had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
Her ſwelling womb the teeming birth confeſs'd;—
To whom Alcmena thus her ſpeech addreſs'd:
O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
When midſt thy throes thou call'ſt th' Ilithyan power!
May no delays prolong thy racking pain,
As when I ſued for Juno's aid in vain!
When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh,
And the tenth ſign roll'd forward on the ſky,
My womb extends with ſuch a mighty load,
As Jove the parent of the burden ſhow'd.
I could no more th' increaſing ſmart ſuſtain:
My horror kindles to recount the pain;
Cold chills my limbs while I the tale purſue,
And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
Seven days and nights amidſt inceſſant throes,
Fatigued with ills I lay, nor knew repoſe;

When lifting high my hands, in ſhrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.
She came, but prejudic'd, to give my fate
A ſacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguiſh of my ſits,
And on the altar at my door ſhe ſits,
O'er her left knee her croſſing leg ſhe caſt,
Then knits her fingers cloſe, and wrings them faſt:
This ſtay'd the birth; in muttering verſe ſhe pray'd,
The muttering verſe th' unfiniſh'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce ſtruggles, raging with my pain,
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.
How did I wiſh for death! ſuch groans I ſent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.
Now the Cadmeian matrons round me preſs,
Offer their vows, and ſeek to bring redreſs.
Among the Theban dames Galanthis ſtands,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and juſt to my commands:
She firſt perceiv'd that all theſe racking woes
From the perſiſting hate of Juno roſe.
As here and there ſhe paſs'd, by chance ſhe ſees
The ſeated goddeſs; on her cloſe-preſs'd knees
Her faſt-knit hands ſhe leans; with chearful voice
Galanthis cries, Whoe'er thou art, rejoice;
Congratulate the dame, ſhe lies at reſt,
At length the gods Alcmena's womb have bleſt.
Swift from her ſeat the ſtartled goddeſs ſprings,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad ſhe flings;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceiv'd.

Fame

Fame ſays, the goddeſs dragg'd the laughing maid
Faſt by the hair; in vain her force eſſay'd
Her groveling body from the ground to rear;
Chang'd to fore-feet her ſhrinking arms appear;
Her hairy back her former hue retains,
The form alone is loſt; her ſtrength remains;
Who, ſince the lye did from her mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her breed;
Nor ſhall ſhe quit her long-frequented home,
But haunt thoſe houſes where ſhe lov'd to roam.

THE

THE STORY OF IOLAÜS RESTORED TO YOUTH.

ARGUMENT.

Iöle having related the fable of her ſiſter Dryope, who was changed into a tree for violating the bloſſoms of the plant Lotis (once a nymph); while ſhe is diſcourſing on theſe matters with Alcmena, ſhe finds new matter of wonder, in the ſudden change of Iolaüs to a youth.

WHILE Iolé the fatal change declares,
Alcmena's pitying hand oft' wip'd her tears.
Grief too ſtream'd down her cheeks; ſoon ſorrow flies,
And riſing joy the trickling moiſture dries:
Lo Iolaüs ſtands before their eyes.
A youth he ſtood; and the ſoft down began
O'er his ſmooth chin to ſpread, and promiſe man.
Hebe ſubmitted to her huſband's prayers,
Inſtill'd new vigour, and reſtor'd his years.

THE

THE PROPHECY OF THEMIS.

NOW from her lips a ſolemn oath had paſs'd,
That Iolaüs the gift alone ſhould taſte,
Had not juſt Themis thus maturely ſaid
(Which check'd her vow, and aw'd the bloomi-g maid):
Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus ſtands
Invincible; but by the thunderer's hands
Ambition ſhall the guilty * brothers fire,
Both ruſh to mutual wounds, and both expire.
The reeling earth ſhall ope her gloomy womb,
Where the † yet breathing bard ſhall find his tomb.—
The ‡ ſon ſhall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
And in one act be both unjuſt and good.
Of home and ſenſe depriv'd, where'er he flies,
The furies and his mother's ghoſt he ſpies.
His wife the fatal bracelet ſhall implore,
And Phegeus ſtain his ſword in kindred gore.
Callirhöe ſhall then with ſuppliant prayer
Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear.
Jove ſhall with youth her infant ſons inſpire,
And bid their boſoms glow with manly fire.

* Eteocles and Polynices. † Amphiaraus.
‡ Alcmæon.

THE

THE DEBATE OF THE GODS.

WHEN Themis thus with preſcient voice had ſpoke,
Among the gods a various murmur broke;
Diſſention roſe in each immortal breaſt,
That one ſhould grant what was deny'd the reſt.
Aurora for her aged ſpouſe complains,
And Ceres grieves for Jaſon's freezing veins;
Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew;
Her future race the care of Venus drew,
She would Anchiſes' blooming age reſtore;
A different care employ'd each heavenly power.
Thus various intereſts did their jars increaſe,
Till Jove aroſe;—he ſpoke, their tumults ceaſe.
—Is any reverence to our preſence given?
Then why this diſcord 'mong the powers of Heaven?
Who can the ſettled will of Fate ſubdue?
'Twas by the Fates that Iolaüs knew
A ſecond youth. The Fates determin'd doom
Shall give Callirhöe's race a youthful bloom.
Arms nor ambition can this power obtain:
Quell your deſires; even Me the Fates reſtrain.
Could I their will control, no rolling years
Had Æacus bent down with ſilver hairs;
Then Rhadamanthus ſtill had youth poſſeſs'd,
And Minos with eternal bloom been bleſs'd.

Jove's

Jove's words the synod mov'd; the powers give o'er,
And urge in vain unjust complaint no more.
Since Rhadamanthus' years now slowly flow'd,
And Æacus and Minos bore the load;
Minos, who, in the flower of youth and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the strength of years;
And now, regarding all his realms as lost,
He durst not force him from his native coast.
But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
And your swift vessel plow'd th' Ægean main;
On Asiatic shores a town you frame,
Which still is honour'd with the founder's name.
Here you Cyanëe knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her father's winding banks she stray'd:
Caunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
The double offspring of your warm embrace.

THE

THE STORY OF ARACHNE,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ARGUMENT.

Pallas, viſiting the Muſes on their hill to ſee the fountain Hippocrene, is by them informed how the Pierides were changed into chattering pies for rivaling the nine ſiſters in ſong.—This ſtimulating the Goddeſs to take vengeance on Arachne the daughter of Idmon, who defied her in her own art, gives riſe to the following ſtory.

PALLAS, attentive, heard the Muſes' ſong,
Pleas'd that ſo well they had reveng'd their wrong:
Reflecting thus,—A vulgar ſoul can praiſe,
My fame let glorious emulation raiſe:
Swift vengeance ſhall purſue th' audacious pride
That dares my ſacred Deity deride;
Revenge the Goddeſs in her breaſt revolves;
And ſtrait the bold Arachne's fate reſolves;
Her haughty mind to Heaven diſdain'd to bend,
And durſt with Pallas in her art contend.
No famous town ſhe boaſts, or noble name;
But to her ſkillful hand owes all her fame;
Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
And thirſty wool in purple juices dy'd;

Her mother, whom the ſhades of death confine,
Was, like her huſband, born of vulgar line.
At ſmall Hypæpe though ſhe did reſide,
Yet induſtry proclaim'd what birth deny'd:
All Lydia to her name due honour pays,
And every city ſpeaks Arachne's praiſe.
Nymphs of Timolus quit their ſhady woods,
Nymphs of Pactolus leave their golden floods,
And oft' with pleaſure round her gazing ſtand,
Admire her work, and praiſe her artful hand;
They view'd each motion, with new wonder ſeiz'd;
More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.
Whether raw wool in its firſt orbs ſhe wound,
Or with ſwift fingers twirl'd the ſpindle round,
Whether ſhe pick'd with care the knotty piece,
Or comb'd like ſtreaky clouds the ſtretching fleece,
Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
'Twas plain from Pallas ſhe deriv'd her art.
But ſhe, unable to ſuſtain her pride,
The very miſtreſs of her art defy'd.—
Pallas obſcures her bright cœleſtial grace,
And takes an old decrepit beldame's face.
Her head is ſcatter'd o'er with ſilver hairs,
Which ſeems to bend beneath a load of years.
Her trembling hand, emboſs'd with livid veins,
On truſty ſtaff her feeble limbs ſuſtains.
She thus accoſts the nymph: "Be timely wiſe,
"Do not the wholeſome words of age deſpiſe,
"For in the hoary head experience lies:
"On earth contend the greateſt name to gain;
"To Pallas yield;—with Heaven you ſtrive in vain."

Contempt

Contempt contracts her brow, her paſſions riſe,
Wrath and diſdain inflame her rolling eyes:
At once the tangling thread away ſhe throws,
And ſcarce can curb her threatening hands from blows.
"Worn-out with age, and by diſeaſe declin'd,
"(She cries) thy careaſe has ſurviv'd thy mind;
"Theſe lectures might thy ſervile daughters move,
"And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove:
"My counſel's from myſelf, my will commands,
"And my firſt reſolution always ſtands:
"Let her contend; or does her fear impart
"That conqueſt waits on my ſuperior art?"
The Goddeſs ſtrait throws off her old diſguiſe,
And heavenly beauty ſparkles in her eyes,
A youthful bloom fills-up each wrinkled trace,
And Pallas ſmiles with every wonted grace.
The nymphs, ſurpriz'd, the Deity adore,
And Lydian dames confeſs her matchleſs power;
The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
Yet a ſwift bluſh her guilty feature ſtains;
In her unwilling cheek the crimſon glows,
And her check'd pride a ſhort confuſion knows.
So when Aurora firſt unveils her eyes,
A purple dawn inveſts the bluſhing ſkies;
But ſoon bright Phœbus gains th' horizon's height,
And gilds the hemiſphere with ſpreading light.
Deſire of conqueſt ſways the giddy maid,
To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd:
The Goddeſs with her ſtubborn will comply'd,
And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.

Both take their ſtations, and the piece prepare,
And order every ſlender thread with care.
The web inwraps the beam; the reed divides,
While through the widening ſpace the ſhuttle glides,
Which their ſwift hands receive; then, pois'd with lead,
The ſwinging weight ſtrikes cloſe th' inſerted thread.
They gird their flowing garments round the waiſt,
And ply their feet and arms with dextrous haſte.
Here each inweaves the richeſt Tyrian dye,
There fainter ſhades in ſoften'd order lie;
Such various mixtures in the texture ſhine,
Set-off the work, and brighten each deſign.
As when the ſun his piercing rays extends,
When from thin clouds ſome driſling ſhower deſcends,
We ſee the ſpacious humid arch appear,
Whoſe tranſient colours paint the ſplendid air:
By ſuch degrees the deepening ſhadows riſe
As pleaſingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
And though the ſame th' adjoining colour ſeems,
Yet hues of different natures dye th' extremes.
Here heightening gold they 'midſt the woof diſpoſe,
And in the web this antique ſtory roſe.

Pallas the lofty mount of Mars deſigns,
Cœleſtial judgement guides th' unerring lines;
Here, in juſt view, th' Athenian ſtructures ſtand,
And there the gods contend to name the land;
Twelve deities ſhe frames with ſtately mien,
And in the midſt ſuperior Jove is ſeen;
A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
The figures in the picture ſeem to live.

Heaven's

Heaven's thundering monarch sits with aweful grace,
And dread omnipotence imprints his face:
There Neptune stood, disdainfully he frown'd,
And with his trident smote the trembling ground;
The parting rocks a spacious chasm disclose,
From whence a fiery, prancing steed arose;
And on that useful gift he founds his claim,
To grace the city with his honour'd name.
See her own figure next with martial air,
A shining helmet decks her flowing hair;
Her thoughtful breast her well-pois'd shield defends,
And her bare arm a glittering spear extends,
With which she wounds the plain; from thence arose
A spreading tree; green olives load the boughs.
The powers her gift behold with wondering eyes,
And to the Goddess give the rightful prize.
Such mercy checks her wrath, that, to dissuade
By others fate the too presumptuous maid,
With miniatures she fills each corner space,
To curb her pride, and save her from disgrace.
Hæmus and Rhodopé in this she wrought,
The beauteous colours spoke her lively thought;
With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
They to the sacred names of gods aspir'd;
To mountains chang'd, their lofty heads arise,
And lose their lessening summits in the skies.
In that, in all the strength of art was seen
The wretched fate of the Pygmæan queen;
Juno, enrag'd, resents th' audacious aim,
And to a crane transforms the vanquish'd dame;

In that voracious ſhape ſhe ſtill appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.
In this, Antigoné for beauty ſtrove
With the bright conſort of imperial Jove:
Juno, incens'd, her royal power diſplay'd,
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor Ilion's fervent prayer prevails,
But on her lovely ſkin white feathers riſe,
Chang'd to a clamorous ſtork, ſhe mounts the ſkies.
In the remaining orb, the heavenly maid
The tale of childleſs Cynaras diſplay'd,
A ſettled anguiſh in his look appears,
And from his bloodſhot eyes flow ſtreams of tears;
On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown,
He for his daughters claſp'd the poliſh'd ſtone.
And, when he ſought to hold their wonted charms,
The temple's ſteps deceiv'd his eager arms.
Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
And her own tree incloſes the deſign.
Arachne paints th' amours of mighty Jove,
How in a bull the God diſguis'd his love;
A real bull ſeems in the piece to roar,
And real billows breaking on the ſhore:
In fair Europa's face appears ſurprize,
To the retreating land ſhe turns her eyes,
And ſeems to call her maids, who wondering ſtood,
And with their tears increas'd the briny flood;
Her trembling feet ſhe by contraction ſaves
From the rude inſult of the riſing waves.

Here

Here amorous Jove diſſolving Læda trod,
And in the vigorous ſwan conceal'd the god.
Love lends him now an eagle's new diſguiſe,
Beneath his fluttering wings Aſteria lies.
Th' enlivening colours here with force expreſs'd
How Jove the fair Antiope careſs'd.
In a ſtrong ſatyr's muſcled form he came
Inſtilling love tranſports the glowing dame,
And luſty twins reward his nervous flame.
Here how he ſooth'd the bright Alcmena's love,
Who for Amphitryon took th' impoſtor Jove,
And how the God in golden ſhower allur'd
The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd:
How, in a ſwain, Mnemolyne he charms;
How lambent flame the fair Ægina warms:
And how with various glittering hues inlaid
In ſerpent's form Deöis he betray'd.
Here you, great Neptune, with a ſhort-liv'd flame
In a young bull enjoy th' Æolian dame.
Then in Enipeus' ſhape intrigues purſue:
'Tis thus th' Aloids boaſt deſcent from you.
Here to Biſaltis was thy love convey'd,
When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.
Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
Whoſe golden locks a ſheafy garland bear;
And the dread dame, with hiſſing ſerpents hung,
(From whom the Pegaſæan courſer ſprung)
Thee in a ſnuffling ſtallion's form enjoy,
Exhauſt thy ſtrength, and every nerve employ;

Melantho as a dolphin you betray,
And ſport in pleaſures on the rolling ſea;
Such juſt proportion graces every part,
Nature herſelf appears improv'd by art.
Here in diſguiſe was mighty Phœbus ſeen,
With clowniſh aſpect, and a ruſtic mien;
Again tranſform'd, he 's dreſs'd in falcon's plumes,
And now the lion's noble ſhape aſſumes;
Now, in a ſhepherd's form, with treacherous ſmiles
He Macarean Iſſe's heart beguiles.
Here his plump ſhape enamour'd Bacchus leaves,
And in the grape Erigone deceives.
There Saturn, in a neighing horſe, ſhe wove,
And Chiron's double form rewards his love.
Feſtoons of flowers, inwove with ivy, ſhine,
Border the wondrous piece, and round the texture twine.
Not Pallas, nor ev'n ſpleen itſelf, could blame,
The wondrous work of the Mæonian dame;
With grief her vaſt ſucceſs the Goddeſs bore,
And of cœleſtial crimes the ſtory tore.
Her boxen ſhuttle now, enrag'd, ſhe took,
And thrice the proud Idmonian artiſt ſtruck:
Th' unhappy maid, to ſee her labours vain,
Grew reſolute with pride, and ſhame, and pain:
Around her neck a fatal nooſe ſhe ty'd,
And fought by ſudden death her guilt to hide.
Pallas with pity ſaw the deſperate deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed:
"Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
"Suſpended thus to waſte thy future time,

"Thy

" Thy punishment involves thy numerous race,
" Who for thy fault shall share in thy disgrace."
Her incantation magic juices aid,
With sprinkling drops the bath'd the pendent maid,
And thus the charm its noxious power display'd.
Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs,
With these her nose, and next her rising ears.
Her head to the minutest substance shrunk,
The potent juice contracts her changing trunk;
Close to her sides her slender fingers clung,
There chang'd to nimble feet in order hung;
Her bloated belly swells to larger size,
Which now with smallest threads her work supplies;
The Virgin in the Spider still remains;
And in that shape her former art retains.

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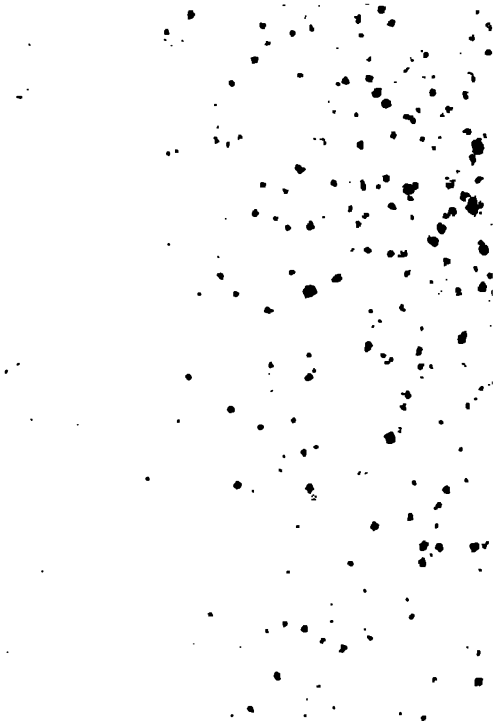

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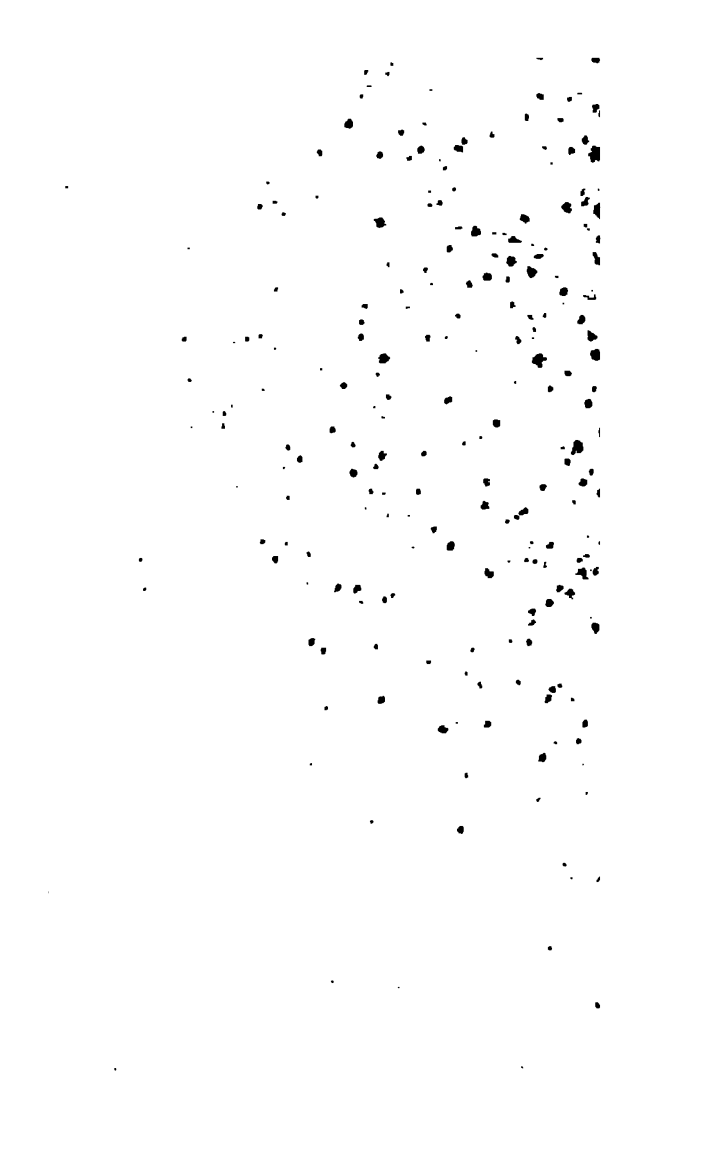

John Dickinson
1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-SECOND.

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THE POEMS OF GAY.

VOLUME II.

POEMS

By Mr. GAY.

TALES.

AN ANSWER

TO THE SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE OF CHAUCER.

IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER'S STYLE.

THE Sompner leudly hath his prologue told,
And faine on the Freers his tale japing and bold;
How that in Hell they fearchen near and wide,
And ne one Freer in all thilke place eſpyde:
But lo! the devil turn'd his erſe about,
And twenty thouſand Freers wend in and out.
By which in Jeoffry's rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.
Now liſtneth lordings! forthwith ye ſhall hear,
What happend at a houſe in Lancaſhire.
A miſere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,

Owned a houſe which emptye long yſtood,
Full deeply ſited in a derkning wood;
Murmring a ſhallow brook runneth along,
Mong the round ſtones it maken doleful ſong.
Now there ſpreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms yhaunted been by many a ſprite;
The miller avoucheth, and all thereabout,
That they full oft' hearen the hellish rout;
Some ſaine they hear the jingling of chains,
And ſome hath yheard the pſautries ſtraines;
At midnight ſome the heedleſs horſe ymeet,
And ſome eſpien a corſe in a white ſheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin, and elfe,
And ſhapes that fear createn to itſelfe.
Now it ſo hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey Freers a fair and rich Abbaye,
Where liven a Freer ycleped Pere Thomas,
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds paſs.
This Freer would lye in thilke houſe all night,
In hope he might eſpyen a dreadful ſprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of Saintes, and bookes of prayere.
He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
And haſpen the door, to haſpen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put cloſe by the bed,
And in low tone his *ave marye* ſaid.
With water now beſprinkled hath the floore,
And maken croſs on key-hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mouſe-hole in thilke place,
But he ycroſſed hath by God his grace:

He croſſed hath this, and eke he croſſed that,
With *benedicite* and God knows what.
Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had juſt ſtricken the twelfth ſoun.
Bethinketh him now what the cauſe had ybeen,
Why many ſprites by mortals have been ſeen.
Hem remembreth how Dan Plutarch hath yſed
That Cæſar's ſprite came to Brute his bed;
Of chains that frighten erſt Artemidore,
The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.
Hem thinketh that ſome murdere here been done,
And he mought ſee ſome bloodye ghoſt anone,
Or that ſome orphlines writings here be ſtor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he might ſee no ſprite,
The Abbaye mought buy this houſe cheap outright.
As hem thus thinketh, anone aſleep he lies,
Up ſtarten Sathanas with ſaucer eyes.
He turned the Freer upon his face downright,
Diſplaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he ſhwacked him ſore,
Thou didſt forget to guard thy poſtern-door.
There is an hole which hath not croſſed been:
Farewel, from whence I came, I creepen in.
Now plain it is ytellen in my verſe,
If Devils in hell bear Freers in their erſe,
On earth the Devil in Freers doth ydwell;
Were there no Freers, the Devil mought keep in Hell.

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A TALE.

A MAN may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife:
This long have lufty Abbots known,
Who ne'er knew ſpouſes—of their own.
What though your houſe be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds compleat;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he ſhould every diſh commend;
On Bagſhot-heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
Though pureſt wine your cellars boaſt,
Wine worthy of the faireſt toaſt;
Yet there are other things requir'd:
Ring, and let 's ſee the maid you hir'd.—
Bleſs me! thoſe hands might hold a broom,
Twirle round a mop, and waſh a room:
A batchelor his maid ſhould keep,
Not for that ſervile uſe to ſweep;
Let her his humour underſtand,
And turn to every thing her hand.
Get you a laſs that 's young and tight,
Whoſe arms are, like her apron, white.
What though her ſhift be ſeldom ſeen,
Let that, though coarſe, be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wriſt your ruffle mend;

Then

Then, if you break a roguiſh jeſt,
Or ſqueeze her hand, or pat her breaſt,
She cries, Oh, dear Sir, don't be naught!
And bluſhes ſpeak her laſt night's fault.
To her your houſhold cares confide,
Let your keys jingle at her ſide.
A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye;
Ev'n while you chide, you ſmile on Betty.
Diſcharge him then, if he's too ſpruce;
For Betty 's for his maſter's uſe.
Will you your amorous fancy baulk,
For fear ſome prudiſh neighbour talk?
But you 'll object, that you 're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid.
Beſides, your wiſer heads will ſay,
That ſhe who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your ſilver-ſpoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilfering trade?
For love all Betty's wants ſupplies,
Laces her ſhoes, her manteau dyes,
All her ſtuff-ſuits ſhe flings away,
And wears thread-ſattin every day.
Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen-fire;
When all muſt own, were Betty put
To the black duties of the ſlut,
As well ſhe ſcours or ſcrubs a floor,
And ſtill is good for ſomething more?

[illegible] vice,
[illegible] face,
[illegible] neighbour's spouse,
[illegible]
[illegible] idle time,
[illegible] rabbits,
[illegible] words,
[illegible] more
[illegible] their fair,
[illegible] simple heart;
[illegible] eyes,
[illegible] his own kind;
[illegible] Nature's mould
[illegible]
[illegible] scornful,
[illegible] bearing mien;
[illegible] leaf,
And talk[illegible]
[illegible] mild,
[illegible]
[illegible] gossip's feast
Pere Be[illegible] rustic;
Mirth [illegible]
He [illegible] shook on the time;
Nor frown[illegible] when they speak spoke,
But shook his [illegible] spoke;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,
[illegible] the sins which they confest.

Yet

Yet, that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for every ſocial duty;
He meddled with no houſhold cares,
To her conſign'd his whole affairs:
She of his ſtudy kept the keys,
For he was ſtudious—of his eaſe:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage every cheſt and box;
Her honeſty ſuch credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was reſtrain'd.
In troth it was a goodly ſhow,
Lin'd with full hogſheads all a-row.
One veſſel, from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the reſt he lov'd;
Pour la bonne bouche 'twas ſet aſide,
To all but choiceſt friends deny'd.
He now and then would ſend a quart,
To warm ſome wife's retentive heart,
Againſt confeſſion's ſullen hour:
Wine has all ſecrets in its power.
At common feaſts it had been waſte,
Nor was it fit for layman's taſte.
If monk or friar were his gueſt,
They drank it; for they know the beſt.
Nay, he at length ſo fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.
Who ſhall recount his civil labours,
In pious viſits to his neighbours?

Whene'er weak huſbands went aſtray,
He gueſs'd their wives were in the way:
'Twas then his charity was ſhown,
He choſe to ſee them when alone.
Now was he bent on euckoldom:
He knew friend Dennis was from home:
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a huſband's duty)
Had often told him at confeſſion,
How hard ſhe ſtruggled 'gainſt tranſgreſſion.
He now reſolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue ſtood.
He knew that wine (to love beſt aid)
Has oft' made bold the ſhame-fac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd-up at Smith's or Needham's.
A mighty bottle ſtrait he choſe,
Such as might give two Friars their doſe.
Nannette he call'd: the cellar-door
She ſtraight unlocks, deſcends before;
He follow'd cloſe. But when he ſpies
His favourite caſk; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
Heigh-day! my darling wine aſtoop!
It muſt, alas! have ſprung a hoop.
That there 's a leak is paſt all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid)—I 'll find it out.
She ſets the candle down in haſte,
Tucks her white apron round her waiſt.

The hogſhead's mouldy ſide aſcends;
She ſtraddles wide, and downward bends:
So low ſhe ſtoops to ſeek the flaw,
Her coats roſe up, her maſter ſaw—
I ſee—he cries—(then claſpt her faſt)
The leak through which my wine has paſt.
Then all in haſte the maid deſcended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in Nannette all he wanted,
So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.
Ere ſince this time, all luſty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant deſires,
Whene'er the fleſh with ſpirit quarrels)
Look on the ſex as leaky barrels.
Beware of theſe, ye jealous ſpouſes!
From ſuch-like coopers guard your houſes;
For, if they find not work at home,
For jobbs through all the town they roam.

THE

THE EQUIVOCATION.

A TALE.

AN Abbot rich (whoſe table was good
Alike in ſcience and in food)
His Biſhop had reſolv'd to treat;
The Biſhop came, the Biſhop eat.
'Twas ſilence, till their ſtomachs fail'd;
And now at Hereticks they rail'd.
What Hereſy (the Prelate ſaid)
Is in that Church where Prieſts may wed!
Do not we take the Church for life?
But thoſe divorce her for a wife;
Like laymen, keep her in their houſes,
And own the children of their ſpouſes.
Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
For pious uſe we 're ſet aſide!
Shall we take wives? Marriage at beſt
Is but carnality profeſt!
Now, as the Biſhop took his glaſs,
He ſpy'd our Abbot's buxom laſs,
Who croſs'd the room; he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulſe beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the Prelate cries)
A maid ſo young! for ſhame, be wiſe.
Theſe indiſcretions lend a handle
To lewd lay-tongues, to give us ſcandal.

For your vow's ſake, this rule I give t' ye:
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.
The Prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte precept well obſerv'd:
That laſs full twenty-five has told;
I've yet another who 's as old;
Into one ſum their ages caſt;
So both my maids have fifty paſt.
The Prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? his Lordſhip did the ſame.
Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers,
Firſt mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE

A TRUE STORY OF AN APPARITION.

SCEPTICKS (whoſe ſtrength of argument makes out
That wiſdom's deep enquiries end in doubt)
Hold this aſſertion poſitive and clear,
That ſprites are pure deluſions, rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghoſt, which in preſaging ſound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary ſhade,
Theſe ever-doubting diſputants perſuade.
Straight they with ſmiles reply, Theſe tales of old
By viſionary Prieſts were made and told.
Oh, might ſome ghoſt at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your ſneers my eaſy faith accuſe,
Which with ſuch idle legends ſcares the Muſe:
But think not that I tell thoſe vulgar ſprights,
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights,
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headleſs horſes drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghoſts, by faucer eye-balls known,
The common ſpectres of each country-town.
No, I ſuch fables can like you deſpiſe,
And laugh to hear theſe nurſe-invented lies.
Yet has not oft' the fraudful guardian's fright
Impell'd him to reſtore an orphan's right?

And

And can we doubt that horrid ghoſts aſcend,
Which on the conſcious murderer's ſteps attend?
Hear then, and let atteſted truth prevail;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's foreſt ſpreads its limits wide,
Whoſe branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A traveler took his ſolitary way,
When low beneath the hills was ſunk the day.
And now the ſkies with gathering darkneſs lour,
The branches ruſtle with the threaten'd ſhower;
With ſudden blaſts the foreſt murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the ſable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempeſt roars,
And heaven diſcharges all its watery ſtores.
The wandering traveler ſhelter ſeeks in vain,
And ſhrinks and ſhivers with the beating rain:
On his ſteed's neck the ſlacken'd bridle lay,
Who choſe with cautious ſtep th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noiſe foretold a village near.
At length from far a ſtream of light he ſees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he ſpeeds, and, as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domeſtic flame
That trembled through the window; croſs the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and ſtands at bay.

It was an antient lonely houſe, that ſtood
Upon the borders of the ſpacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements ariſe,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies.

Some

Some Lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chace the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands:
Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and every bed in use.
What not a garret, and no straw to spare?
Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the servant's right,
Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.
Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest;
Our haunted room was ever held the best:
If then your valour can the fright sustain
Of rattling curtains and the [illegible] chairs;
If your courageous tongue [illegible] to cast,
When round your [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible];
If you dare all it, [illegible] it [illegible]
I'll [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the room.
[illegible]
[illegible]

And now they gain'd the winding ſtairs' aſcent,
And to the loneſome room of terrors went.
When all was ready, ſwift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuck'd warm in bed was laid
The hardy ſtranger, and attends the ſprite
Till his accuſtom'd walk at dead of night.

At firſt he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the looſe lock, and ſwing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful ſound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo, the ſpectre came with horrid ſtride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghaſtful phantom ſtood,
Expos'd his mangled boſom dy'd with blood.
Then, ſilent pointing to his wounded breaſt,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted gueſt
The bed-cords trembled, and with ſhuddering fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high roſe his briſtled hair;
Then muttering haſty prayers, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art.
The ſtalking ghoſt with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted ſince with mortal eyes
I ſaw the ſun, and vital air reſpir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within theſe walls I ſlept. O thirſt of gain!
See, ſtill the planks the bloody mark retain.
Stretch'd on this very bed, from ſleep I ſtart,
And ſee the ſteel impending o'er my heart;
The barbarous hoſteſs [illegible] lifted knife,
The floor ran purple [illegible] guſhing life.

My

My treaſure now they ſeize, the golden ſpoil
They bury deep beneath the graſs-grown ſoil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, ariſe,
My ſteps ſhall lead thee to the ſecret prize;
There dig, and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on juſtice, bid her not retard
To puniſh murder; lay my ghoſt at reſt:
So ſhall with peace ſecure thy nights be bleſt;
And, when beneath theſe boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in ſome ſacred ground.
Here ceas'd the ghoſt. The ſtranger ſprings from bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led:
The half-worn ſtony ſtairs they now deſcend,
Where paſſages obſcure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now through groves they paſs,
Now through wet meads their ſteps imprint the graſs.
At length amidſt a ſpacious field they came:
There ſtops the ſpectre, and aſcends in flame.
Amaz'd he ſtood, no buſh or brier was found,
To teach his morning ſearch to find the ground.
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear ſhook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
With that he ſtarting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.
What is the ſtateſman's vaſt ambitious ſcheme,
But a ſhort viſion, and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title, elevate his hope;
He wakes: but, for a garter, finds a rope.

THE

THE

MAD-DOG.

A TALE.

A PRUDE, at morn and evening prayer,
Had worn her velvet-cuſhion bare;
Upward ſhe taught her eyes to roll,
As if ſhe watch'd her ſoaring ſoul;
And, when devotion warm'd the croud,
None ſung, or ſmote their breaſt ſo loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre ſigns of grace.
Her maſs-book was compleatly lin'd
With painted Saints of various kind:
But, when in every page ſhe view'd
Fine Ladies who the fleſh ſubdued,
As quick her beads ſhe counted o'er,
She cry'd — Such wonders are no more!
She choſe not to delay confeſſion,
To bear at once a year's tranſgreſſion;
But every week ſet all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with Heaven.
Behold her now in humble guiſe,
Upon her knees with down-caſt eyes

Before the Prieſt: ſhe thus begins,
And ſobbing, blubbers-forth her ſins:
"Who could that tempting man reſiſt?
"My virtue languiſh'd, as he kiſs'd;
"I ſtrove — till I could ſtrive no longer:
"How can the weak ſubdue the ſtronger?"
The Father aſk'd her where and when?
How many? and what ſort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft' the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I ſeen a pregnant wench
All fluſh'd with guilt before the bench:
The Judges [illegible] wanton thought;
[illegible] of her fault:
They [illegible] the [illegible] at her ſhame.
[illegible] all things by name
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] good,
[illegible] her blood.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The

The Prieſt, who female frailties pity'd,
Firſt chid her, then her ſins remitted.
But did ſhe now her crime bemoan
In penitential ſheets alone?
And was no bold, no beaſtly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow?
No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conſcious of her love.
Confeſſion-day was come about,
And now again it all muſt out.
She ſeems to wipe her twinkling eyes:
"What now, my child?" the Father cries.
"Again!" ſays ſhe.—With threatening looks,
He thus the proſtrate dame rebukes:
"Madam, I grant there 's ſomething in it,
"That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
"But pray now tell me what are whores,
"But women of unguarded hours?
"Then you muſt ſure have loſt all ſhame.
"What! every day, and ſtill the ſame,
"And no fault elſe! 'tis ſtrange to find
"A woman to one ſin confin'd!
"Pride is this day her darling paſſion,
"The next day Slander is in faſhion;
"Gaming ſucceeds; if Fortune croſſes,
"Then Virtue 's mortgag'd for her loſſes;
"By uſe her favourite vice ſhe loaths,
"And loves new follies like new cloaths:
"But you, beyond all thought unchaſte,
"Have all ſin center'd near your waiſt!

" Whence is this appetite ſo ſtrong?
" Say, Madam, did your mother long?
" Or is it luxury and high diet
" That won't let virtue ſleep in quiet?"
She tells him now, with meekeſt voice,
That ſhe had never err'd by choice;
Nor was there known a virgin chaſter,
Till ruin'd by a ſad diſaſter.
That ſhe a favourite lap-dog had,
Which (as ſhe ſtroak'd and kiſs'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
Firſt ſet her youthful blood fermenting.
The Prieſt reply'd, with zealous fury,
" You ſhould have ſought the means to cure ye.
" Doctors by various ways, we find,
" Treat theſe diſtempers of the mind.
" Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
" To her who raves with ſcornful pride;
" And, if religion crack her notions,
" Lock-up her volumes of devotions;
" But, if for man her rage prevail,
" Bar her the ſight of creatures male.
" Or elſe, to cure ſuch venom'd bites,
" And ſet the ſhatter'd thoughts arights;
" They ſend you to the ocean's ſhore,
" And plunge the patient o'er and o'er."
The dame reply'd, " Alas! in vain
" My kindred forc'd me to the main;
" Naked, and in the face of day:
Look not, ye fiſhermen, this way!

" What

" What virgin had not done as I did?
" My modeſt hand, by nature guided,
" Debarr'd at once from human eyes
" The ſeat where female honour lies;
" And, though thrice dipt from top to toe,
" I ſtill ſecur'd the poſt below,
" And guarded it with graſp ſo faſt
" Not one drop through my fingers paſt.
" Thus owe I to my baſhful care,
" That all the rage is ſettled there."

Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, Reader, canſt thou find
The man from madneſs wholly free?
They all are mad — ſave you and me.
Do not the ſtateſman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they 're bit?
And, when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part ſtill kept above the tide?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers ſave:
Thoſe hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive:
Or, more expert in pilfering vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge-in a courtier; ſtrait his fears
Direct his hands to ſtop his ears.
And now truth ſeems a grating noiſe,
He loves the ſlanderer's whiſpering voice;

He hangs on flattery with delight,
And thinks all fulſome praiſe is right.
All women dread a watery death:
They ſhut their lips, to hold their breath;
And, though you duck them ne'er ſo long,
Not one ſalt drop e'er wets their tongue:
'Tis hence they ſcandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies ſtill.

THE

THE

QUIDNUNKI'S:

A

TALE.

OCCASIONED

By the DEATH of the DUKE REGENT of FRANCE.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours?
(Said, at dame Elliot's *, maſter Travers)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh, may all ſtateſmen die prepar'd!
I do foreſee (and for fore-ſeeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be diſbanded.
— I wiſh the King were ſafely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land;
All France and England at a ſtand!
There 's Meroweis — mark! ſtrange work!
And there 's the Czar, and there 's the Turk;
The Pope — An India merchant by,
Cut ſhort the ſpeech with this reply:
"*All* at a ſtand? You ſee great changes?
"Ah, Sir! you never ſaw the Ganges.
"There dwell the nations of Quidnunki's
"(So Monomotapa calls monkies):

* A coffee-houſe near St. James's.

" On either bank, from bough to bough,
" They meet and chat (as we may now).
" Whiſpers go round, they grin, they ſhrug,
" They bow, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they hug;
" And, juſt as chance or whim provoke them,
" They either bite their friends, or ſtroke them.
" There have I ſeen ſome active prig,
" To ſhew his parts, beſtride a twig:
" Lord! how the chattering tribe admire,
" Not that he 's wiſer, but he 's higher:
" All long to try the venturous thing
" (For power is but to have one's ſwing);
" From ſide to ſide he ſprings, he ſpurns,
" And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
" Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
" Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
" Down the ſwift ſtream the wretch is borne;
" Never, ah never, to return!
" Zounds! what a fall had our dear brother;
" Morbleu! cries one; and Damme! t'other.
" The nations give a general ſcreech;
" None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
" Each trembles for the public weal,
" And for a while forgets to ſteal.
" A while, all eyes, intent and ſteddy,
" Purſue him, whirling down the eddy.
" But, out of mind when out of view,
" Some other mounts the twig anew;
" And buſineſs, on each monkey-ſhore,
" Runs the ſame track it went before."

FABLES.

IN TWO PARTS.

" Shall not my Fables cenſure vice,
" Becauſe a knave is over-nice? —
" If I laſh vice in general fiction,
" Is 't I apply, or ſelf-conviction?
" Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
" If men in morals are the ſame?
" I no man call or ape or aſs;
" 'Tis his own conſcience holds the glaſs.
" Thus void of all offence I write:
" Who claims the Fable, knows his right."

PROL. TO SHEP. WEEK.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

PART THE FIRST.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;

In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners, weigh'd?
The Shepherd modeſtly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple Nature drain'd;

Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry:
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In converſation overbear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.

Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent-kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And, from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

TO HIS HIGHNESS

WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

THE LION, THE TIGER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in theſe TALES mankind ſurvey;
With early virtues plant your breaſt,
The ſpecious arts of vice deteſt.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are ſtrangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praiſe betimes,
For flattery 's the nurſe of crimes:
Friendſhip by ſweet reproof is ſhown
(A virtue never near a throne):
In courts ſuch freedom muſt offend;
There none preſumes to be a friend.
To thoſe of your exalted ſtation,
Each courtier is a dedication.
Muſt I, too, flatter like the reſt,
And turn my morals to a jeſt?
The Muſe diſdains to ſteal from thoſe
Who thrive in courts by fulſome proſe.
But ſhall I hide your real praiſe,
Or tell you what a nation ſays?
They in your infant boſom trace
The virtues of your royal race;

In

In the fair dawning of your mind,
Diſcern you generous, mild, and kind:
They ſee you grieve to hear diſtreſs,
And pant already to redreſs.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we juſtly may preſage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage ſhall your boſom fire,
And future actions own your ſire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to ſave.
A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The proſtrate game a Lion ſpies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar reſounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, diſtil with blood;
Till, vanquiſh'd by the Lion's ſtrength,
The ſpotted Foe extends his length.
The Man beſought the ſhaggy Lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus beſpoke his gueſt:
" What hardy beaſt ſhall dare conteſt
" My matchleſs ſtrength? You ſaw the fight,
" And muſt atteſt my power and right.
" Forc'd to forego their native home,
" My ſtarving ſlaves at diſtance roam.

" Within

" Within theſe woods I reign alone;
" The boundleſs foreſt is my own.
" Bears, wolves, and all the ſavage brood,
" Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
" Theſe carcaſſes on either hand,
" Thoſe bones that whiten all the land,
" My former deeds and triumphs tell,
" Beneath theſe jaws what numbers fell."
" True," ſays the Man, " the ſtrength I ſaw
" Might well the brutal nation awe;
" But ſhall a monarch, brave, like you,
" Place glory in ſo falſe a view?
" Robbers invade their neighbours' right.
" Be lov'd; let juſtice bound your might.
" Mean are ambitious heroes' boaſts
" Of waſted lands and ſlaughter'd hoſts.
" Pirates their power by murders gain;
" Wiſe kings by love and mercy reign.
" To me your clemency hath ſhown
" The virtue worthy of a throne.
" Heaven gives you power above the reſt,
" Like Heaven, to ſuccour the diſtreſt."
" The caſe is plain," the monarch ſaid;
" Falſe glory hath my youth miſled;
" For beaſts of prey, a ſervile train,
" Have been the flatterers of my reign.
" You reaſon well. Yet tell me, friend,
" Did ever you in courts attend?
" For all my fawning rogues agree,
" That human heroes rule like me."

FABLE II.

THE SPANIEL AND THE CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt Correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to diſobey command,
In pamper'd eaſe his hours were ſpent:
He never knew what Learning meant.
Such forward airs, ſo pert, ſo ſmart,
Were ſure to win his lady's heart;
Each little miſchief gain'd him praiſe;
How pretty were his fawning ways!
The wind was ſouth, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the ſofteſt ground;
When near him a Cameleon ſeen,
Was ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the green.
"Dear emblem of the flattering hoſt,
"What, live with clowns! a genius loſt!
"To cities and the court repair;
"A fortune cannot fail thee there:
"Preferments ſhall thy talents crown;
"Believe me, Friend; I know the Town."
"Sir," ſays the Sycophant, "like you,
"Of old, politer life I knew:

Like

" Like you, a courtier born and bred,
" Kings lean'd their ear to what I ſaid.
" My whiſper always met ſucceſs;
" The ladies prais'd me for addreſs.
" I knew to hit each courtier's paſſion,
" And flatter'd every vice in faſhion.
" But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
" At once cut ſhort my proſperous days,
" And, ſentenc'd to retain my nature,
" Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
" Doom'd to a life obſcure and mean,
" I wander in the ſylvan ſcene:
" For Jove the heart alone regards;
" He puniſhes what man rewards.
" How different is thy caſe and mine!
" With men at leaſt you ſup and dine;
" While I, condemn'd to thinneſt fare,
" Like thoſe I flatter'd, feed on air."

FABLE III.

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

GIVE me a ſon. The bleſſing ſent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half ſo fair and wiſe.
Wak'd to the morning's pleaſing care,
The mother roſe, and ſought her heir.

She saw the Nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.
"Sure some disaster has befell!
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well."
"Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisibly the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose?
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See, here, a shocking aukward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature!"
"The woman 's blind, the Mother cries;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes."
"Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here."
Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the key-hole swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
"Whence sprung the vain conceited lye,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shewn,
Like you, we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who 'd give her booby for another?
And, should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed."

FABLE

FABLE IV.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

AS Jupiter's all-ſeeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the ſky,
From this ſmall ſpeck of earth were ſent
Murmurs and ſounds of diſcontent;
For every thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardeſt life ſuſtain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word,
Before him ſtands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from Heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.
"Ungrateful creatures! whence ariſe
Theſe murmurs which offend the ſkies?
Why this diſorder? ſay the cauſe;
For juſt are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his diſcontent reveal;
To yon' four Dog I firſt appeal."
"Hard is my lot, the Hound replies;
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary ſtep and ſlow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
The morning ſees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the ſetting-ſun."

" When (ſays the Greyhound) I purſue,
My game is loſt, or caught in view;
Beyond my ſight the prey 's ſecure;
The Hound is ſlow, but always ſure;
And, had I his ſagacious ſcent,
Jove ne er had heard my diſcontent."
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whoſe wings were rapid, ſtrong, and light:
The Pigeon ſtrength of wing deſpis'd,
And the Cock's matchleſs valour priz'd.
The Fiſhes wiſh'd to graze the plain;
The Beaſts, to ſkim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's ſtate,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
The Bird of Heaven then cry'd aloud:
" Jove bids diſperſe the murmuring crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious Mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What! ſilent all, and none conſent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the reſtleſs mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind."

FABLE

FABLE V.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

AGAINST an elm a ſheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
The patient flock, in ſilent fright,
From far beheld the horrid ſight.
A ſavage Boar, who near them ſtood,
Thus mock'd to ſcorn the fleecy brood.
" All cowards ſhould be ſerv'd like you.
See, ſee your murderer is in view:
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He ſtrips the ſkin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd ſires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmleſs lambs,
Call for revenge. O ſtupid Race!
The heart that wants revenge is baſe."
" I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of ſoul ſo tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Inſenſible of every ill,
Becauſe we want thy tuſks to kill.
Know, thoſe, who violence purſue,
Give to themſelves the vengeance due;
For in theſe maſſacres they find
The two chief plagues that waſte mankind.

Our ſkin ſupplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their ſlumbering ſons to war;
And well Revenge may reſt contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented."

FABLE VI.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window ſhakes,
With ſudden ſtart the Miſer wakes;
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the cheſt with treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt;
By conſcience ſtung, he wildly ſtares,
And thus his guilty ſoul declares:
"Had the deep earth her ſtores confin'd,
This heart had known ſweet peace of mind.
But virtue's ſold. Good Gods! what price
Can recompenſe the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! ſeducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold baniſh'd honour from the mind,
only left the name behind;
w'd the world with every ill;
ught the murderer's ſword to kill:

'Twas

'Twas gold inſtructed coward-hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on earth no more!"
He ſpoke, and ſigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him ſtood.
The Miſer, trembling, lock'd his cheſt;
The Viſion frown'd, and thus addreſs'd:
"Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each ſordid raſcal's daily cant?
Did I, baſe wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault 's in thy rapacious mind.
Becauſe my bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n Virtue's ſelf by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And Power (when lodg'd in their poſſeſſion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreſſion.
Thus, when the villain crams his cheſt,
Gold is the canker of the breaſt;
'Tis avarice, inſolence, and pride,
And every ſhocking vice beſide:
But, when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes, like the dews of Heaven:
Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold ſhall Miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid ſouls for pay?
Let bravoes, then, when blood is ſpilt,
Upbraid the paſſive ſoul with guilt."

FABLE VII.

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE.

A LION, tir'd with ſtate-affairs,
Quite ſick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Reſolv'd (remote from noiſe and ſtrife)
In peace to paſs his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was ſet;
Behold the general council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers, bend,
And ſtrive who moſt ſhall condeſcend.
He ſtraight aſſumes a ſolemn grace,
Collects his wiſdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his ſenſe;
Each word hath weight and conſequence.
The flatterer all his art diſplays:
He who hath power is ſure of praiſe.
A Fox ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the ſervile throng addreſt:
"How vaſt his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honeſt ſchool!
What clemency his temper ſways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine ſhall ceaſe to waſte the land.
His brain hath ſtratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.

What bleſſings muſt attend the nation
Under this good adminiſtration!"
He ſaid. A Gooſe, who diſtant ſtood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
"Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me ſhun his worthy friend.
What praiſe! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who ſpoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wiſe;
If they enjoy the ſweets, 'tis plain
We Geeſe muſt feel a tyrant-reign.
What havock now ſhall thin our race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taſte, and ſeem polite,
Will feed on Geeſe both noon and night!"

FABLE VIII.

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

WHAT whiſpers muſt the Beauty bear!
What hourly nonſenſe haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes diſpenſe their charms,
Impertinence around her ſwarms.
Did not the tender nonſenſe ſtrike,
Contempt and ſcorn might look diſlike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The ſlighteſt flap a fly can chace:
But who can drive the numerous breed?
Chace one, another will ſucceed.

Who knows a fool, muſt know his brother;
One ſop will recommend another:
And with this plague ſhe 's rightly curſt,
Becauſe ſhe liſten'd to the firſt.
As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sate meditating on her beauty,
She now was penſive, now was gay,
And loll'd the ſultry hours away.
As thus in indolence ſhe lies,
A giddy Waſp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aſpires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulſe he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and ſipt the dew.
She frowns; ſhe frets. "Good Gods! ſhe cries,
Protect me from theſe teazing flies!
Of all the plagues that Heaven hath ſent,
A Waſp is moſt impertinent."
The hovering inſect thus complain'd;
"Am I then ſlighted, ſcorn'd, diſdain'd?
Can ſuch offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold miſtake.
Thoſe cherry-lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek ſo ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with ſtrong deſire purſue
The faireſt peach that ever grew."
"Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Waſps like vulgar flies;

For though he 's free (to do him right),
The creature 's civil and polite."
In ecſtaſies away he poſts;
Where'er he came, the favour boaſts;
Brags how her ſweeteſt tea he ſips,
And ſhows the ſugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of ſucceſs, away they flew:
They ſhare the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy muſic play:
And now they flutter, now they reſt,
Now ſoar again, and ſkim her breaſt.
Nor were they baniſh'd, till ſhe found
That Waſps have ſtings, and felt the wound.

FABLE IX.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your favourite boy?
Each caution, every care employ;
And, ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and ſcope;
On theſe depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A Maſtiff paſs'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſhot indignant fire.
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirſt of blood.
Spurning the ground, the monarch ſtood,

And

FABLE X.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER.

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown ſeas to unknown ſoils,
With various wonders feaſts his ſight:
What ſtranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in deſcription view
Creatures which Adam never knew;
For, when we riſk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Thoſe things that ſtartle me or you
I grant are ſtrange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For ſcience and for ſenſe renown'd?
Borri records their ſtrength of parts,
Extent of thought, and ſkill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And ſave the ſtate the hangman's fees;
And how by travel underſtand
The language of another land.
Let thoſe, who queſtion this report,
To Pliny's ancient page reſort.
How learn'd was that ſagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read?
As one of theſe, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a ſhop of learning o'er,
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding,

A book

He, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
Contemns their baſe reviling ſpirit;
His ſtate and dignity aſſumes,
And to the ſun diſplays his plumes,
Which, like the Heavens' o'er-arching ſkies,
Are ſpangled with a thouſand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled ſight;
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their ſpleen by turns.
" Mark with what inſolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty ſtride,
The Turkey cries. Can ſpleen contain?
Sure never bird was half ſo vain!
But, were intrinſic merit ſeen,
We Turkeys have the whiter ſkin."
From tongue to tongue they caught abuſe;
And next was heard the hiſſing Gooſe:
" What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I ſcorn to cenſure little flaws.
Then what a horrid ſqualling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note."
" True. Thoſe are faults, the Peacock cries;
My ſcream, my ſhanks, you may deſpiſe;
But ſuch blind critics rail in vain.
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your ſcorn and ſport)
The Turkey or the Gooſe ſupport,
And did ye ſcream with harſher ſound,
Thoſe faults in you had ne'er been found:

To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.
  Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
  Employ'd the lesser powers of Love,
Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
  Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the God: "Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband 's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply:
He loves command and due restriction;
And she as well likes contradiction:

She never ſlaviſhly ſubmits;
She 'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, ſhe th' other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cauſe.
Nothing can ſave him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of courſe."

"When, ſays the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly ſpend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For ſettlements the lawyer 's fee'd;
Is my hand witneſs to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me."

Plutus appear'd, and ſaid, "'Tis true,
In marriage, gold is all their view;
They ſeek not beauty, wit, or ſenſe,
And love is ſeldom the pretence.
All offer incenſe at my ſhrine,
And I alone the bargain ſign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only aſk'd a great eſtate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord muſt give her title too:
And every man, or rich or poor,
A fortune aſks, and aſks no more."

Avarice, whatever ſhape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its cares.

FABLE

FABLE XIII.

THE TAME STAG.

AS a young Stag the thicket paſt,
The branches held his antlers faſt.
A clown, who ſaw the captive hung,
Acroſs the horns his halter flung.
Now ſafely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the preſent to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How ſleek 's the ſkin! how ſpeck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was ſo charming!
At firſt within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And diſtant awe, preſumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He ſteals my little maſter's bread,
Follows the ſervants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he ſtands,
To feel the praiſe of patting hands;
Examines every fiſt for meat,
And, though repuls'd, diſdains retreat;
Attacks again with level'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, ſcorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When firſt a Redcoat is in ſight;
Behind the door ſhe hides her face,
Next time at diſtance eyes the lace:
She now can all his terrors ſtand,
Nor from his ſqueeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every ſoldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent ſhe ſpreads her flame;
For cuſtom conquers fear and ſhame.

FABLE XIV.

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes;
For men in diſtant regions roam,
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune ſerves to make us wiſe.
At length the treacherous ſnare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught; to Town convey'd;
There ſold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.

In

In visits too, his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;
But all, with envy and desire,
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flattery deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.

Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to ſpatter merit;
Scandal is converſation's ſpirit.
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents ſhall commend.
I knew the great. Obſerve me right;
So ſhall you grow, like man, polite.
He ſpoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applauſe.
Now, warm'd with malice, envy, ſpite,
Their moſt obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practiſe new miſchiefs all their days.
Thus the dull lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores, and ſwears;
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep foreſt took his way;
Drawn by the muſic of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the ſweet alternate notes;

But,

But, where he paſt, he terror threw,
The ſong broke ſhort, the warblers flew;
The thruſhes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his ſight;
All animals before him ran,
To ſhun the hateful ſight of man.
Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature!
As thus he walk'd in muſing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious ſtep he nearer drew,
By the thick ſhade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a pheaſant ſtood,
Around her all her liſtening brood;
Proud of the bleſſings of her neſt,
She thus a mother's care expreſs'd:
"No dangers here ſhall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture truſt
Than man, of animals the worſt.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The ſheep, whoſe annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and ſerve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel ſhambles ſlain.
The ſwarms who, with induſtrious ſkill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole ſummer-days employ'd,
Their ſtores are ſold, the race deſtroy'd.

What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways,
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted."

FABLE XVI.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd:
But could she partial Fortune blame,
Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?
At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach:

Here,

Here, there, by various fortune toſt,
At laſt in Greſham-hall was loſt.
Charm'd with the wonders of the ſhow,
On every ſide, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires,
What leaſt was underſtood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing ſo ſtruck her mind,
Her head 's of virtuoſo kind.
" And pray what 's this, and this, dear Sir?"
" A Needle," ſays th' interpreter.
She knew the name; and thus the fool
Addreſs'd her as a tailor's tool.
" A Needle with that filthy ſtone,
Quite idle, all with ruſt o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the ſempſtreſs in her arts;
But tell me how the friendſhip grew
Between that paltry flint and you."
" Friend, ſays the Needle, ceaſe to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'ſt thou the loadſtone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake:
Who then can ſuch a friend forſake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To ſhun the rocks and treacherous ſand:
By me the diſtant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread,

And

And drudg'd as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more conſequence than you."

FABLE XVII.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood ſecure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the ſhepherd's wakeful care
Had ſpread the toils, and watch'd the ſnare;
In vain the Dog purſued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.
As Lightfoot rang'd the foreſt round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
Let us a while the war ſuſpend,
And reaſon as from friend to friend.
"A truce?" replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.
"How can that ſtrong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceleſs kind?
Thoſe jaws ſhould prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great ſouls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmleſs is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy ſpare."
"Friend, ſays the Wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature deſign'd us beaſts of prey;

As

As ſuch, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis neceſſary wolves ſhould eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy boſom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beſeech;
To him repeat the moving ſpeech:
A Wolf eats ſheep but now and then,
Ten thouſands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curſe,
But a pretended friend is worſe."

FABLE XVIII.

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY.

LEST men ſuſpect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er thoſe bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
But flattery never ſeems abſurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impoſſibilities ſeem juſt;
They take the ſtrongeſt praiſe on truſt.
Hyperboles, though ne'er ſo great,
Will ſtill come ſhort of ſelf-conceit.
So very like a Painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew;

He hit complexion, feature, air,
So juſt, the life itſelf was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom reſtor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muſcle all its ſtrength;
The mouth, the chin, the noſe's length;
His honeſt pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He loſt his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth ſhould not always be reveal'd:
In duſty piles his pictures lay,
For no one ſent the ſecond pay.
Two buſtos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; reſolv'd to pleaſe,
Whoever ſat he drew from theſe,
From theſe corrected every feature,
And ſpirited each aukward creature.
All things were ſet; the hour was come,
His palette ready o'er his thumb.
My Lord appear'd; and, ſeated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he ſketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Thoſe eyes, my Lord, the ſpirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with ſenſe and wit,
You 'll grant, are very hard to hit;

But

But yet with patience you ſhall view
As much as paint and art can do."
Obſerve the work. My Lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Beſides, my noſe is ſomewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
"Oh! pardon me, the artiſt cry'd;
In this, we Painters muſt decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes muſt ſtrike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My Lord examin'd it a-new;
No looking-glaſs ſeem'd half ſo true.
A lady came; with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age ſome charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almoſt content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His cuſtom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeneſs ſhown,
Would any man the picture own?
But, when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeneſs in his thought.

FABLE XIX.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and baſe!

Theſe

Theſe cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from ſuperior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And loſe their hours in ale and ſmoke.
There o'er ſome petty club preſide;
So poor, ſo paltry, is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will ſit,
In hopes to be ſupreme in wit.
If theſe can read, to theſe I write,
To ſet their worth in trueſt light.

A Lion-cub, of ſordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applauſe, he ſought the feaſts
Of vulgar and ignoble beaſts;
With aſſes all his time he ſpent,
Their club's perpetual preſident.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An aſs in every thing but ears!
If e'er his Highneſs meant a joke,
They grinn'd applauſe before he ſpoke;
But at each word what ſhouts of praiſe!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flattery and conceit,
He ſeeks his royal ſire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to ſhow his parts,
His Highneſs brays; the Lion ſtarts.

"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and converſation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noiſy race,
Are trumpets of their own diſgrace."

"V

"Why ſo ſevere? the Cub replies;
Our ſenate always held me wiſe."
"How weak is pride! returns the ſire:
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what ſtupid aſſes prize,
Lions and noble beaſts deſpiſe."

FABLE XX.

THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

RESTRAIN your child; you 'll ſoon believe
The text which ſays we ſprung from Eve.
As an old Hen led forth her train,
And ſeem'd to peck to ſhow the grain,
She rak'd the chaff, ſhe ſcratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the ſpacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin ſprings,
And prone ſhe drops. The mother's breaſt
All day with ſorrow was poſſeſt.
A Cock ſhe met; her ſon ſhe knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
"My Son, ſays ſhe, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I ſee you vigorous, ſtrong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon' well; that fatal place
Is ſure perdition to our race.

Print this my counſel on thy breaſt;
To the juſt gods I leave the reſt."
He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His boſom burn'd to diſobey,
And every time the well he ſaw,
Scorn'd in his heart the fooliſh law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.
"Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears deſpiſe.
Or did ſhe doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harveſt ſtore the place
A treaſure for her younger race?
And would ſhe thus my ſearch prevent?
I ſtand reſolv'd, and dare th' event."
Thus ſaid, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He ſtretch'd his neck; and from below
With ſtretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat anſwer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But, when the watery death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:
"I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my Mother's prohibition."

FABLE

FABLE XXI.

THE RAT-CATCHER AND CATS.

THE rats by night ſuch miſchief did,
Betty was every morning chid:
They undermin'd whole ſides of bacon,
Her cheeſe was ſapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her paſties, fenc'd with thickeſt paſte,
Were all demoliſh'd and laid waſte:
She curs'd the Cat, for want of duty,
Who left her foes a conſtant booty.
An engineer, of noted ſkill,
Engag'd to ſtop the growing ill.
From room to room he now ſurveys
Their haunts, their works, their ſecret ways;
Finds where they 'ſcape an ambuſcade,
And whence the nightly ſally 's made.
An envious Cat from place to place,
Unſeen, attends his ſilent pace:
She ſaw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race muſt be undone;
So ſecretly removes his baits,
And every ſtratagem defeats.
Again he ſets the poiſon'd toils;
And Puſs again the labour foils.
"What foe (to fruſtrate my deſigns)
My ſchemes thus nightly countermines?
Incens'd, he cries, this very hour
The wretch ſhall bleed beneath my power."

So ſaid, a ponderous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puſs was caught.
"Smuggler, ſays he, thou ſhalt be made
A victim to our loſs of trade."
The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom ſues.
"A ſiſter of the ſcience ſpare;
One intereſt is our common care."
"What inſolence! the Man reply'd;
Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguiſh'd, or expell'd the land,
We Rat-catchers might raiſe our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheeſe!"
A Cat, who ſaw the lifted knife,
Thus ſpoke, and ſav'd her ſiſter's life.
"In every age and clime, we ſee,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
'Squire ſtigmatizes 'ſquire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And ſcandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings, too, their neighbour-kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own:
But let us limit our deſires,
Not war like beauties, kings, and 'ſquires;
For, though we both one prey purſue,
There 's game enough for us and you."

FABLE XXII.

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'TIS certain that the modiſh paſſions
Deſcend among the crowd like faſhions.
Excuſe me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, aſſes, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I ſay that theſe are proud: what then?
I never ſaid they equal men.
A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected ſingularity:
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention ſtood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
"I hate my frowzy beard, he cries,
My youth is loſt in this diſguiſe.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this reverend figure."
Reſolv'd to ſmooth his ſhaggy face,
He ſought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, ſpruce and ſmart,
Hard-by, profeſs'd the dapper art;
His pole with pewter-baſons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order ſtrung,

Rang'd cups, that in the window ſtood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood;
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who ſhav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And ſeats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, noſe, and cheek, the lather hides;
Light, ſmooth, and ſwift, the razor glides.
"I hope your cuſtom, Sir, ſays Pug.
Sure never face was half ſo ſmug!"
The Goat, impatient for applauſe,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws.
The ſhaggy people grinn'd, and ſtar'd.
"Heigh-day! what's here? without a beard!
Say, Brother, whence the dire diſgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"
When thus the fop, with ſmiles of ſcorn,
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muſcovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village ſtray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Inſulted with loud ſhouts of ſcorn,
By boys our beards diſgrac'd and torn?"
"Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reaſon well,"
Replies a bearded chief. "Beſide,
If boys can mortify thy pride,

How

How wilt thou ſtand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!"
  Coxcombs, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
To all but coxcombs are a jeſt.

FABLE XXIII.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

WHO friendſhip with a knave hath made,
  Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron, who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And, if a modeſt girl is ſeen
With one who cures a lover's ſpleen,
We gueſs her not extremely nice,
And only wiſh to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
  A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beſide a little ſmoaky flame
Sate hovering, pinch'd with age and froſt;
Her ſhrivel'd hands, with veins emboſs'd,
Upon her knees her weight ſuſtains,
While palſy ſhook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd ſcold of fourſcore years.
About her ſwarm'd a numerous brood
Of Cats, who, lank with hunger, mew'd.

Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus ſhe ſputter'd. "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, ſuch fiends, a helliſh train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noiſe;
Straws laid acroſs my pace retard,
The horſeſhoe's nail'd (each threſhold's guard);
The ſtunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I ſhould up and ride;
They ſtick with pins my bleeding ſeat,
And bid me ſhow my ſecret teat."
"To hear you prate, would vex a ſaint;
Who hath moſt reaſon of complaint?"
Replies a Cat. "Let 's come to proof.
Had we ne'er ſtarv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beaſts of chace.
'Tis infamy to ſerve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys againſt our lives combine,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid your Cats have nine."

FABLE

FABLE XXIV.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

ALL upſtarts, inſolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the ſunſhine of the morn
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sate proudly perking on a roſe,
With pert conceit his boſom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he diſplays; the ſpangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his houſe, with ſlimy trail,
Crawls o'er the graſs; whom when he ſpies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
"What means yon' peaſant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the ſoil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimſon hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feaſt his taſte deſign'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Cruſh then the ſlow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from diſgrace."

"What arrogance! the Snail reply'd;
How inſolent is upſtart pride!
Hadſt thou not thus, with inſult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the ſcum of earth:
For ſcarce nine ſuns have wak'd the hours,
To ſwell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life ſurvey'd,
In baſe, in ſordid guiſe array'd;
A hideous inſect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a ſlow and noiſome train;
And from your ſpider-bowels drew
Foul film, and ſpun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail ſhall end.
And what's a Butterfly? at beſt
He's but a caterpillar dreſt;
And all thy race (a numerous ſeed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

FABLE XXV.

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

THE huſband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in ſlander, lives in ſtrife.
Art thou the herald of diſgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which ſpares nor friend, nor ſex, nor age?

That

That vixen tongue of your's, my Dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual diſcord ſowing!
Like Fame, it gathers ſtrength by going."
"Heigh-day!" the flippant tongue replies,
"How ſolemn is the fool! how wiſe!
Is Nature's choiceſt gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praiſe his talk, his ſqualling ſong;
But wives are always in the wrong."
Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, huſſy, drunkard, flattern, whore;
On all the ſex ſhe vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:
All join their forces to confound her,
Puſs ſpits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels aſſaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outſcream'd her rage.
"A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are deſpis'd.

She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you ſtretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One ſlander muſt ten thouſand get;
The world with intereſt pays the debt.

FABLE XXVI.

THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A SNEAKING Cur, the maſter's ſpy,
Rewarded for his daily lye,
With ſecret jealouſies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puſs to-day was in diſgrace,
Another Cat ſupply'd her place;
The Hound was beat, the Maſtiff chid,
The Monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his deareſt friend grew ſhy,
And none could tell the reaſon why.
A plan to rob the houſe was laid:
The thief with love ſeduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and ſtroak'd his head,
And bought his ſecrecy with bread;
He next the Maſtiff's honour try'd,
Whoſe honeſt jaws the bribe defy'd;
He ſtretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The ſurly Dog his fingers tore.

Swift

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The Maſter took his information.
"Hang him, the villain 's curs'd," he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble ſuit preferr'd,
And begg'd in juſtice to be heard.
The Maſter ſate. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting ſtand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a Lawyer, aggravates.
"Judge not unheard, the Maſtiff cry'd,
But weigh the cauſe of either ſide.
Think not that treachery can be juſt;
Take not informers' words on truſt;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray."
He ſpoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Maſtiff clear'd.

FABLE XXVII.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"IS there no hope?" the ſick man ſaid.
The ſilent Doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave with ſigns of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gaſping breath;
"I feel the chilling wound of Death.

Since

Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion;
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.
The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need;
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply ſhown."
An Angel came. "Ah! Friend! he cry'd.
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action 's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere:

This

This inſtant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why ſuch haſte, the ſick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven deſigns?
Perhaps I may recover ſtill.
That ſum and more are in my will."
"Fool, ſays the Viſion, now 'tis plain
Your life, your ſoul, your Heaven, was gain.
From every ſide, with all your might,
You ſcrap'd, and ſcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there 's hope, he cry'd;
Then why ſuch haſte?" ſo groan'd, and dy'd.

FABLE XXVIII.

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whoſe every thought the God inſpires?
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, ſhe rails, ſhe raves, ſhe pines;
Her hiſſing ſnakes with venom ſwell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The ſervile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curll's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:
Thus ſhadow owes its birth to light.

As, proſtrate to the God of Day,
With heart devout, a Perſian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
" Parent of Light! all-ſeeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whoſe rays diſpenſe
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praiſe, our daily prayer;
Smile on our fields, and bleſs the year."
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with ſudden darkneſs hung;
With pride and envy ſwell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud.
" Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to ſhine.
Shall I nor vows nor incenſe know?
Where praiſe is due, the praiſe beſtow."
With fervent zeal the Perſian mov'd,
Thus the proud Calumny reprov'd.
" It was that God who claims my prayer
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy ſubſtance is but plainer ſhown:
A paſſing gale, a puff of wind,
Diſpels thy thickeſt troops combin'd."
The gale aroſe; the vapour toſt
(The ſport of winds) in air was loſt;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit ſhines.

FABLE

FABLE XXIX.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, ſick, and faint, expiring lay:
All appetite had left his maw,
And age diſarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him ſtand,
To learn their dying ſire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.
"Ah! Sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, ſee, the murder'd Geeſe appear!
Why are thoſe bleeding Turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken ſlain?"
The hungry Foxes round them ſtar'd,
And for the promis'd feaſt prepar'd.
"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor Turkey, Gooſe, nor Hen, is here.
Theſe are the phantoms of your brain;
And your ſons lick their lips in vain."
"O Gluttons! ſays the drooping Sire,
Reſtrain inordinate deſire.
Your liquoriſh taſte you ſhall deplore,
When peace of conſcience is no more.

Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns deſtroy our race?
Thieves dread the ſearching eye of power;
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us ſhall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happineſs attain,
Let honeſty your paſſions rein;
So live in credit and eſteem,
And the good name you loſt redeem."
"The counſel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you adviſe.
Think what our anceſtors have done;
A line of thieves from ſon to ſon.
To us deſcends the long diſgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmleſs ſheep, ſhould feed,
Honeſt in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-rooſt is decreas'd,
We ſhall be thought to ſhare the feaſt.
The change ſhall never be believ'd.
A loſt good name is ne'er retriev'd."
"Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clucks)
Go; but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

FABLE

FABLE XXX.

THE SETTING-DOG AND THE PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the ſtubble tries,
And ſearches every breeze that flies;
The ſcent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in ſilence, far behind,
Conſcious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wiſe,
The fraudful preparation ſpies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey ſprings, and ſeeks the wood;
But, ere her certain wing ſhe tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
"Thou fawning ſlave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, ſneaking cheat,
Of thy whole ſpecies thou diſgrace;
Dogs ſhould diſown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honeſt open hearts;
And, ere they ſerv'd man's wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends."
When thus the Dog, with ſcornful ſmile:
"Secure of wing, thou dar'ſt revile.
Clowns are to poliſh'd manners blind;
How ignorant is the ruſtic mind!

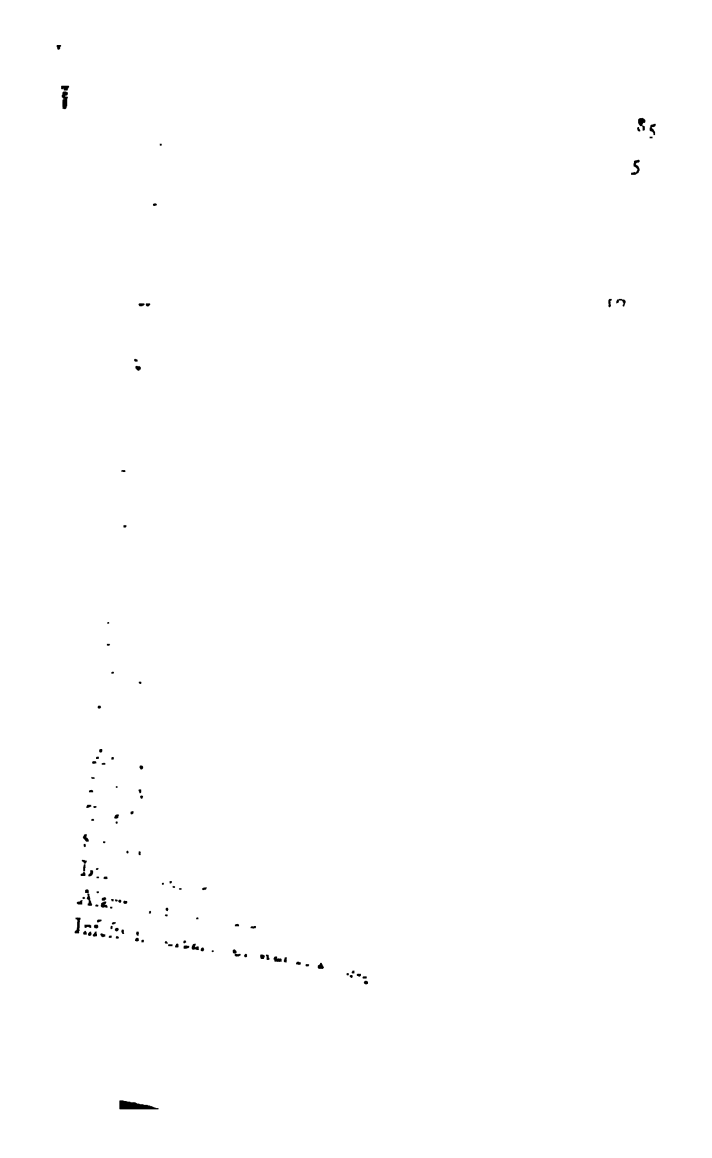
My worth ſagacious courtiers ſee,
And to preferment riſe, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty ſets,
Hath oft' enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend ſets his friend, without regard,
And miniſters his ſkill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways;
And growing favour feaſts my days."
"I might have gueſs'd, the Partridge ſaid,
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their maſter's vice.
You came from court, you ſay. Adieu!"
She ſaid, and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every paſſion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Diſeaſe his tainted blood aſſails;
His ſpirits droop, his vigour fails:
With ſecret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he penſive ſits,
And raves, and prays, and ſwears, by fits,
A ghaſtly Phantom, lean and wan,
Before him roſe, and thus began:

"My



How shall he chace this hideous guest?
Power may perhaps protect his rest.
To Power he rose. Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,
How Envy persecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost addrest:
"Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, should go before."

FABLE XXXII.

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

TWO formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat.
"How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where 's the respect to wisdom paid?

Our worth the Grecian ſages knew;
They gave our ſires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the ſeat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird."
" Brother, you reaſon well, replies
The ſolemn mate, with half-ſhut eyes.
Right. Athens was the ſeat of learning,
And truly wiſdom is diſcerning.
Beſides, on Pallas' helm we ſit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas! we 're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow 's more reſpected."
A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beſide,
O'erhears them ſooth each other's pride;
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:
" Who meets a fool muſt find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But every bird that wings the ſky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why:
From hence they taught their ſchools to know
How falſe we judge by outward ſhow;
That we ſhould never looks eſteem,
Since fools as wiſe as you might ſeem.
Would ye contempt and ſcorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be deſtroy'd:

Humble your arrogance of thought,
Purſue the ways by Nature taught:
So ſhall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praiſe your care;
So ſhall ſleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

FABLE XXXIII.

THE COURTIER AND PROTEUS.

WHENE'ER a Courtier's out of place,
The country ſhelters his diſgrace;
Where, doom'd to exerciſe and health,
His houſe and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new ſchemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's ſon, would fain be doing,
And ſighs for other realms to ruin.
As one of theſe (without his wand)
Penſive along the winding ſtrand
Employ'd the ſolitary hour,
In projects to regain his power,
The waves in ſpreading circles ran,
Proteus aroſe, and thus began.
"Came you from court? for in your mien
A ſelf-important air is ſeen."
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.
"Know,

"Know, ſays the God, by matchleſs ſkill
I change to every ſhape at will;
But yet, I 'm told, at court you ſee
Thoſe who preſume to rival me."
Thus ſaid: a Snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his ſcaly mail.
"Know, ſays the Man, though proud in place,
All Courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Baſk in the ſun, and fly the ſtorm;
With malice hiſs, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got luſtre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."
Sudden the God a Lion ſtands;
He ſhakes his mane, he ſpurns the ſands.
Now a fierce Lynx, with fiery glare;
A Wolf, an Aſs, a Fox, a Bear.
"Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might ſurprize;
But there, in queſt of daily game,
Each able Courtier acts the ſame;
Wolves, Lions, Lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the Bear's and Fox's part,
Now rob by force, now ſteal with art.
They ſometimes in the ſenate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beaſts of prey,
Down from the Lion to the Ape,
Practiſe the frauds of every ſhape."

So ſaid: upon the god he flies,
In cords the ſtruggling captive ties.
"Now, Proteus! now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confeſs thy art excell'd.
Uſe ſtrength, ſurprize, or what you will,
The Courtier finds evaſions ſtill;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lyes."

FABLE XXXIV.

THE MASTIFFS.

THOSE who in quarrels interpoſe,
Muſt often wipe a bloody noſe.
A Maſtiff, of true Engliſh blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were ſnarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpoſe obtain'd his end.
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The ſcars of honour ſeam'd his face;
In every limb a gaſh appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noiſy war,
Away he ſcours, and lays about him,
Reſolv'd no fray ſhould be without him.

Forth

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:
"A cudgel ſhall correct your manners:
Whence ſprung this curſed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your ſpite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."
To ſee the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher, vex'd,
Hoarſe-ſcreaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd Maſtiff cries aloud:
"Both Hockleyhole and Marybone
The combats of my dog have known:
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, raſh fool, to ſhare his fame;
Be his the honour, or the ſhame."
Thus ſaid, they ſwore, and rav'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their faſten'd dogs aſunder;
While clubs and kicks from every ſide
Rebounded from the Maſtiff's hide.
All reeking now with ſweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors ſtood;
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd and ſprawl'd below.
He roſe; and, limping from the fray,
By both ſides mangled, ſneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

HOW many ſaucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-ſtreet!
Proud rogues, who ſhar'd the South-ſea prey,
And ſprung like muſhrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condeſcend
To know a brother or a friend;
They bluſh to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expoſe their ſhame.
As croſs his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He ſtopp'd; and, leaning on his fork,
Obſerv'd the flail's inceſſant work.
In thought he meaſur'd all his ſtore,
His geeſe, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces ſhorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.
A Barley-mow, which ſtood beſide,
Thus to its muſing maſter cry'd:
"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and ſlight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raiſe your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus inſulted, thus diſgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?

Are

Are thoſe poor ſweepings of a groom,
That filthy ſight, that nauſeous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence;
A thing ſo mean muſt give offence."
The humble Dunghill thus reply'd:
"Thy maſter hears, and mocks thy pride:
Inſult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm aſſiſtance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadſt periſh'd low in earth;
But up-ſtarts, to ſupport their ſtation,
Cancel at once all obligation."

FABLE XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAGORAS roſe at early dawn,
By ſoaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way.
In muſing contemplation warm,
His ſteps miſled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmoſt round
A peaſant ſtood; the hammer's ſound
Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honeſt labour there?"
The Clown, with ſurly voice replies,
"Vengeance aloud for juſtice cries.

This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings diſplay'd:
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls ſhall future ſafety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns' refuſe fat the breed."

"Friend, ſays the Sage, the doom is wiſe;
For public good the murderer dies:
But, if theſe tyrants of the air
Demand a ſentence ſo ſevere,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feaſts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous ſinner,
Hadſt pullets yeſterday for dinner!"

"Hold, cry'd the Clown, with paſſion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures ſtor'd,
Man was ordain'd their ſovereign lord."

"Thus tyrants boaſt, the Sage reply'd,
Whoſe murders ſpring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is ſlain,
Thy greater luxury to ſuſtain;
For "Petty rogues ſubmit to Fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their ſtate *."

* Garth's Diſpenſary.

FABLE

FABLE XXXVII.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

WHY are thoſe tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other huſband dead?
Or does a worſe diſgrace betide?
Hath no one ſince his death apply'd?
Alas! you know the cauſe too well;
The ſalt is ſpilt, to me it fell;
Then, to contribute to my loſs,
My knife and fork were laid acroſs;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were ſafe at home in bed!
Laſt night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next poſt ſome fatal news ſhall tell:
God ſend my Corniſh friends be well!
Unhappy Widow, ceaſe thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy ſtomach be ſuſpended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner 's ended;
And, when the butler clears the table,
For thy deſert I 'll read my Fable.
Betwixt her ſwagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, ſtarting from her ſilver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her ſcream.

"Thou

"That Raven on yon' left-hand oak
(Curſe on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good." No more ſhe ſaid,
When poor blind Ball, with ſtumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her maſh'd eggs beſtrow'd the way.
She, ſprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, ſwore, and curs'd. "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreſon throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."
"Dame, quoth the Raven, ſpare your oaths,
Unclench your fiſt, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me thoſe curſes thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old ſure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the Hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good Woman, ſav'd your eggs."

FABLE XXXVIII.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

IN other men we faults can ſpy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little ſpeck and blemiſh find;
To our own ſtronger errors blind.

A Tur-

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forſook the barn, and ſought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my Birds! the Mother cries,
This hill delicious fare ſupplies;
Behold the buſy negroe race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is moſt delightful meat.
How bleſs'd, how envy'd, were our life,
Could we but 'ſcape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Chriſtmas ſhortens all our days.
Sometimes with oyſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſavoury chine;
From the low peaſant to the lord,
The Turkey ſmokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the ſeven deadly ſins the worſt."
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighbouring beech:
"Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill."

FABLE

FABLE XXXIX.

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing;
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods aſſent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view;
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
"Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my firſt hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aſpire,
Till he the ſtep of power aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a Father's bleſs'd."
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.
The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,

Heaps

Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheeks, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the God: "By outward ſhow
Men judge of happineſs and woe.
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that poſſeſt,
To Providence reſign the reſt."

FABLE XL.

THE TWO MONKEYS.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward ſhow deride;

The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the ſcience:
The Don, a formal ſolemn ſtrutter,
Deſpiſes Monſieur's airs and flutter;
While Monſieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and ſpeaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiſer than the reſt,
Laughs at them both, of both the jeſt.
Is not the Poet's chiming cloſe
Cenſur'd by all the ſons of Proſe?
While bards of quick imagination
Deſpiſe the ſleepy proſe narration.
Men laugh at apes: they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?
Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair;
No critics had a ſourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the ſhow,
And got by chance the foremoſt row.
To ſee their grave obſerving face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.
"Brother, ſays Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble 's monſtrouſly ill-bred."
Now through the booth loud hiſſes ran,
Nor ended till the ſhow began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With ſomerſets he ſhakes the ground;

The

The cord beneath the dancer ſprings;
Aloft in air the vaulter ſwings;
Diſtorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twiſted arms aſcends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the fight.
With ſmiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like theſe
The giant-apes of reaſon pleaſe,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They muſt adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I 've ſeen you cling,
Play, twiſt, and turn in airy ring:
How can thoſe clumſy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applauſe, we find
Theſe emulators of our kind
Diſcern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."
"Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wiſe:
While good example they purſue,
We muſt allow ſome praiſe is due;
But, when they ſtrain beyond their guide,
I laugh to ſcorn the mimic pride;
For how fantaſtic is the ſight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Becauſe we ſometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

FABLE XLI.

THE OWL AND THE FARMER.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was ſeldom ſeen,
Within a barn had choſe his ſtation,
As fit for prey and contemplation:
Upon a beam aloft he ſits,
And nods, and ſeems to think by fits.
So have I ſeen a man of news
Or Poſt-boy or Gazette peruſe,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on ſheaves hid all the floor:
At dawn of morn to view his ſtore
The Farmer came. The hooting gueſt
His ſelf-importance thus expreſt:
"Reaſon in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how ſhallow, is his ſenſe!
To treat with ſcorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his ſpite.
Then, too, how partial is his praiſe!
The lark's, the linnet's, chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine:
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wiſdom ſtamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to viſit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compoſe my train!

Lik

Like ſlaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of ſuperior kind."
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
"Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'ſt thou with that harſh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling ſong?
Indulge thy ſpleen: know men and fowl:
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Beſides, proud Blockhead! be not vain
Of what thou call'ſt thy ſlaves and train:
Few follow Wiſdom or her rules;
Fools in deriſion follow fools."

FABLE XLII.

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the Town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You 'd think (ſo far his art tranſcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, ſhe read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior ſkill,
She fought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.
"Is this then he ſo fam'd for ſleight?
Can this ſlow bungler cheat your ſight?
Dares he with me diſpute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."
Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, "'Tis done;
In ſcience I ſubmit to none."

Thus ſaid, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He ſhakes his bag, he ſhews all fair;
His fingers ſpread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with ſhowers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But, when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd ſpectators hum applauſe.
Vice now ſtept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
"This magic looking-glaſs, ſhe cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the ſight deſir'd,
And every man himſelf admir'd.
Next, to a ſenator addreſſing,
"See this bank-note; obſerve the bleſſing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, paſs! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock ſhown.
A ſecond puff the magic broke;
The padlock vaniſh'd, and he ſpoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor ſtor'd,
By clean conveyance diſappear,
And now two bloody ſwords are there.
A purſe ſhe to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers cloſ'd.

He opes his fiſt, the treaſure 's fled;
He ſees a halter in its ſtead.
She bids Ambition hold a wand;
He graſps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity ſhe ſhows.
" Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vaniſh'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table ſmokes a treat.
She ſhakes the dice, the board ſhe knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addreſt.
" This picture ſee; her ſhape, her breaſt!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With ſurprize,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miſer's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the ſum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you ſee
Take every ſhape but Charity;
And not one thing you ſaw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was firſt in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this ſubmiſſion own'd her art.
" Can I ſuch matchleſs ſleight withſtand!
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE XLIII.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing ſteed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And ſpread diſſenſion through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the ſtate
The Council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whoſe eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with ſtrength and youthful fire,
In haſte ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the liſtening throng addreſt.

"Good Gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to ſlavery and diſgrace!
Shall we our ſervitude retain,
Becauſe our ſires have borne the chain?
Conſider, Friends! your ſtrength and might;
'Tis conqueſt to aſſert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we deſign'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-ſhare through the ſoil,
To ſweat in harneſs through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then [illegible] jaws ſubmit
To foam [illegible] galling

Shall

Shall haughty man my back beſtride?
Shall the ſharp ſpur provoke my ſide?
Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein;
Your ſhame, your infamy, diſdain.
Let him the lion firſt control,
And ſtill the tiger's famiſh'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cauſe,
And all the circle neigh'd applauſe.
When, lo! with grave and ſolemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wiſe;
Around he caſt his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus ſpoke the Neſtor of the plain.
"When I had health and ſtrength, like you,
The toils of ſervitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all theſe wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increaſe;
My latter life is reſt and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thouſand ſtructures riſe,
To fence us from inclement ſkies!
For us he bears the ſultry day,
And ſtores up all our winter's hay.

He

He ſows, he reaps the harveſt's gain;
We ſhare the toil, and ſhare the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appeaſe your diſcontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven aſſign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt ſubmitted,
And, like his anceſtors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

IMPERTINENCE at firſt is borne
With heedleſs ſlight, or ſmiles of ſcorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noiſy fool who perſeveres?
The morning wakes, the Huntſman ſounds,
At once ruſh forth the joyful Hounds;
They ſeek the wood with eager pace,
Through buſh, through brier, explore the chace:
Now ſcatter'd wide they try the plain,
And ſnuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what induſtry, what pains!
What univerſal ſilence reigns!
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once diſplays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardleſs of the note,
Purſue the ſcent; with louder ſtrain
He ſtill perſiſts to vex the train.

The

The Huntſman to the clamour flies,
The ſmacking laſh he ſmartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus expreſs'd his moan:
"I know the muſic of my tongue
Long ſince the pack with envy ſtung.
What will not ſpite? Theſe bitter ſmarts
I owe to my ſuperior parts."
"When Puppies prate, the Huntſman cry'd,
They ſhew both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our ſcorn, not envy, raiſe;
For envy is a kind of praiſe.
Had not thy forward noiſy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'ſt have mingled with the reſt,
And ne'er thy fooliſh noſe confeſt;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are ſure to make their follies known."

FABLE XLV.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raiſe their own.
Thus ſcribblers, covetous of praiſe,
Think ſlander can tranſplant the bays.

Beauties

Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praiſes Leſbia's eyes and feature,
Muſt call her ſiſter awkward creature;
For the kind flattery 's ſure to charm,
When we ſome other nymph diſarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet ſought the ſweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath aſcends,
And every ſtalk with odour bends;
A Roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus ſinging, as the Muſe inſpir'd:
"Go, Roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace;
"How happy ſhall I prove,
"Might I ſupply that envy'd place
"With never-fading love!
"There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
"Know, hapleſs Flower! that thou ſhalt find
"More fragrant Roſes there;
"I ſee thy withering head reclin'd
"With envy and deſpair!
"One common fate we both muſt prove;
"You die with envy, I with love."
"Spare your compariſons, reply'd
An angry Roſe, who grew beſide.
Of all mankind you ſhould not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In every love-ſong Roſes bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume:

Does

Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praiſe on our abuſe?
Muſt we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

FABLE XLVI.

THE CUR, THE HORSE, AND THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad of all-ſufficient merit
With modeſty ne'er damps his ſpirit;
Preſuming on his own deſerts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noiſy jokes at random throws,
And pertly ſpatters friends and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own diſgrace:
Too late the forward youth ſhall find
That jokes are ſometimes paid in kind;
Or, if they canker in the breaſt,
He makes a foe who makes a jeſt.
A village Cur, of ſnappiſh race,
The perteſt puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was bleſt with Muſic's ſweeteſt note;
In the mid road he baſking lay,
The yelping nuiſance of the way;
For not a creature paſs'd along,
But had a ſample of his ſong.

Soon as the trotting Steed he hears,
He ſtarts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he ſcowers, aſſaults his hoof;
Now near him ſnarls, now barks aloof;
With ſhrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceaſing tongue,
Upon the paſſing traveller ſprung.
The Horſe, from ſcorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace purſued his way.
A Shepherd's Dog, who ſaw the deed,
Deteſting the vexatious breed,
Beſpoke him thus: "When contemn'd pears,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or fears;
Thy teazing tongue had judgement ty'd,
Thou hadſt not like a puppy dy'd."

FABLE XLVII.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, on a ſolemn night of ſtate,
In all his pomp of terror ſate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diſeaſes dire, a ghaſtly train!

Crowd the vaſt court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our miniſter we name,
Let every ſervant ſpeak his claim;
Merit ſhall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, ſtretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat poſſeſt,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addreſt.
"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let thoſe expreſs my fervent zeal;
On every ſlight occaſion near,
With violence I perſevere."
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he ſhifts from place to place;
From head to foot how ſwift he flies,
And every joint and ſinew plies;
Still working when he ſeems ſuppreſt,
A moſt tenacious ſtubborn gueſt.
A haggard ſpectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus aſſerts his due:
"'Tis I who taint the ſweeteſt joy,
And in the ſhape of Love deſtroy:
My ſhanks, ſunk eyes, and noſeleſs face,
Prove my pretenſion to the place."
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And, next, Conſumption's meagre corſe,
With feeble voice, that ſcarce was heard,
Broke with ſhort coughs, his ſuit preferr'd:
"Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;

Fatigue

Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, ſecure, though ſlow."
Plague repreſents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All ſpoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation huſh'd the band;
When thus the Monarch from the throne:
"Merit was ever modeſt known.
What, no Phyſician ſpeak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the reſt,
(Whom wary men, as foes, deteſt)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is eſteem'd a friend;
He ſhares their mirth, their ſocial joys,
And as a courted gueſt deſtroys.
The charge on him muſt juſtly fall,
Who finds employment for you all."

FABLE XLVIII.

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A GARDENER, of peculiar taſte,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.

He

He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his maſter's chamber ſnor'd,
Who fondly ſtroak'd him every day,
And taught him all the Puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleaſure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Maſter thus addreſs'd the Swine:
"My houſe, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feaſt whene'er you pleaſe,
And rjot in my beans and peaſe;
If the potatoe's taſte delights,
Or the red carrot's ſweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours;
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vaſt expence thoſe beds ſupply'd!"

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the veſſels foam'd:
He munches now the ſteaming grains,
Now with full ſwill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes ariſe;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then ſtaggering through the garden ſcours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving ſnout he turns the ſoil,
And cools his palate with the ſpoil.

The Maſter came, the ruin ſpy'd;
"Villain! ſuſpend thy r

Haſt thou, thou moſt ungrateful ſot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" No more he ſaid,
But gaz'd, and ſigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with ſtuttering ſpeech returns:
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips ſtrown,
For I devour'd the roots alone."
At this the Gardener's paſſion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The ſtubborn brute the blows ſuſtains,
Aſſaults his leg, and tears the veins.
"Ah! fooliſh Swain! too late you find
That ſtyes were for ſuch friends deſign'd!"
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on paſt diſgrace:
"Who cheriſhes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly ſoon or late."

FABLE XLIX.

THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain!
Do's not the Hawk all fowls ſurvey,
As deſtin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for ſlaves to kings?

When

When the Crab views the pearly ſtrands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden ſands,
Or crawls beſide the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above,
"Nature is too profuſe, ſays he,
Who gave all theſe to pleaſure me!"
When bordering pinks and roſes bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when bluſhes riſe;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When cluſters from the vine depend;
The Snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, "All theſe were made for me!"
"What dignity's in human nature!"
Says Man, the moſt conceited creature,
As from a cliff he caſt his eye,
And view'd the ſea and arched ſky.
The ſun was ſunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the ſtarry train
Hung the vaſt vault of Heaven. The Man
His contemplation thus began:
"When I behold this glorious ſhow,
And the wide watery world below,
The ſcaly people of the main,
The beaſts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year;
And know all theſe by Heaven deſign'd
As gifts to pleaſure human-kind;

I cannot raiſe my worth too high;
Of what vaſt conſequence am I!"
"Not of th' importance you ſuppoſe,
Replies a Flea upon his noſe.
Be humble, learn thyſelf to ſcan;
Know, pride was never made for man.
'Tis vanity that ſwells thy mind.
What! heaven and earth for thee deſign'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed."

FABLE I.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendſhips; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
As forth ſhe went at early dawn,
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.

She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to miſlead the hound,
And meaſures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.
What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the Horſe appear'd in view!
"Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend,
And owe my ſafety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendſhip every burden 's light."
The Horſe reply'd, "Poor honeſt Puſs,
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the ſtately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
"Since every beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite Cow
Expects me near yon' barley-mow;
And, when a lady 's in the caſe,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might ſeem unkind;
But ſee, the Goat is juſt behind."
The Goat remark'd "her pulſe was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:

My back, ſays he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
"His ſides a load of wool ſuſtain'd;
Said, he was ſlow, confeſs'd his fears;
For hounds eat ſheep as well as hares."
She now the trotting Calf addreſs'd,
To ſave from death a friend diſtreſs'd.
"Shall I, ſays he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler paſs'd you by;
How ſtrong are thoſe! how weak am I!
Should I preſume to bear you hence,
Thoſe friends of mine may take offence.
Excuſe me, then; you know my heart;
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part.
How ſhall we all lament! Adieu;
For ſee the hounds are juſt in view."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

FABL

FABLES.

PART THE SECOND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These Fables were finiſhed by Mr. GAY, and intended for the preſs a ſhort time before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of Queenſberry. His Grace has accordingly permitted them to the preſs; and they are here printed from the originals in the Author's own hand-writing. We hope they will pleaſe equally with his former Fables, though moſtly on ſubjects of a graver and more political turn. They will certainly ſhew him to have been (what he eſteemed the beſt character) a man of a truly honeſt heart, and a ſincere lover of his country.

FABLE I.

THE DOG AND THE FOX.

To a Lawyer.

I KNOW you Lawyers can, with eaſe,
Twiſt words and meanings as you pleaſe;
That language, by your ſkill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;

That 'tis the fee directs the ſenſe,
To make out either ſide's pretence.
When you peruſe the cleareſt caſe,
You ſee it with a double face:
For ſcepticiſm 's your profeſſion;
You hold there 's doubt in all expreſſion.
Hence is the bar with fees ſupply'd;
Hence eloquence takes either ſide.
Your hand would have but paltry gleaning,
Could every man expreſs his meaning.
Who dares preſume to pen a deed,
Unleſs you previouſly are fee'd?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the coſt,
In dull prolixity engroſt.
And now we 're well ſecur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.
Read o'er a will. Was 't ever known
But you could make the will your own?
For, when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *ſe defendendo*,
I bar fallacious *inuendo*.
Sagacious Porta's ſkill could trace
Some beaſt or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the noſe's ſhape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
When, in the ſketches thus deſign'd,
Reſemblance brings ſome friend to mind,
You ſhow the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;

So

So monſtrous-like the portrait 's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round.
Like him I draw from general nature;
Is 't I or you then fix the ſatire?
So, Sir, I beg you, ſpare your pains
In making comments on my ſtrains.
All private ſlander I deteſt,
I judge not of my neighbour's breaſt:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the ſtate.
Shall not my Fable cenſure vice,
Becauſe a knave is over-nice?
And, leſt the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?
If I laſh vice in general fiction,
Is 't I apply, or ſelf-conviction?
Brutes are my theme: Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the ſame?
I no man call or ape or aſs;
'Tis his own conſcience holds the glaſs.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable, knows his right.
A ſhepherd's Dog, unſkill'd in ſports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all ſorts;
Among the reſt a Fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendſhip grew.
Says Reynard, "'Tis a cruel caſe,
That man ſhould ſtigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;

And

And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honeſt men and true.
Thus ſlander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all diſguiſe;
My honour as my life I prize."
By talk like this, from all miſtruſt
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him juſt.
As on a time the Fox held forth
On conſcience, honeſty, and worth,
Sudden he ſtopp'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his bruſhy tail with fear.
"Bleſs us! the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road!"
"Hold, ſays the Dog, we 're ſafe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a falſe alarm.
At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis ſo (I know her pyebald mare),
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."
Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This ſneer
From you I little thought to hear:
Your meaning in your looks I ſee.
Pray, what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner!
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."
"Friend, quoth the Cur, I meant no harm;
Then why ſo captious? why ſo warm?

My

My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."
At this, gall'd Reynard wince'd, and swore
Such language ne'er was given before.
"What's lamb to me? this saucy hint
Shows me, base Knave, which way you squint.
If th' other night your master lost
Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I 'm the thief. You Dog, you lye."
"Thou knave, thou fool! (the Dog reply'd)
The name is just, take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak:
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak."
So saying, on the Fox he flies:
The self-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

THE VULTURE, THE SPARROW, AND OTHER BIRDS.

To a Friend in the Country.

ERE I begin, I must premise,
Our ministers are good and wise;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts, be 't known,
I ne'er presume to mean our own.

If

If general morals ſeem to joke
On miniſters, and ſuch-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence.
I meddle with no ſtate-affairs,
But ſpare my jeſt to ſave my ears.
Our preſent ſchemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himſelf to ſound:
To cenſure them I 've no pretenſion;
I own they 're paſt my comprehenſion.
You ſay your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's caſe);
And that he very ſoon intends
To ply the court, and teaze his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whoſe conſtant actions prove him juſt
To both a king's and people's truſt,
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his riſe to ſuch a friend!
You praiſe his parts, for buſineſs fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But thoſe alone will never do,
Unleſs his patron have them too.
I 've heard of times (pray God defend us!
We 're not ſo good but he can mend us)
When wicked miniſters have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no intereſt but their own.

Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with luſt,
The firſt in favour's pimp the firſt.
His doors are never clos'd to ſpies,
Who cheer his heart with double lyes;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and ſhame.
If ſchemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors ſwell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All conſciences muſt bend and ply;
You muſt vote on, and not know why:
Through thick and thin you muſt go on;
One ſcruple, and your place is gone.
Since plagues like theſe have curs'd a land,
And favourites cannot always ſtand,
Good courtiers ſhould for change be ready,
And not have principles too ſteady;
For, ſhould a knave engroſs the power,
(God ſhield the realm from that ſad hour!)
He muſt have rogues or ſlaviſh fools;
For what 's a knave without his tools?
Wherever thoſe a people drain,
And ſtrut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and ſtate,
And ſcorn to ſhare the public hate.

Let their own ſervile creatures riſe,
By ſcreening fraud, and venting lyes;
Give me, kind Heaven, a private ſtation *,
A mind ſerene for contemplation:
Title and profit I reſign;
The poſt of honour ſhall be mine.
My Fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with ſuch a crew.
In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the preſent times)
A greedy Vulture, ſkill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by ſhame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And ſtep by ſtep intrudes to power:
When at the royal Eagle's ear,
He longs to eaſe the monarch's care.
The monarch grants. With pride elate,
Behold him miniſter of ſtate!
Around him throng the feather'd rout;
Friends muſt be ſerv'd, and ſome muſt out:
Each thinks his own the beſt pretenſion;
This aſks a place, and that a penſion.
The Nightingale was ſet aſide.
A forward Daw his room ſupply'd.
" This bird (ſays he), for buſineſs fit,
Hath both ſagacity and wit:
With all his turns, and ſhifts, and tricks,
He 's docile, and at nothing ſticks:

* —When impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation. ADDISON.

Then

Then with his neighbours one ſo free
At all times will connive at me."
The Hawk had due diſtinction ſhown,
For parts and talents like his own.
Thouſands of hireling Cocks attend him,
As bluſtering bullies, to defend him.
At once the Ravens were diſcarded,
And Magpies with their poſts rewarded.
Thoſe fowls of omen I deteſt,
That pry into another's neſt.
State-lyes muſt loſe all good intent,
For they foreſee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they 're taught, and ſo to vote.
" When rogues like theſe (a Sparrow cries)
To honours and employments riſe,
I court no favour, aſk no place;
From ſuch, preferment is diſgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What theſe ne'er feel) true peace of mind."

FABLE III.

THE BABOON AND THE POULTRY.

To a Levee-hunter.

WE frequently miſplace eſteem,
By judging men by what they ſeem.
To birth, wealth, power, we ſhould allow
Precedence, and our loweſt bow:

In

In that is due diſtinction ſhown;
Eſteem is Virtue's right alone.
With partial eye we 're apt to ſee
The man of noble pedigree:
We 're prepoſſeſt my Lord inherits,
In ſome degree, his grandſire's merits;
For thoſe we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my Lord.
When we, with ſuperficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we 're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well underſtood,
Hath frequent power of doing good;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one.
Thus oft' the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor.
The cringing train of power ſurvey;
What creatures are ſo low as they!
With what obſequiouſneſs they bend!
To what vile actions condeſcend!
Their riſe is on their meanneſs built,
And flattery is their ſmalleſt guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have ſycophants to power addreſs'd!
No matter who the power poſſeſs'd.
Let miniſters be what they will,
You find their levees always fill:
Ev'n thoſe who have perplex'd a ſtate,
Whoſe actions claim contempt and hate,

Had

Hail wretches to applaud their schemes,
Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd!
But here (unless all history lyes)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.
Look through all courts: 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind;
There worship'd under every shape:
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.
Who then shall glory in his post?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast!
The followers of his prosperous hour
Are as unstable as his power
Power, by the breath of Flattery nurst,
The more it swells is nearer burst;
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.
Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought:
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.
A huge Baboon her fancy took
(Almost a man in size and look),
He finger'd every thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round;

Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every buſineſs fit.
With all theſe talents 'twas but juſt
That Pug ſhould hold a place of truſt;
So to her favourite was aſſign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend them eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.
Behold him now, with haughty ſtride,
Aſſume a miniſterial pride.
The morning roſe. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,
Fowls of all ranks ſurround his hut,
To worſhip his important ſtrut.
The miniſter appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obſequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
Th' other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran:
He hears and bears it like a man;
For, when we flatter Self-conceit,
We but his ſentiments repeat.
If we 're too ſcrupulouſly juſt,
What profit 's in a place of truſt?
The common practice of the great
Is to ſecure a ſnug retreat.
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.
An apple-woman's ſtall was near,
Well ſtock'd with fruits through all the year;

Here

Hoge every day he cramm'd his guts.
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments ſhould in corn be made.
The ſtock of grain was quickly ſpent,
And no account which way it went.
Then, too, the Poultry's ſtarv'd condition
Caus'd ſpeculations of ſuſpicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond diſpute;
Pug muſt refund his hoards of fruit;
And, though then miniſter in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.
Diſgrac'd, deſpis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.
A Gooſe paſs'd by; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.
"What, no reſpect! no reverence ſhown!
How ſaucy are theſe creatures grown!
Not two days ſince (ſays he) you bow'd
The loweſt of my fawning crowd."
"Proud fool! (replies the Gooſe) 'tis true
Thy corn a fluttering levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And ſold thee flattery for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We ſaw thee in thy proper ſhape"

FABLE IV.

THE ANT IN OFFICE.

To a Friend.

YOU tell me that you apprehend
My verſe may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never ſquint at courtiers' crimes;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?
You aſk me if I ever knew
Court-chaplains thus the lawn purſue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to riſe muſt fawn;
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never ſhock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney-path deſpiſe;
'Tis my ambition not to riſe.
If I muſt proſtitute the Muſe,
The baſe conditions I refuſe.
I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to ſhame.
If I Corruption's hand expoſe,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade;
Corruption 's yet no lawful trade.

Nor

For would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame bribery out of use.
I know 'twould cramp most politicians,
Were they ty'd down to these conditions.
'Twould stint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the case, let 's take a view
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Though it might aggrandize the state,
Could private luxury dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But ministers find less regard.
Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual jobb or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were deny'd,
Could avarice support its pride?
It might ev'n ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound.
I care not though 'tis understood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wish all courtiers did the same.
Nay, though some folks the less might get,
I wish the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:

Rather than have our laws deface'd,
I 'd vote a miniſter diſgrac'd.
I ſtrike at vice, be 't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, penſion,
One may with deteſtation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *ſcandalum magnatum* make it?
I vent no ſlander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conſcience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare againſt all vice declaim.
Shall I not cenſure breach of truſt,
Becauſe knaves know themſelves unjuſt?
That ſteward, whoſe account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear;
His actions never ſhun the light;
He is, and would be prov'd, upright.
But then you think my Fable bears
Allusion, too, to ſtate affairs.
I grant it does: and who 's ſo great,
That has the privilege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For miniſters may thirſt for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.

An Ant there was, whoſe forward prate
Control'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go;

For

For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill.
Ambition was his point in view:
Thus by degrees to power he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:
He 's made chief treasurer of the grain.
But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.
For this the solemn day was set;
The auditors in council met.
The granary-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (since he could not refuse them)
Some scraps of paper to amuse them.
An honest Pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke: "The nation's hoard is low;
From whence does this profusion flow?
I know our annual funds amount;
Why such expence? and where 's th' account?"
With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus reply'd.
"Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best-schem'd projects hold?

Should we ſtate-myſteries diſcloſe,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our preſent ſchemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vaſt) was for the ſwarm's defence.
They paſs'd th' account as fair and juſt,
And voted him implicit truſt.
Next year again, the granary drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.
"Think how our preſent matters ſtand,
What dangers threat from every hand;
What hoſts of turkeys ſtroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Conſider, when invaſion's near,
Intelligence muſt coſt us dear;
And, in this tickliſh ſituation,
A ſecret told betrays the nation?
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vaſt) was for the ſwarm's defence."
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his ſage adminiſtration.
The year revolves. Their treaſure, ſpent,
Again in ſecret ſervice went.
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To ſatisfy the charge alledg'd.
When thus, with panic ſhame poſſeſs'd,
An auditor his friends addreſs'd.
"What are we? miniſterial tools!
We little knaves are greater fools.

At

At last this secret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the board.
For every grain we touch'd, at least
A thousand his own heaps increas'd.
Then for his kin and favourite spies
A hundred hardly could suffice.
Thus, fools, paltry sneaking bribe,
We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains."
They vow the account shall be inspected;
The cunning plunderer is detected,
The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,
A prize, to public use restor'd.

FABLE V.

THE BEARMN A BOAT.

To a Coxcomb.

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whole search is bent himself to know;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:

He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.
Let then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in every view;
Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.
Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They 're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
And vanity besots them all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Those most assume, who know the least;
Their own false balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light.
Not that all Coxcombs' follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To different merits each pretends:
This in love-vanity transcends;
That, smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape;
Th' other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.
All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition:
For those, puff'd up with flattery, dare
Assume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;

For

For these, in part alone, attest
The flattery their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a Coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own;
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controls in every charge.
Does Commerce suffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill?
He'll be an admiral when he will.
Now, meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance (nought undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Lest you mistake the application,
The Fable calls me to relation.
A Bear of shag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;

For

For dextrously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm.
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd spoil.
This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprise too great.
Alike in sciences and arts,
He boasted universal parts:
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontrol'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.
The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why? he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In every province will preside.
No task too difficult was found:
His blundering nose misleads the hound.
In stratagem and subtle arts
He over-rules the fox's parts.
It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A Boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.

He

He ſtops, and, turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting ſtrain,
"What blundering puppies are mankind,
In every ſcience always blind!
I mock the pedantry of ſchools:
What are their compaſſes and rules?
From me that helm ſhall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance diſcern."
So ſaying, with audacious pride,
He gains the Boat, and climbs the ſide.
The beaſts, aſtoniſh'd, line the ſtrand:
The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land:
The ſlack ſail ſhifts from ſide to ſide;
The Boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random toſt,
His oar breaks ſhort, the rudder 's loſt.
The Bear, preſuming in his ſkill,
Is here and there officious ſtill;
Till, ſtriking on the dangerous ſands,
Aground the ſhatter'd veſſel ſtands.
To ſee the bungler thus diſtreſt,
The very fiſhes ſneer and jeſt:
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamourous watermen appear;
Threats, curſes, oaths, inſult his ear:
Seiz'd, thraſh'd, and chain'd, he 's dragg'd to land;
Deriſion ſhouts along the ſtrand.

FABLE

FABLE VI.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

To a Country Gentleman.

THE man of pure and ſimple heart
Through life diſdains a double part:
He never needs the ſereen of lies,
His inward boſom to diſguiſe.
In vain malicious tongues aſſail;
Let Envy ſnarl, let Slander rail,
From Virtue's ſhield (ſecure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd ſhafts rebound.
So ſhines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honeſt mind.
If in his country's cauſe he riſe,
Debating ſenates to adviſe,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honeſt dictates of his heart.
No miniſterial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perſeveres.
But would you play the politician,
Whoſe heart 's averſe to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reaſon,
Muſt be control'd by place and ſeaſon.
What ſtateſman could his power ſupport,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What miniſter could gain his end?

How

How could he raiſe his tools to place,
And how his honeſt foes diſgrace?
That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lye with art;
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is ſtrong, his fortune 's made.
By that the intereſt of the throne
Is made ſubſervient to his own:
By that, have kings of old deluded
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his ſelfiſh ſchemes purſuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

Antiochus *, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace;
And, loſt from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathleſs plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal gueſt;
The Parthian clown brought forth his beſt.
The King unknown his feaſt enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what ſudden friendſhip ſprings!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.
"We country-folks (the Clown replies)
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, (as all our neighbours ſay)
Might he (God bleſs him!) have his way,
Is ſound at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.

* Plutarch.

If

If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid:
Were he in power, we need not doubt him,
But, that transferr'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If such capacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to cobblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the King knew as much as we!"
Here he stopt short. Repose they sought,
The Peasant slept, the Monarch thought.
The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost Sovereign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the King.
The Clown was call'd; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks expreſt.
The King then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke. "Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here conversing: hence, ye crew;
For now I know myself and you."

Whene'er the royal ear 's engroſt,
State-lyes but little genius coſt.
The favourite then ſecurely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobbs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poiſons dares inſtil;
And, as his preſent views ſuggeſt,
Inflames or ſooths the royal breaſt.
Thus wicked miniſters oppreſs,
When oft' the monarch means redreſs.
Would kings their private ſubjects hear,
A miniſter muſt talk with fear;
If honeſty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuſe;
'Twould keep him in ſuch narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they diſcloſe
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themſelves and ſubjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the uſe of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wiſe.
But then a miniſter might loſe
(Hard caſe!) his own ambitious views.
When ſuch as theſe have vex'd a ſtate,
Purſued by univerſal hate,
Their falſe ſupport at once hath fail'd,
And perſevering truth prevail'd.
Expos'd, their train of fraud is ſeen;
Truth will at laſt remove the ſcreen.

A Country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true ſtanch dogs of chace neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed:
His hand ne'er ſtroak'd the ſpaniel's head.
A ſnappiſh Cur, alone careſt,
By lyes had baniſh'd all the reſt.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full ſcope of converſation.
His ſycophants muſt be preferr'd;
Room muſt be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his ſchemes about,
Old faithful ſervants all muſt out.
The Cur on every creature flew
(As other great men's puppies do),
Unleſs due court to him were ſhown,
And both their face and buſineſs known:
No honeſt tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he liv'd in conſtant fear,
Leſt truth by chance ſhould interfere.
If any ſtranger dar'd intrude,
The noiſy Cur his heels purſued.
Now fierce with rage, now ſtruck with dread,
At once he ſnarled, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with briſtling hair,
And thus in ſecret growls his fear:
"Who knows but Truth, in this diſguiſe,
May fruſtrate my beſt-guarded lyes?
Should ſhe (thus maſk'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's ſign'd."

Now

Now, in his howl's continued ſound,
Their words were loſt, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honeſt tongues,
Thus every day he ſtrain'd his lungs.
It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his power,
Forſook his poſt, to love inclin'd;
A favourite bitch was in the wind.
By her ſeduc'd, in amorous play,
They friſk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus by untimely love purſuing,
Like Antony he fought his ruin.
For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noiſe,
An honeſt neighbour's chat enjoys.
"Be free, ſays he; your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants ſhun my gate;
Why ſuch a ſtranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they 're not ſo well inclin'd."
"Turn off your Cur (the Farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lyes.
His ſnarling inſolence offends:
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that ſaucy puppy checkt,
You 'd find again the ſame reſpect.
Hear only him, he 'll ſwear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true eſtate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate."

The 'Squire heard Truth. Now Yap ruſh'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din;
Yet Truth prevail'd; and, with diſgrace,
The dog was cudgel'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

To Myſelf.

HAVE you a friend (look round and ſpy)
So fond, ſo prepoſſeſs'd as I?
Your faults, ſo obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of Fortune blown,
Your airy caſtles were o'erthrown,
Have I been ever prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with ſhame?
Was I e'er known to damp your ſpirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not ſo ſtrange that Fortune's frown
Still perſeveres to keep you down.
Look round, and ſee what others do.
Would you be rich and honeſt too?
Have you (like thoſe ſhe rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and baſe?
Have you (as times requir'd) reſign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If theſe are ſcruples, give her o'er;
Write, practiſe morals, and be poor.

The

The gifts of Fortune truly rate,
Then tell me what would mend your ſtate.
If happineſs on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miſer's hoarded ſtore,
His fears, his wants, increaſe the more.
Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the caſe)
Should Fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happineſs augment?
What can ſhe give beyond content?
Suppoſe yourſelf a wealthy heir,
With a vaſt annual income clear!
In all the affluence you poſſeſs,
You might not feel one care the leſs.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind?
Perhaps, profuſe beyond all rule,
You might ſtart out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horſes, ſtewards, hounds,
Might ſwell your debts: then, luſt of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs aſſail,
And doom your future life to gaol.
Or, were you dignify'd with power,
Would that avert one penſive hour?
You might give avarice its ſwing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cauſe
Though daily fed with falſe applauſe,

Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happineſs your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinſic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts reſides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every ſphere;
Who finds content, will find her there.
O'erſpent with toil, beneath the ſhade,
A Peaſant reſted on his ſpade.
"Good Gods! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year!
Soon as the morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
Induſtrious Labour bids me riſe;
With ſweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care."
Jove heard the diſcontented ſtrain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring ſwain.
"Speak out your wants, then, honeſt Friend:
Unjuſt complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial Fate,
Inſtruct me what could mend your ſtate.
Mankind in every ſtation ſee.
What wiſh you? tell me what you 'd be."
So ſaid, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown ſurvey'd the anxious crowd.
"Yon' face of care, ſays Jove, behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That ſum to-day hath ſwell'd his ſtore."

"Were

"Were I that man, (the Peaſant cry'd)
What bleſſing could I aſk beſide?"
"Hold, ſays the God; firſt learn to know
True happineſs from outward ſhow.
This optic glaſs of intuition—
Here, take it, view his true condition."
He look'd, and ſaw the miſer's breaſt
A troubled ocean, ne'er at reſt;
Want ever ſtares him in the face,
And fear anticipates diſgrace:
With conſcious guilt he ſaw him ſtart;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breaſt admits one happy gleam.
"May Jove, he cries, reject my prayer,
And guard my life from guilt and care!
My ſoul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble ſtate!
But ſee, amidſt a gawdy crowd,
Yon' miniſter ſo gay and proud;
On him what happineſs attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!"
"Firſt take the glaſs, the God replies;
Man views the world with partial eyes."
"Good Gods! exclaims the ſtartled wight,
Defend me from this hideous ſight!
Corruption with corroſive ſmart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:
I ſee him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.

Now Avarice with infatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His boſom tears. His conſcious breaſt
Groans with a load of crimes oppreſt.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on Ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in ſpeeches vain and proud,
His boaſts inſult the nether crowd;
Now, ſeiz'd with giddineſs and fear,
He trembles leſt his fall is near."

"Was ever wretch like this! he cries;
Such miſery in ſuch diſguiſe!
The change, O Jove! I diſavow;
Still be my lot the ſpade and plough."
He next, confirm'd by ſpeculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the ſtateſman ſeem'd in part,
And bore ſimilitude of heart.
Nor did the ſoldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirſt of ſpoil and fame.
The miſeries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deſerts turn'd.
"By theſe have laws and rights been brav'd;
By theſe was free-born man enſlav'd:
When battles and invaſion ceaſe,
Why ſwarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change (ſays he) may I decline;
The ſcythe and civil arms be mine!"
Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his raſh petition.

When

When thus the God: "How mortals err!
If you true happineſs prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honeſt mind.
Be juſtice then your ſole purſuit:
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."
So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
Where firſt he found him, ſet him down.

FABLE VIII.

THE MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE FLY.

To my native Country.

HAIL, happy land! whoſe fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature ſet apart,
The ſeat of Induſtry and Art!
O Britain! choſen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy ſons invade!
May never miniſter (intent
His private treaſures to augment)
Corrupt thy ſtate! If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppoſe,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is 't preſcribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighbouring ſtates contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is 't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory ſtands;

That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffuſing good among mankind:
That firſt gave luſtre to thy reigns,
And ſcatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth ſupplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy ſole deſign;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traffic plows the main,
Who ſhares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that ſupports the regal ſtate,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that cloathe the land
Can ſcarce ſupply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harveſt yields.
Nature expects mankind ſhould ſhare
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for ſloth? * To ſome we find
The ploughſhare's annual toil aſſign'd:
Some at the ſounding anvil glow;
Some the ſwift-ſliding ſhuttle throw;
Some, ſtudious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by induſtry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While ſome, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue aſſiſt mankind.

* Barrow.

Each

Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
The monarch, when his table 's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And, when in all his glory dress't,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.
The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd:
While each pursued their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food:
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next:
They saw that plenty, sure and rife,
Was found alone in social life;
That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half famiſh'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to ſpeak.
" Well, Puſs, (ſays Man) and what can you
To benefit the public do?"
The Cat replies, " Theſe teeth, theſe claws,
With vigilance ſhall ſerve the cauſe.
The mouſe, deſtroy'd by my purſuit,
No longer ſhall your feaſts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuſcade,
With waſteful teeth your ſtores invade."
" I grant, ſays Man, to general uſe
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threſhers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus ſhall the Cat, a foe to ſpoil,
Protect the farmer's honeſt toil."
Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
" Well, Sir, be next your merits try'd."
" Sir, ſays the Dog, by ſelf-applauſe
We ſeem to own a friendleſs cauſe.
Aſk thoſe who know me, if diſtruſt
E'er found me treacherous or unjuſt?
Did I e'er faith or friendſhip break?
Aſk all thoſe creatures; let them ſpeak.
My vigilance and truſty zeal
Perhaps might ſerve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in ſafety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you ſleep?"

The

The Man replies. "'Tis juſt and right;
Rewards ſuch ſervice ſhould requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Truſt uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The firſt diſtinction is your due.
Such merits all reward tranſcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend."
Adreſſing now the Fly: "From you
What public ſervice can accrue?"
"From me! (the fluttering inſect ſaid)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I 'm a gentleman. Is 't fit
That I to induſtry ſubmit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By buſineſs earn ignoble bread;
Loſt in exceſs of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I ſip the tea's delicious flower.
On cates luxuriouſly I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and eaſe,
Myſelf alone I ſeek to pleaſe."
The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the uſeleſs coxcomb chides:
"Hence, from that peach, that downy ſeat;
No idle fool deſerves to eat.
Could you have ſapp'd the bluſhing rind,
And on that pulp ambroſial din'd;

Had

Had not ſome hand, with ſkill and toil,
To raiſe the tree, prepar'd the ſoil?
Conſider, Sot, what would enſue,
Were all ſuch worthleſs things as you.
You 'd ſoon be forc'd (by hunger ſtung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which ſuch deſpicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Beſides, vain ſelfiſh Inſect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong diſcern)
That he who, with induſtrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly underſtood."
So ſaying, with a ſudden blow
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Cruſh'd in his luxury and pride,
The ſpunger on the publick dy'd.

FABLE IX.

THE JACKALL, LEOPARD, AND OTHER BEASTS.

To a modern Politician.

I GRANT corruption ſways mankind;
That intereſt, too, perverts the mind;
That bribes have blinded common ſenſe,
Foil'd reaſon, truth, and eloquence:
I grant you, too, our preſent crimes
Can equal thoſe of former times.

Againſt

Againſt plain facts ſhall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age?
I know that in a modern fiſt
Bribes in full energy ſubſiſt.
Since then theſe arguments prevail,
And itching palms are ſtill ſo frail,
Hence Politicians, you ſuggeſt,
Should drive the nail that goes the beſt;
That it ſhows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly muſt diſſent,
Premiſing, no reflection's meant.
Does juſtice or the client's ſenſe
Teach lawyers either ſide's defence?
The fee gives eloquence its ſpirit;
That only is the client's merit.
Does art, wit, wiſdom, or addreſs,
Obtain the proſtitute's careſs?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike perſuades.
Man, Scripture ſays, is prone to evil;
But does that vindicate the devil?
Beſides, the more mankind are prone,
The leſs the devil's parts are ſhown.
Corruption's not of modern date;
It hath been try'd in every ſtate;
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd,
By places, penſions, bribes, diſpens'd;
By theſe they glory'd in ſucceſs,
And impudently dar'd oppreſs;

By theſe deſpoticly they ſway'd,
And ſlaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By theſe alone were realms deſtroy'd.
Now ſee theſe wretches in diſgrace,
Stript of their treaſures, power, and place;
View them abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to ſuch reproach and ſcorn.
What now is all your pride, your boaſt?
Where are your ſlaves, your flattering hoſt?
What tongues now feed you with applauſe?
Where are the champions of your cauſe?
Now ev'n that very fawning train,
Which ſhar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Preſs foremoſt who ſhall firſt accuſe
Your ſelfiſh jobbs, your paltry views,
Your narrow ſchemes, your breach of truſt,
And want of talents to be juſt.
What fools were theſe amidſt their power!
How thoughtleſs of their adverſe hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it theſe ſycophants to get,
Your bounty ſwell'd a nation's debt?
You're bit: for theſe, like Swiſs, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.
The Lion is (beyond diſpute)
Allow'd the moſt majeſtic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him ſuperior of his kind:

Yet

Yet to Jackalls (as 'tis averr'd)
Some Lions have their power transferr'd;
As if the parts of pimps and ſpies
To govern foreſts could ſuffice.
  Once, ſtudious of his private good,
A proud Jackall oppreſs'd the wood;
To cram his own inſatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The foreſt groans with diſcontent,
Freſh wrongs the general hate foment.
The ſpreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His ſecret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the caſe,
And feels the terrors of diſgrace.
  "By friends (ſays he) I 'll guard my ſeat,
By thoſe malicious tongues defeat;
I 'll ſtrengthen power by new allies,
And all my clamorous foes deſpiſe."
  To make the generous beaſts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condeſcends;
But thoſe repuls'd his abject court,
And ſcorn'd oppreſſion to ſupport.
Friends muſt be had. He can't ſubſiſt.
Bribes ſhall new proſelytes inliſt:
But theſe nought weigh'd in honeſt paws;
For bribes confeſs a wicked cauſe:
Yet think not every paw withſtands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.
  A tempting turnip's ſilver ſkin
Drew a baſe Hog through thick and thin:

Bought with a Stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary Wolf was ſtanch:
The convert Fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden-pippin in his fiſt,
A chattering Monkey join'd the liſt.
But ſoon, expos'd to public hate,
The favourite's fall redreſs'd the ſtate.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his ſecret frauds to light.
As rats, before the manſion falls,
Deſert late hoſpitable walls,
In ſhoals the ſervile creatures run,
To bow before the riſing ſun.
The Hog with warmth expreſs'd his zeal,
And was for hanging thoſe that ſteal;
But hop'd, though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip ſtill afford.
Since ſaving meaſures were profeſt,
A lamb's head was the Wolf's requeſt.
The Fox ſubmitted, if to touch
A goſling would be deem'd too much.
The Monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might aſk a nut, or ſome ſuch matter.
"Ye Hirelings! hence! (the Leopard cries)
Your venal conſcience I deſpiſe.
He, who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchaſe friends.
Who acts this juſt, this open part,
Is propt by every honeſt heart.

Corruption

Corruption now too late has ſhow'd,
That bribes are always ill-beſtow'd;
By you your bubbled maſter 's taught,
Time-ſerving tools, not friends, are bought."

FABLE X.

THE DEGENERATE BEES.

To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

THOUGH courts the practice diſallow,
A friend at all times I 'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong;
A friendſhip may be kept too long;
And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear intereſt next the heart.
As the times take a different face,
Old friendſhips ſhould to new give place.
I know, too, you have many foes,
That owning you is ſharing thoſe;
That every knave in every ſtation,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you ſpeak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you ſpite.
Such freedoms in your works are ſhown,
They can't enjoy what 's not their own.
All dunces, too, in church and ſtate,
In frothy nonſenſe ſhew their hate;

With all the petty ſcribbling crew
(And thoſe pert ſots are not a few),
'Gainſt you and Pope their envy ſpurt.
The bookſellers alone are hurt.
Good Gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have power and place)
Are ſcandals rais'd, and libels writ,
To prove your honeſty and wit!
Think with yourſelf: thoſe worthy men,
You know, have ſuffer'd by your pen.
From them you 've nothing but your due.
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myſelf, I know of none,
Beſides the wife and good alone.
To ſet the caſe in fairer light,
My Fable ſhall the reſt recite,
Which (though unlike our preſent ſtate)
I for the moral's ſake relate.
A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption ſow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.
As power and wealth his views ſupply'd,
'Twas ſeen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conſcience wanted ſpirit;
And thoſe who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to ſcorn for ſqueamiſh fools.

Wealth

Wealth claim'd diſtinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was baſe.
He treated induſtry with ſlight,
Unleſs he found his profit by't.
Rights, laws, and liberties, give way,
To bring his ſelfiſh ſchemes in play.
The ſwarm forgot the common toil,
To ſhare the gleanings of his ſpoil.
While vulgar ſouls, of narrow parts,
Waſte life in low mechanic arts,
Let us (ſays he), to genius born,
The drudgery of our fathers ſcorn.
The Waſp and Drone, you muſt agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they ſport and play;
No buſineſs interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.
A ſtubborn Bee, among the ſwarm,
With honeſt indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:
"I ſlight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I thoſe reſpect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none againſt the torrent ſtrive?
Exert the honour of your race;
He builds his riſe on your diſgrace.
'Tis induſtry our ſtate maintains;
'Twas honeſt toil and honeſt gains

That rais'd our fires to power and fame.
Be virtuous; ſave yourſelves from ſhame.
Know that, in ſelfiſh ends purſuing,
You ſcramble for the public ruin."
He ſpoke; and, from his cell diſmiſs'd,
Was inſolently ſcoff'd and hiſs'd.
With him a friend or two reſign'd,
Diſdaining the degenerate kind.
"Theſe Drones (ſays he), theſe inſects vile,
(I treat them in their proper ſtyle)
May for a time oppreſs the ſtate:
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Diſgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few.

FABLE XI.

THE PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

To a young Nobleman.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To ſuffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for diſreſpect,
If I the flatterer's ſtyle reject;
With that, by menial tongues ſupply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The

The tree's diſtinguiſh'd by the fruit.
Be virtue then your firſt purſuit;
Set your great anceſtors in view,
Like them deſerve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions ſcorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Though with leſs plate their ſide-board ſhone,
Their conſcience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption ſtain'd,
The miniſterial bribe diſdain'd;
They ſerv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They ſtood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cauſe;
By neither place or penſion bought,
They ſpoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your ſires adorn their ſeat;
And ſuch alone are truly great.
If you the paths of learning ſlight,
You 're but a dunce in ſtronger light.
In foremoſt rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conſpicuouſly diſgrac'd.
If you, to ſerve a paltry end,
To knaviſh jobbs can condeſcend,
We pay you the contempt that 's due;
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illuſtrious name?
From virtue and unblemiſh'd fame.

By birth the name alone deſcends;
Your honour on yourſelf depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Aſſuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by ſtudy muſt be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from ſon to ſon.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your ſires:
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your diſgrace.
A Carrier, every night and morn,
Would ſee his horſes eat their corn:
This ſunk the hoſtler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horſes had their due.
Were we ſo cautious in all caſes,
Small gain would riſe from greater places.
The manger now had all its meaſure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleaſure;
When all at once confuſion rung;
They ſnorted, joſtled, bit, and ſlung.
A Pack-horſe turn'd his head aſide,
Foaming, his eye-balls ſwell'd with pride.
"Good Gods! (ſays he) how hard 's my lot!
Is then my high deſcent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudgery and diſgrace
(A life unworthy of my race),
Muſt I, too, bear the vile attacks
Of ragged ſcrubs and vulgar hacks?
See ſcurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thruſt my head!

Shall

Shall I, who boaſt a noble line,
On offals of theſe creatures dine?
Kick'd by old Ball! ſo mean a foe!
My honour ſuffers by the blow.
Newmarket ſpeaks my grandſire's fame;
All jockeys ſtill revere his name:
There, yearly, are his triumphs told,
There all his maſſy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You ſaw him with a livery train;
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets ſound.
Let it then, Sir, be underſtood,
Reſpect 's my due, for I have blood."
"Vain-glorious fool! (the Carrier cry'd)
Reſpect was never paid to pride.
Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this ſlaviſh part.
Did not thy headſtrong youth diſdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy ſpirit.
What is 't to me by whom begot,
Thou reſtive, pert, conceited ſot?
Your ſires I reverence; 'tis their due:
But, worthleſs fool, what 's that to you?
Aſk all the Carriers on the road,
They 'll ſay, thy keeping 's ill beſtow'd;
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy ſtrength or pace.

What profits me thy boaſt of blood?
An aſs hath more intrinſic good.
By outward ſhow let 's not be cheated;
An aſs ſhould like an aſs be treated."

FABLE XII.

PAN AND FORTUNE.

To a young Heir.

SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if th' eſtate had been their own)
The gameſters outwardly expreſt
The decent joy within your breaſt.
So laviſh in your praiſe they grew,
As ſpoke their certain hopes in you.
One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.
"No houſe, ſays he, is more complete;
The garden 's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber 's of a noble ſize.
Then count his jewels and his plate.
Beſides, 'tis no entail'd eſtate.
If caſh run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for ſale or mortgage, free."
Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.

Would

Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treaſures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the ſtealth,
Who raſhly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.
Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gameſters thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To ſave your worthy gang from ſhame?
Unleſs you furniſh'd daily bread,
Which way could idleneſs be fed?
Could theſe profeſſors of deceit,
Within the law no longer cheat,
They muſt run bolder riſks for prey,
And ſtrip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they ſhare,
And 'ſcape the nooſe from year to year.
Conſider, ere you make the bett,
That ſum might croſs your taylor's debt.
When you the pilfering rattle ſhake,
Is not your honour, too, at ſtake?
Muſt you not by mean lyes evade
To-morrow's duns from every trade?
By promiſes ſo often paid,
Is yet your taylor's bill defray'd?
Muſt you not pitifully fawn
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This muſt be done. In debts of play,
Your honour ſuffers no delay:

And

And not this year's and next year's rent
The ſons of rapine can content.
Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Eſtates diſmember'd, mortgag'd, ſold!
Their owners now, to gaols confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the ſpoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of power;
And, with the mercenary liſt,
Upon court-charity ſubſiſt.
You'll find at laſt this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves purſue.
The foreſt (a whole century's ſhade)
Muſt be one waſteful ruin made:
No mercy's ſhewn to age or kind;
The general maſſacre is ſign'd.
The park, too, ſhares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'ſquire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the ſtroke;
Fall'n are the elm and reverend oak.
Through the long wood loud axes ſound,
And Echo groans with every wound.
To ſee the deſolation ſpread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His boſom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he ſpurns.

Cards,

Cards, too, in peeviſh paſſion torn,
The ſport of whirling winds are borne.
" To ſnails inveterate hate I bear,
Who ſpoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I deteſt,
The blooming Spring's voracious peſt;
The locuſt, too, whoſe ravenous band
Spreads ſudden famine o'er the land.
But what are theſe? the dice's throw
At once hath laid a foreſt low.
The cards are dealt, the bear is made,
And the wide park hath loſt its ſhade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its antient glories waſte.
All this (he cries) is Fortune's doing:
'Tis thus ſhe meditates my ruin.
By Fortune, that falſe, fickle jade,
More havock in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry inſect race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface."
Fortune, by chance, who near him paſt,
O'erheard the vile aſperſion caſt.
" Why, Pan, (ſays ſhe) what's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroneſs of vice?
Is 't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the ſhuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all th' employments men purſue,
I mind the leaſt what gameſters do.

There

There may (if computation's juſt)
One now and then my conduct truſt.
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?
Theſe truſt alone their fingers' ends,
And not one ſtake on me depends.
Whene'er the gaming-board is ſet,
Two claſſes of mankind are met;
But, if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater ſpace.
'Tis a groſs error held in ſchools,
That Fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears diſpute;
That doctrine theſe fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me ſuch rancour ſhow?
'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late eſtate he won,
But he by Folly was undone."

FABLE XIII.

PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

OF all the burthens man muſt bear,
Time ſeems moſt galling and ſevere:
Beneath this grievous load oppreſs'd,
We daily meet ſome friend diſtreſs'd.
"What can one do? I roſe at nine;
'Tis full ſix hours before we dine:

Six

Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two!"
A pamphlet is before him ſpread,
And almoſt half a page is read;
Tir'd with the ſtudy of the day,
The fluttering ſheets are toſs'd away.
He opes his ſnuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and ſtretches in his chair.
"Not twenty, by the minute-hand!
Good Gods, ſays he, my watch muſt ſtand!
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I 'ad read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to riſe too late."
To make the minutes faſter run,
Then, too, his tireſome ſelf to ſhun,
To the next coffee-houſe he ſpeeds,
Takes up the news, ſome ſcraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He ſpies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they ſhare,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.
Says Tom, "Since all men muſt confeſs,
That Time lies heavy, more or leſs,
Why ſhould it be ſo hard to get,
Till two, a party at Piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wintery nights are borne.

Does not Quadrille amuſe the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and ſpleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."
"My caſe, ſays Will, then muſt be hard,
By want of ſkill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy theſe, whoſe time ne'er ſtands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this curſed ſhower,
The Park had wil'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily loſe an hour or two:
It fully anſwers my deſign,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At ſix (hard caſe!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From ſix till ten! unleſs in ſleep,
One cannot ſpend the hours ſo cheap.
The comedy's no ſooner done,
But ſome aſſembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I ſtray,
Converſe, but nothing hear or ſay:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So ſoon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken ſlow-pac'd night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:

Here, too, our early mornings paſs,
'Till drowſy ſleep retard the glaſs."
Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's caſe their own.
Conſider, friends, no hour rolls on
But ſomething of your grief is gone.
Were you to ſchemes of buſineſs bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too faſt;
You 'd then regret the minute paſt.
Time 's fugitive and light as wind:
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your ſpirits ſhake,
You 'll own, and grieve for, your miſtake.
A while your thoughtleſs ſpleen ſuſpend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.
As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his ſtrutting pace.
Each ſtar'd upon the ſtranger's face,
Till recollection ſet them right,
For each knew th' other but by ſight.
After ſome complimental talk,
Time met them, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various ſubjects ran,
But moſt, what each had done for man.
Plutus aſſumes a haughty air,
Juſt like our purſe-proud fellows here.
"Let kings, ſays he, let cobblers tell,
Whoſe gifts among mankind excel.

Conſider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That ſtateſman hath the ſtrongeſt hold,
Whoſe tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis ſaid,
The knave in power hath ſenates led:
By that alone he ſway'd debates,
Enrich'd himſelf, and beggar'd ſtates.
Forego your boaſt. You muſt conclude,
That 's moſt eſteem'd that 's moſt purſued.
Think, too, in what a woeful plight
That wretch muſt live whoſe pocket 's light.
Are not his hours by want depreſt?
Penurious care corrodes his breaſt.
Without reſpect, or love, or friends,
His ſolitary day deſcends."

"You might, ſays Cupid, doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold diſpute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know, when nothing elſe prevails,
Perſuaſive money ſeldom fails;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conſcience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profeſt)
Is but a money-jobb at beſt.
Conſent, compliance, may be ſold;
But love 's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retail,
Expoſe what they call Love to ſale;

Such

Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchaſe flattery and deceit.
Thoſe who true love have ever try'd
(The common cares of life ſupply'd)
No wants endure, no wiſhes make,
But every real joy partake.
All comfort on themſelves depends;
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love, then, hath every bliſs in ſtore;
'Tis friendſhip, and 'tis ſomething more.
Each other every wiſh they give:
Not to know love, is not to live."
Or love, or money, (Time reply'd)
Were men the queſtion to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon 's neglected or miſ-ſpent.
'Tis I who meaſure vital ſpace,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and ſeldom ſought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miſer time employ?
Did I e'er ſee him life enjoy?
By me forſook, the hoards he won
Are ſcatter'd by his laviſh ſon.
By me all uſeful arts are gain'd;
Wealth, learning, wiſdom, is attain'd.
Who then would think (ſince ſuch my power)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So ſubtle and ſo ſwift I fly,
Love 's not more fugitive than I.

Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, miſ-ſpent in vain?
For time miſus'd they pine and waſte,
And love's ſweet pleaſures never taſte.
Thoſe who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each purſuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedleſs then are mortals grown!
How little is their intereſt known!
In every view they ought to mind me,
For, when once loſt, they never find me."
He ſpoke. The gods no more conteſt,
And his ſuperior gift confeſt,
That Time (when truly underſtood)
Is the moſt precious earthly good.

FABLE XIV.

THE OWL, THE SWAN, THE COCK, THE SPIDER, THE ASS, AND THE FARMER.

To a Mother.

CONVERSING with your ſprightly boys,
Your eyes have ſpoke the Mother's joys.
With what delight I 've heard you quote
Their ſayings in imperfect note!
I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profuſely kind.

Truſt

Truſt not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint juſt morals on their heart;
Impartially their talents ſcan:
Juſt education forms the man.
Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life 's already thrown;
That this ſhall plead, the next ſhall fight,
The laſt aſſert the church's right.
I cenſure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents miſapply'd and croſt,
Conſider, all your ſons are löſt.
One day (the tale 's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus addreſs'd his friend:
"To train my boy, and call forth ſenſe,
You know I 've ſtuck at no expence;
I 've try'd him in the ſeveral arts;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet, trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice ſhall fix my ſon."
"Sir, ſays the friend, I 've weigh'd the matter;
Excuſe me, for I ſcorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect."
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he 's ſent to ſchool,
Where learning but improves the fool.

The college next muſt give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by licence or degree
The ſexton ſhare the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonſenſe pour;
We find (th' intent of Nature foil'd)
A taylor or a butcher ſpoil'd.
  Thus miniſters have royal boons
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In ſpite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every poſt were fit.
  But now let every Muſe confeſs
That merit finds its due ſucceſs.
Th' examples of our days regard;
Where 's virtue ſeen without reward?
Diſtinguiſh'd and in place you find
Deſert and worth of every kind.
Survey the reverend bench, and ſee
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honeſty diſgrac'd and poor?
What is 't to us what was before?
  We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were preferr'd;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, ſons, and couſins.

What

What matter ignorance and pride?
The man was happily ally'd.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing underſtood?
In church and ſtate the ſorry race
Grew more conſpicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.
Conſider, Patrons, that ſuch elves
Expoſe your folly with themſelves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its ſphere.
Your partial hand can wealth diſpenſe,
But never give a blockhead ſenſe.
An Owl of magiſterial air,
Of ſolemn voice, of brow auſtere,
Aſſum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wiſdom in his face;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I 've ſeen a pedant look as wiſe.
Within a barn, from noiſe retir'd,
He ſcorn'd the world, himſelf admir'd;
And, like an ancient ſage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.
Philoſophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to ſcience bred,
Their manners form'd for every ſtation,
And deſtin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people ſav'd,

That laurel was not all his own;
The plant by Socrates was ſown.
To Ariſtotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.
Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equal'd in conceit.
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for maſter of a ſchool.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite ſentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears ſeem'd ſo profound,
They fancy'd learning in the ſound.
The ſchool had fame; the crowded place
With pupils ſwarm'd of every race.
With theſe the Swan's maternal care
Had ſent her ſcarce-fledg'd cygnet heir:
The Hen (though fond and loath to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aſpir'd to ſcience more refin'd:
The Aſs learnt metaphors and tropes,
But moſt on muſic fix'd his hopes.
The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's buſy ſtage;
And to the Maſter 'twas ſubmitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.
"The Swan, ſays he, in arms ſhall ſhine;
The ſoldier's glorious toil be thine.
The Cock ſhall mighty wealth attain:
Go, ſeek it on the ſtormy main.

The

The court ſhall be the Spider's ſphere:
Power, fortune, ſhall reward him there.
In muſic's art, the Aſs's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name."
Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally deſpis'd.
A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull Preceptor thus reprov'd.
"Blockhead, ſays he, by what you 've done,
One would have thought them each your ſon;
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Conſult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what th' other ſon ſhall be.
Had you with judgement weigh'd the caſe,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place:
The Swan had learnt the ſailor's art;
The Cock had play'd the ſoldier's part;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the foal, in every claſs,
The blockhead had appear'd an Aſs."

FABLE

FABLE XV.

THE COOK-MAID, THE TURNSPIT, AND THE OX.

To a poor Man.

CONSIDER man in every ſphere,
Then tell me, is your lot ſevere?
'Tis murmur, diſcontent, diſtruſt,
That makes you wretched. God is juſt.
I grant, the hungry muſt be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are ſeen and known;
But every mortal feels his own.
We 're born a reſtleſs, needy crew:
Shew me the happier man than you.

Adam, though bleſt above his kind,
For want of ſocial woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the ſubtle ſerpent ſaw,
Her fickle taſte tranſgreſs'd the law:
Thus fell our ſire; and their diſgrace
The curſe entail'd on human race.

When Philip's ſon, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire ſpread;
When altars to his name were dreſs'd;
That he was man, his tears confeſs'd.

The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants reſpect.
What various wants on power attend!
Ambition never gains its end.

Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of ſurfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from every uſe of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's ſtrength and health.
Another, in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miſeries of life:
Domeſtic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is loſt:
Why was that vain entail engroſt?
Canſt thou diſcern another's mind?
What is 't you envy? Envy 's blind.
Tell Envy, when ſhe would annoy,
That thouſands want what you enjoy.
" The dinner muſt be diſh'd at one.
Where 's this vexatious Turnſpit gone?
Unleſs the ſkulking Cur is caught,
The ſurloin's ſpoilt, and I 'm in fault."
Thus ſaid, (for ſure you 'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forſook:
The broomſtick o'er her head ſhe waves;
She ſweats, ſhe ſtamps, ſhe puffs, ſhe raves:
The ſneaking Cur before her flies;
She whiſtles, calls; fair ſpeech ſhe tries.
Theſe nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fiſt and cudgel threat by turns.
With haſty ſtride ſhe preſſes near;
He ſlinks aloof, and howls with fear.

" Was ever Cur ſo curs'd! (he cry'd)
What ſtar did at my birth preſide!
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious taſk! of all our race
No ſlave is half ſo mean and baſe.
Had Fate a kinder lot aſſign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and eaſe enjoy'd;
And, like a gentleman, careſt,
Had been the lady's favourite gueſt:
Or were I ſprung from ſpaniel line,
Was his ſagacious noſtril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feaſts ſupply'd,
Knights, 'ſquires, attendant on my pace,
Had ſhar'd the pleaſures of the chace.
Endued with native ſtrength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion ſire?
A lion! ſuch mean views I ſcorn:
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with reaſon's power contend?
On man we brutal ſlaves depend:
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day."

An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.

" Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind 's your lot compar'd with mine!

Decreed

Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath ſever'd me from ſocial life;
Urg'd by the ſtimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the ſtubborn plain,
Break the ſtiff ſoil, and houſe the grain:
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, conſider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour 's not far away)
You, by the duties of your poſt,
Shall turn the ſpit when I 'm the roaſt;
And for reward ſhall ſhare the feaſt,
I mean, ſhall pick my bones at leaſt."
" Till now, th' aſtoniſh'd Cur replies,
I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How falſe we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their ſeveral cares.
If thus yon' mighty beaſt complains;
Perhaps man knows ſuperior pains.
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the Ox, and learn content."
Thus ſaid, cloſe following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

FABLE XVI.

THE RAVEN, THE SEXTON, AND THE EARTH-WORM.

To Laura.

LAURA, methinks you 're over-nice.
True; flattery is a ſhocking vice:
Yet ſure, whene'er the praiſe is juſt,
One may commend without diſguſt.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by every tongue beſide?
How ſingular are all your ways!
A woman, and averſe to praiſe!
If 'tis offence ſuch truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?
Since then I dare not ſpeak my mind,
A truth conſpicuous to mankind;
Though in full luſtre every grace
Diſtinguiſh your celeſtial face;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like ſtars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade; I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praiſe.
If you the tribute due diſdain,
The Muſe's mortifying ſtrain
Shall, like a woman, in mere ſpite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
Though ſuch revenge might ſhock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,

I mean

I mean that ſuperficial race
Whoſe thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face;
What 's that to you? I but diſpleaſe
Such ever-girliſh ears as theſe.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That laſts the ſame through every ſtage.
Though you by time muſt ſuffer more
Than ever woman loſt before,
To age is ſuch indifference ſhown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native ſtrength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourſelf by Reaſon's light?
Thoſe eyes, of ſo divine a ray,
What are they? Mouldering, mortal clay.
Thoſe features, caſt in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarſer earth, grow old;
Like common graſs, the faireſt flower
Muſt feel the hoary ſeaſon's power.
How weak, how vain, is human pride!
Dares man upon himſelf confide?
The wretch, who glories in his gain,
Amaſſes heaps on heaps in vain.
Why loſe we life in anxious cares,
To lay-in hoards for future years?
Can thoſe (when tortur'd by diſeaſe)
Cheer our ſick heart, or purchaſe eaſe?
Can thoſe prolong one gaſp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

What 's

What's beauty? Call ye that your own?
A flower that fades as ſoon as blown.
What's man in all his boaſt of ſway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.
Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from duſt as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's reſtleſs pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's courſe)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal power!)
Stretch life beyond the deſtin'd hour?
Conſider, Man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar, is the ſame.
Duſt form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then ſinks into his native clay.
Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
Two Ravens ſate. In ſolemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend beſpoke.
"Methinks I ſcent ſome rich repaſt;
The ſavour ſtrengthens with the blaſt;
Snuff then, the promis'd feaſt inhale;
I taſte the carcaſe in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's ſteed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,
Hath groan'd his laſt. A dainty treat!
To birds of taſte, delicious meat!"

A Sexton, buſy at his trade,
To hear their chat ſuſpends his ſpade.
Death ſtruck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
"Was ever two ſuch blundering fowls,
In brains and manners leſs than owls!
Blockheads, ſays he, learn more reſpect:
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this ſame grave (who does me right,
Muſt own the work is ſtrong and tight)
The 'Squire, that yon' fair hall poſſeſt,
To-night ſhall lay his bones at reſt.
Whence could the groſs miſtake proceed?
The 'Squire was ſomewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meaneſt bird of prey
Such want of ſenſe could ne'er betray;
For ſure ſome difference muſt be found
(Suppoſe the ſmelling organ ſound)
In carcaſſes (ſay what we can),
Or where 's the dignity of man?"
With due reſpect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the caſe.
In ſuch ſimilitude of ſcent,
Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And ſeem their ſavoury words to eat,
They prais'd dead horſe, luxurious food!
The veniſon of the preſcient brood.
The Sexton's indignation, mov'd,
The mean compariſon reprov'd;

Their undiſcerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.
Reproachful ſpeech from either ſide
The want of argument ſupply'd:
They rail, revile; as often ends
The conteſt of diſputing friends.
"Hold, ſays the Fowl; ſince human pride
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let 's ſtate the caſe, and then refer
The knotty point, for taſte may err."
As thus he ſpoke, from out the mould
An Earth-worm, huge of ſize, unroll'd
His monſtrous length: they ſtrait agree
To chuſe him as their referee:
So to th' experience of his jaws
Each ſtates the merits of the cauſe.
He paus'd; and, with a ſolemn tone,
Thus made his ſage opinion known:
"On carcaſſes of every kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beaſt, or fowl, or man, I feed:
Such ſmall diſtinction 's in the ſavour,
By turns I chuſe the fancy'd flavour:
Yet I muſt own (that human beaſt!)
A glutton is the rankeſt feaſt.
Man, ceaſe this boaſt; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beſide.
The prince who kept the world in awe,
The judge whoſe dictate fix'd the law,

The

The rich, the poor, the great, the ſmall,
Are level'd; death confounds them all.
Then think not that we reptiles ſhare
Such cates, ſuch elegance of fare;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermin's food:
'Tis ſeated in th' immortal mind;
Virtue diſtinguiſhes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the ſoul we know not where.
So, Good-man Sexton, ſince the caſe
Appears with ſuch a dubious face,
To neither I the cauſe determine,
For different taſtes pleaſe different vermin."

END OF THE SECOND PART.

AYE AND NO.

A FABLE*.

IN Fable all things hold diſcourſe;
Then Words, no doubt, muſt talk of courſe.
Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
Two hoſtile adverbs, Aye and No,
Were haſtening to the field of fight,
And front to front ſtood oppoſite;
Before each general join'd the van,
Aye, the more courteous knight, began.
"Stop, peeviſh Particle! beware!
I'm told you are not ſuch a bear,
But ſometimes yield when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon' folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who muſt decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder ſtage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Aye, and Aye gives No;
Yet, in expenſive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or penſion.
Why then ſhould kinsfolks quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.)

* Taken from the Miſcellanies publiſhed by Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope.

To

To ſome wiſe ſtateſman let us go,
Where each his proper uſe may know:
He may admit two ſuch commanders,
And make thoſe wait who ſerv'd in Flanders.
Let 's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treaſury lord, not Maiſter Young.
Obſequious at his high command,
Aye ſhall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can beſt reſiſt,
And Aye ſupport the Civil liſt:
Aye, quick as Cæſar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual fly diſguiſe,
Let Aye's ſeem No's, and No's ſeem Aye's;
Aye's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in biſhops give conſent."
Thus Aye propos'd—and, for reply,
No, for the firſt time, anſwer'd Aye.
They parted with a thouſand kiſſes,
And fight e'er ſince for pay, like Swiſſes.

DUKE UPON DUKE*:
AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF, CHEVY-CHACE.

TO lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feaſt in bower or hall:
Though dukes they be, to dukes I ſay,
That pride will have a fall.

Now that this ſame it is right ſooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John duke of Guiſe *,
And Nic of Lancaſtere †.

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And, if your a—ſe, a kick.

* This humourous Ballad is aſcribed to Mr. Gay on conjecture only. It is among the Miſcellanies publiſhed by Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope; is there marked as *not* the Dean's; and has never been conſidered as Mr. Pope's. N.

† Sir John Guiſe. N.

‡ Nicholas Lord Lechmere, Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaſter. N.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your noſe,
At every turn fell to 't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of theſe the duke of Lancaſtere
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod
His foes, and friends beſide.

Firm on his front his beaver ſate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his ſkin.

With Spaniſh wool he dy'd his cheek,
With eſſence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat ſo ſweet,
Nor could ſo ſcratch and tear.

Right tall he made himſelf to ſhow,
Though made full ſhort by God:
And, when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair,
To Guiſe's duke was he:
Was ever ſuch a loving pair?
How could they diſagree?

Oh, thus it was: he lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And, having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his deſperate quill,
And thus he did indite:
"This eve at whiſt ourſelf will play,
"Sir Duke! be here to-night."

"Ah no! ah no!" the guileleſs Guiſe
Demurely did reply;
"I cannot go, nor yet can ſtand,
"So ſore the gout have I."

The duke in wrath call'd for his ſteeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! lord! how rattled then thy ſtones,
O kingly Kenſington*!

All in a trice he ruſh'd on Guiſe,
Thruſt out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his noſe, trod on his toes,
And ſmote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midſt of victory
Fate plays her old dog-trick!
Up leap'd duke John, and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic! oh Nic, alas!
Right did thy goſſip call thee:
As who ſhould ſay, alas the day
When John of Guiſe ſhall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did ſit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do —— what was not fit.

* Lord Lechmere lived at Camden-houſe, near Kenſington. N.

Up didſt thou look, oh woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d inſtead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guiſe,
"No *ſheet* is here to ſave thee:
"The caſement it is ſhut likewiſe;
"Beneath my feet I have thee.

"If thou haſt aught to ſpeak, ſpeak out,"
Then Lancaſtere did cry,
"Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf?
"Who thou, and who am I?

"Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd!)
"Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,
"Than all the line of Lancaſtere,
"That battled heretofore?

"In ſenates fam'd for many a ſpeech,
"And (what ſome awe muſt give ye,
"Though laid thus low beneath thy breech)
"Still of the council privy;

"Still of the *dutchy* chancellor:
"*Durante* life I have it;
"And turn, as now thou doſt on me,
"Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the ſervants they ruſh'd in;
And duke Nic. up leap'd he:
"I will not cope againſt ſuch odds,
"But, Guiſe! I 'll fight with thee a

"To-morrow with thee will I fight
"Under the green-wood tree."
"No, not to-morrow, but to-night"
(Quoth Guife) "I'll fight with thee."

And now the ſun declining low
Beſtreak'd with blood the ſkies;
When, with his ſword at ſaddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guiſe.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn,
Oft' roll'd his eyes around,
And from the ſtirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he ſpy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour ſo calm
Was Lancaſtere to ſee,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee:

And ſo he did — for to New Court
His rolling wheels did run:
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful ſtrife;
But *buſineſs* muſt be done,

Back in the dark, by Brompton-park,
He turn'd up through the Gore;
So ſlunk to Camden-houſe ſo high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean-while duke Guiſe did fret and fume,
A ſight it was to ſee,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore muttering all the way,
"The day I meet him, Nic ſhall rue
"The cudgel of that day.

"Mean time on every piſſing-poſt
"Paſte we this recreant's name,
"So that each piſſer-by ſhall read
"And piſs againſt the ſame."

Now God preſerve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this leſſon from duke Nic,
That *pride will have a fall!*

DIONE.

A

PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

" Sunt numina amanti,
" Sævit et injuſtâ lege relicta Venus."
TIBULL. Eleg. v. Lib. 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

EVANDER under the name of LYCIDAS.
CLEANTHES.
Shepherds.

WOMEN.

DIONE under the name of ALEXIS.
PARTHENIA.
LAURA.

Scene, ARCADIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Plain, at the Foot of a ſteep craggy Mountain.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

WHY doſt thou fly me? Stay, unhappy fair,
Seek not theſe horrid caverns of deſpair;
To trace thy ſteps, the midnight air I bore,
Trod the brown deſert, and unſhelter'd moor:
Three times the lark has ſung his matin lay,
And roſe on dewy wing to meet the day,
Since firſt I found thee, ſtretch'd in penſive mood,
Where laurels border Ladon's ſilver flood.

DIONE.

O let my ſoul with grateful thanks o'erflow!
'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.
Like the weak lamb, you rais'd me from the plain,
Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain;
Each day I ſhare thy bowl and clean repaſt,
Each night thy roof defends the chilly blaſt.
But vain is all thy friendſhip, vain thy care;
Forget a wretch abandon'd to deſpair.

LAURA.

Deſpair will fly thee, when thou ſhalt impart
The fatal ſecret that torments thy heart;

Diſcloſe

Diſcloſe thy ſorrows to my faithful ear,
Inſtruct theſe eyes to give thee tear for tear.
Love, love 's the cauſe; our foreſts ſpeak thy flame,
The rocks have learnt to ſigh Evander's name.
If faultering ſhame thy baſhful tongue reſtrain,
If thou haſt look'd, and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd in vain;
Say, in what grove thy lovely ſhepherd ſtrays,
Tell me what mountains warble with his lays;
Thither I 'll ſpeed me, and with moving art
Draw ſoft confeſſions from his melting heart.

DIONE.

Thy generous care has touch'd my ſecret woe.
Love bids theſe ſcalding tears inceſſant flow.
Ill-fated love! O ſay, ye ſylvan maids,
Who range wide foreſts and ſequeſter'd ſhades,
Say where Evander bled, point out the ground
That yet is purple with the ſavage wound.
Yonder he lies; I hear the bird of prey;
High o'er thoſe cliffs the raven wings his way;
Hark how he croaks! he ſcents the murder near.
O may no greedy beak his viſage tear!
Shield him, ye Cupids; ſtrip the Paphian grove,
And ſtrow unfading myrtle o'er my love!
Down, heaving heart.

LAURA.

— The mournful tale diſcloſe.

DIONE.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repoſe.
Yet if thy friendſhip ſtill the cauſe requeſt;
I 'll ſpeak, though ſorrow rend my labouring breaſt.

Know then, fair ſhepherdeſs, no honeſt ſwain
Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain;
Unus'd to ſweet content, no flocks I keep,
Nor browzing goats that overhang the ſteep.
Born where Orchomenos' proud turrets ſhine,
I trace my birth from long illuſtrious line,
Why was I train'd amidſt Arcadia's court?
Love ever revels in that gay reſort.
Whene'er Evander paſt, my ſmitten heart
Heav'd frequent ſighs, and felt unuſual ſmart.
Ah! hadſt thou ſeen with what ſweet grace he mov'd!
Yet why that wiſh? for Laura then had lov'd.

LAURA.

Diſtruſt me not; thy ſecret wrongs impart.

DIONE.

Forgive the ſallies of a breaking heart.
Evander's ſighs his mutual flame confeſt,
The growing paſſion labour'd in his breaſt;
To me he came; my heart with rapture ſprung,
To ſee the bluſhes, when his faultering tongue
Firſt ſaid, I love. My eyes conſent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful paſſion ſeal:
Where's now the lovely youth; he's loſt, he's ſlain,
And the pale corſe lies breathleſs on the plain!

LAURA.

Are thus the hopes of conſtant lovers paid?
If thus—ye Powers, from love defend the maid!

DIONE.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple eaſt,
Since my dear hunter rouz'd the tuſky beaſt;
Swift flew the foaming monſter through the wood,
Swift as the wind, his eager ſteps purſued:
'Twas then the ſavage turn'd; then fell the youth,
And his dear blood diſtain'd the barbarous tooth.

LAURA.

Was there none near? no ready ſuccour found?
Nor healing herb to ſtaunch the ſpouting wound?

DIONE.

In vain through pathleſs woods the hunters croſt,
And ſought with anxious eye their maſter loſt;
In vain their frequent hollows eccho'd ſhrill,
And his lov'd name was ſent from hill to hill;
Evander hears you not. He's loſt, he's ſlain,
And the pale corſe lies breathleſs on the plain.

LAURA.

Has yet no clown (who, wandering from the way,
Beats every buſh to raiſe the lamb aſtray)
Obſerv'd the fatal ſpot?

DIONE.

— O, if ye paſs
Where purple murder dyes the wither'd graſs,
With pious finger gently cloſe his eyes,
And let his grave with decent verdure riſe. [*Weeps.*

LAURA.

Behold the turtle who has loſt her mate;
Awhile with drooping wing ſhe mourns his fate;

Sullen

Sullen, awhile she seeks the darkest grove,
And cooing meditates the murder'd dove;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again she 's chear'd, again she seeks the day.
Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

DIONE.

Yet sure some turtle's love has equal'd mine,
Who, when the hawk has snatch'd her mate away,
Hath never known the glad return of day.
When my fond father saw my faded eye,
And on my livid cheek the roses die;
When catching sighs my wasted bosom mov'd,
My looks, my sighs, confirm'd him that I lov'd.
He knew not that Evander was my flame,
Evander dead! my passion still the same!
He came, he threaten'd; with paternal sway,
Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day:
O cruel kindness! too severely prest!
I scorn his honours, and his wealth detest.

LAURA.

How vain is force! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

DIONE.

Though bound my duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
One night, when sleep had hush'd all busy spies,
And the pale moon had journey'd half the skies,
Softly I rose and dress'd; with silent tread,
Unbarr'd the gates, and to these mountains fled.
Here let me sooth the melancholy hours!
Close me, ye woods, within your twilight bowers!

Where my calm ſoul may ſettled ſorrow know,
And no Cleanthes interrupt my woe
With importuning love —

[*Melancholy muſic is heard at a diſtance.*

On yonder plain
Advances ſlow a melancholy train;
Black cypreſs boughs their drooping heads adorn.

LAURA.

Alas! Menalcas to his grave is borne.
Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride!
He ſaw, he ſigh'd, he lov'd, was ſcorn'd, and dy'd.

DIONE.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains?
Where may I ſee her?

LAURA.

— Aſk the ſighing ſwains.
They beſt can ſpeak the conqueſts of her eyes;
Whoever ſees her, loves; who loves her, dies.

DIONE.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath croſs'd,
And ſhe, like me, hath her Evander loſt.
How my ſoul pities her!

LAURA.

— If pity move
Your generous boſom, pity thoſe who love.
There late arriv'd among our ſylvan race
A ſtranger ſhepherd, who with lonely pace
Viſits thoſe mountain-pines at dawn of day,
Where oft' Parthenia takes her early way

To

To rouze the chace; mad with his amorous pain,
He ſtops and raves; then ſullen walks again.
Parthenia's name is borne by paſſing gales,
And talking hills repeat it to the dales.
Come, let us from this vale of ſorrow go,
Nor let the mournful ſcene prolong thy woe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.*

Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes (crowned with garlands of cypreſs and yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.

1 SHEPHERD.

Here gently reſt the corſe — With faultering breath
Thus ſpake Menalcas on the verge of death.
" Belov'd Palemon, hear a dying friend;
" See, where yon hills with craggy brows aſcend,
" Low in the valley where the mountain grows,
" There firſt I ſaw her, there began my woes.
" When I am cold, may there this clay be laid!
" There often ſtrays the dear, the cruel maid;
" There as ſhe walks, perhaps you 'll hear her ſay,
" (While a kind guſhing tear ſhall force its way)
" How could my ſtubborn heart relentleſs prove?
" Ah, poor Menalcas — all thy fault was love!"

2 SHEPHERD.

When pitying lions o'er a carcaſe groan,
And hungry tigers bleeding kids bemoan;

* This and the following ſcene are formed upon the novel of Marcella in Don Quixote.

When the lean wolf laments the mangled ſheep;
Then ſhall Parthenia o'er Menalcas weep.

1 SHEPHERD.

When famiſh'd panthers ſeek their morning food,
And monſters roar along the deſert wood;
When hiſſing vipers ruſtle through the brake,
Or in the path-way rears the ſpeckled ſnake;
The wary ſwain th' approaching peril ſpies,
And through ſome diſtant road ſecurely flies.
Fly then, ye ſwains, from beauty's ſurer wound.
Such was the fate our poor Menalcas found!

2 SHEPHERD.

What ſhepherd does not mourn Menalcas ſlain?
Kill'd by a barbarous woman's proud diſdain!
Whoe'er attempts to bend her ſcornful mind,
Cries to the deſerts, and purſues the wind.

1 SHEPHERD.

With every grace Menalcas was endow'd,
His merits dazzled all the ſylvan croud.
If you would know his pipe's melodious ſound,
Aſk all the echoes of theſe hills around,
For they have learnt his ſtrains; who ſhall rehearſe
The ſtrength, the cadence of his tuneful verſe?
Go, read thoſe lofty poplars; there you 'll find
Some tender ſonnet grow on every rind.

2 SHEPHERD.

Yet what avails his ſkill? Parthenia flies.
Can merit hope ſucceſs in woman's eyes?

1 SHEPHERD.

Why was Parthenia form'd of ſofteſt mould?
Why does her heart ſuch ſavage nature hold?
O ye kind gods! or all her charms efface,
Or tame her heart — ſo ſpare the ſhepherd race.

2 SHEPHERD.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I caſt;
So may Parthenia's tranſient beauty waſte!

1 SHEPHERD.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years,
Or ſees the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
Thinking her features never ſhall decay,
This ſwain ſhe ſcorns, from that ſhe turns away.
But know, as when the roſe her bud unfolds,
Awhile each breaſt the ſhort-liv'd fragrance holds;
When the dry ſtalk lets drop her ſhrivel'd pride,
The lovely ruin 's ever thrown aſide.
So ſhall Parthenia be.

2 SHEPHERD.

— See, ſhe appears,
To boaſt her ſpoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia *appears from the mountain.*

PARTHENIA. SHEPHERDS.

1 SHEPHERD.

Why this way doſt thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious Baſiliſk? Lo! there he lies:
There lies the youth thy curſed beauty ſlew;
See, at thy preſence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

PARTHENIA.

— Spare my fame;
I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.
If I 'm a Baſiliſk, the danger fly,
Shun the ſwift glances of my venom'd eye:
If I 'm a murderer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your boſom bare?

1 SHEPHERD.

What heart is proof againſt that face divine?
Love is not in our power.

PARTHENIA.

— Is love in mine?
If e'er I trifled with a ſhepherd's pain,
Or with falſe hope his paſſion ſtrove to gain;
Then might you juſtly curſe my ſavage mind,
Then might you rank me with the ſerpent kind:

But

But I ne'er trifled with a ſhepherd's pain,
Nor with falſe hope his paſſion ſtrove to gain:
'Tis to his raſh purſuit he owes his fate;
I was not cruel; he was obſtinate.

1 SHEPHERD.

Hear this, ye ſighing ſhepherds, and deſpair.
Unhappy Lycidas, thy hour is near!
Since the ſame barbarous hand hath ſign'd thy doom,
We 'll lay thee in our lov'd Menalcas' tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Why will intruding man my peace deſtroy?
Let me content and ſolitude enjoy;
Free was I born; my freedom to maintain,
Early I fought the unambitious plain.
Moſt women's weak reſolves, like reeds, will ply,
Shake with each breath, and bend with every ſigh;
Mine, like an oak, whoſe firm roots deep deſcend,
Nor breath of love can ſhake, nor ſigh can bend.
If ye unhappy Lycidas would ſave;
Go ſeek him, lead him to Menalcas' grave;
Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,
Like him Menalcas wept, but wept in vain:
Bid him his heart-conſuming groans give o'er:
Tell him, I heard ſuch piercing groans before,
And heard unmov'd. O Lycidas, be wiſe,
Prevent thy fate. — Lo! there Menalcas lies.

1 SHEPHERD.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid;

Let's

Let 's ſeek our charge; the flocks, diſperſing wide,
Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's ſide.
Truſt not, ye ſwains, the lightning of her eye,
Leſt ye, like him, ſhould love, deſpair, and die.

[*Exeunt* Shepherds, *&c.* Parthenia *remains in a melancholy poſture, looking on the grave of* Menalcas.

Enter LYCIDAS.

SCENE IV.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

When ſhall my ſteps have reſt? through all the wood,
And by the winding banks of Ladon's flood,
I ſought my love. O ſay, ye ſkipping fawns
(Who range entangled ſhades and daiſy'd lawns),
If ye have ſeen her! ſay, ye warbling race
(Who meaſure on ſwift wing th' aerial ſpace,
And view below hills, dales, and diſtant ſhores),
Where ſhall I find her whom my ſoul adores!

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, DIONE, LAURA.

[Dione *and* Laura *at a diſtance.*

LYCIDAS.

What do I ſee? no. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding viſion riſe.

'Tis

'Tis ſhe. My ſpringing heart her preſence feels.
See, proſtrate Lycidas before thee kneels.
[*Kneeling to* Parthenia.
Why will Parthenia turn her face away?

PARTHENIA.

Who calls Parthenia? hah!

[*She ſtarts from her melancholy; and, ſeeing* Lycidas, *flies into the wood.*

LYCIDAS.

— Stay, virgin, ſtay.
O wing my feet, kind Love. See, ſee, ſhe bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when preſt by hounds.

[*He purſues her.* Dione *faints in the arms of* Laura.

LAURA.

What means this trembling? All her colour flies,
And life is quite unſtrung. Ah! lift thy eyes,
And anſwer me; ſpeak, ſpeak, 'tis Laura calls.
Speech has forſook her lips. — She faints, ſhe falls.
Fan her, ye zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the ſhades of death:
Blow, ye cool gales. See, ſee, the foreſt ſhakes
With coming winds! ſhe breathes, ſhe moves, ſhe wakes.

DIONE.

Ah, falſe Evander!

LAURA.

— Calm thy ſobbing breaſt.
Say, what new ſorrow has thy heart oppreſt?

DIONE.

Didſt thou not hear his ſighs and ſuppliant tone?
Didſt thou not hear the pitying mountain groan?
Didſt thou not ſee him bend his ſuppliant knee?
Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
And pour'd forth all his ſoul! See how he ſtrains,
And leſſens to the ſight o'er yonder plains,
To keep the fair in view! Run, virgin, run,
Hear not his vows; I heard, and was undone!

LAURA.

Let not imaginary terrors fright.
Some dark deluſion ſwims before thy ſight.
I ſaw Parthenia from the mountain's brow,
And Lycidas with proſtrate duty bow;
Swift, as the falcon's wing, I ſaw her fly,
And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
Why ſtream thy tears for ſorrows not thy own?

DIONE.

Oh! where are honour, faith, and juſtice flown?
Perjur'd Evander!

LAURA.

— Death has laid him low.
Touch not the mournful ſtring that wakes thy woe.

DIONE.

That amorous ſwain, whom Lycidas you name,
(Whoſe faithleſs boſom feels another flame)
Is my once kind Evander — yes — 'twas he.
He lives — but lives, alas! no more for me.

LAURA

LAURA.

Let not thy frantic words confeſs deſpair.

DIONE.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air?
Yes, I that treacherous voice with joy believ'd,
That voice, that mien, that air, my ſoul deceiv'd.
If my dear ſhepherd love the lawns and glades,
With him I 'll range the lawns, and ſeek the ſhades;
With him through ſolitary deſerts rove.
But could he leave me for another love?
O baſe ingratitude!

LAURA.

— Suſpend thy grief,
And let my friendly counſel bring relief
To thy deſponding ſoul. Parthenia's ear
Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer;
Evander courts diſdain, he follows ſcorn,
And in the paſſing winds his vows are borne.
Soon will he find that all in vain he ſtrove
To tame her boſom; then his former love
Shall wake his ſoul; then will he ſighing blame
His heart inconſtant, and his perjur'd flame:
Then ſhall he at Dione's feet implore,
Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

DIONE.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding ſpeech, coy looks, and cold diſdain,
To raiſe his paſſion. Such are female arts,
To hold in ſafer ſnares inconſtant hearts!

LAURA.

LAURA.

Parthenia's breaſt is ſteel'd with real ſcorn.

DIONE.

And doſt thou think Evander will return?

LAURA.

Forego thy ſex, lay all thy robes aſide,
Strip off theſe ornaments of female pride;
The ſhepherd's veſt muſt hide thy graceful air,
With the bold manly ſtep a ſwain appear;
Then with Evander may'ſt thou rove unknown,
Then let thy tender elegance be ſhown;
Then the new fury of his heart control,
And with Dione's ſufferings touch his ſoul.

DIONE.

Sweet as refreſhing dews, or ſummer ſhowers,
To the long parching thirſt of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting ſwains,
And ſoft as trickling balm to bleeding pains;
Such are thy words. The ſex ſhall be reſign'd,
No more ſhall braided gold theſe treſſes bind;
The ſhepherd's garb the woman ſhall diſguiſe.
If he has loſt all love, may friendſhip's tyes
Unite me to his heart!

LAURA.

— Go, proſperous maid,
May ſmiling love thy faithful wiſhes aid!
Be now Alexis call'd. With thee I 'll rove,
And watch thy wanderer through the mazy grove:

L

Let me be honour'd with a ſiſter's name;
For thee, I feel a more than ſiſter's flame.

DIONE.

Perhaps my ſhepherd has outſtript her haſte.
Think'ſt thou, when out of ſight, ſhe flew ſo faſt?
One ſudden glance might turn her ſavage mind;
May ſhe like Daphne fly, nor look behind,
Maintain her ſcorn, his eager flame deſpiſe,
Nor view Evander with Dione's eyes!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Lycidas *lying on the grave of* Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

WHEN ſhall theſe ſcalding fountains ceaſe to flow?
How long will life ſuſtain this load of woe?
Why glows the morn? Roll back, thou ſource of light,
And feed my ſorrows with eternal night.
Come, ſable Death! give, give the welcome ſtroke;
The raven calls thee from yon' blaſted oak.
What pious care my ghaſtful lid ſhall cloſe?
What decent hand my frozen limbs compoſe?
O happy ſhepherd, free from anxious pains,
Who now art wandering in the ſighing plains
Of bleſt Elyſium; where in myrtle groves
Enamour'd ghoſts bemoan their former loves.
Open, thou ſilent grave; for lo! I come
To meet Menalcas in the fragrant gloom;
There ſhall my boſom burn with friendſhip's flame,
The ſame our paſſion, and our fate the ſame;
There, like two nightingales on neighbouring boughs,
Alternate ſtrains ſhall mourn our fruſtrate vows.
But if cold death ſhould cloſe Parthenia's eye,
And ſhould her beauteous form come gliding by;
Friendſhip would ſoon in jealous fear be loſt,
And kindling hate purſue thy rival ghoſt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE *in a Shepherd's Habit.*

LYCIDAS.

Hah! who comes here? turn hence, be timely wiſe;
Truſt not thy ſafety to Parthenia's eyes.
As from the bearing falcon flies the dove,
So, wing'd with fear, Parthenia flies from love.

DIONE.

If in theſe vales the fatal beauty ſtray,
From the cold marble riſe; let's haſte away.
Why lie you panting, like the ſmitten deer?
Truſt not the dangers which you bid me fear.

LYCIDAS.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets ſurprize,
On ſoaring pinion rove the ſpacious ſkies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get looſe from love.
The ſnares of death are o'er me. Hence! beware;
Leſt you ſhould ſee her, and like me deſpair.

DIONE.

No. Let her come; and ſeek this vale's receſs,
In all the beauteous negligence of dreſs;
Though Cupid ſend a ſhaft in every glance,
Though all the Graces in her ſtep advance,
My heart can ſtand it all. Be firm, my breaſt;
Th' enſnaring oath, the broken vow deteſt;

That flame, which other charms have power to move,
O give it not the ſacred name of love!
'Tis perjury, fraud, and meditated lyes.
Love 's ſeated in the ſoul, and never dies.
What then avail her charms? My conſtant heart
Shall gaze ſecure, and mock a ſecond dart.

LYCYDAS.

But you perhaps a happier fate have found,
And the ſame hand that gave, now heals the wound.
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the ſport of pride and ſcorn?

DIONE.

O tell me, ſhepherd, hath thy faithleſs maid,
Falſe to her vow, thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her ſmooth ſpeech engage thee to believe?
Did ſhe proteſt and ſwear, and then deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

LYCIDAS.

—The haughty fair
Contemns my ſufferings, and diſdains to hear.
Let meaner Beauties, learn'd in female ſnares,
Entice the ſwain with half-conſenting airs;
Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conquering eyes,
And yet, wheree'er ſhe turns, a lover ſighs.
Vain is the ſteady conſtancy you boaſt;
All other love at ſight of her is loſt.

DIONE.

True conſtancy no time, no power, can move.
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

Though

Though the dear author of my hapleſs flame
Purſue another; ſtill my heart's the ſame.
Am I for ever left? (excuſe theſe tears)
May your kind friendſhip ſoften all my cares!

LYCIDAS.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, beſtow?

DIONE.

He beſt can pity who hath felt the woe.

LYCIDAS.

Since different objects have our ſouls poſſeſt,
No rival fears our friendſhip ſhall moleſt,

DIONE.

Come, let us leave the ſhade of theſe brown hills,
And drive our flocks beſide the ſtreaming rills.
Should the fair tyrant to theſe vales return,
How would thy breaſt with double fury burn!
Go hence, and ſeek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

—Fly, fly this place;
Beware of love; the proudeſt of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the ſteep the winding path declines,
I ſaw the nymph deſcend.

LYCIDAS.

—She comes, ſhe comes;
From her the paſſing Zephyrs ſteal perfumes,
As from the violet's bank with odours ſweet
Breathes every gale; ſpring blooms beneath her feet.
Yes, 'tis my faireſt; here ſhe's wont to rove.

LAURA.

Say, by what ſigns I might have known thy Love?

LYCIDAS.

My Love is fairer than the ſnowy breaſt
Of the tall ſwan, whoſe proudly ſwelling cheſt
Divides the wave; her treſſes, looſe behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The riſing bluſhes, which her cheek o'erſpread,
Are opening roſes in the lily's bed.
Know'ſt thou Parthenia?

LAURA.

—Wretched is the ſlave
Who ſerves ſuch pride! Behold Menalcas' grave!
Yet if Alexis and this ſighing ſwain
Wiſh to behold the Tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind theſe myrtles twining arms
Retire unſeen; from thence ſurvey her charms.
Wild as the chaunting thruſh upon the ſpray,
At man's approach, ſhe ſwiftly flies away.
Like the young hare, I've ſeen the panting maid
Stop, liſten, run; of every wind afraid.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware—now fortify thy heart. [*To* Dione.
[Lycidas, Dione, *and* Laura, *retire behind the boughs.*

SCENE IV.

PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

PARTHENIA.

This melancholy ſcene demands a groan.
Hah! what inſcription marks the weeping ſtone?
"O power of beauty! here Menalcas lies.
"Gaze not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Why did Heaven form me with ſuch poliſh'd care?
Why caſt my features in a mould ſo fair?
If blooming beauty was a bleſſing meant,
Why are my ſighing hours deny'd content?
The downy peach, that glows with ſunny dyes,
Feeds the black ſnail, and lures voracious flies;
The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind,
And pecking finches ſcoop the golden rind;
But beauty ſuffers more pernicious wrongs,
Blaſted by envy, and cenſorious tongues.
How happy lives the nymph whoſe comely face
And pleaſing glances boaſt ſufficient grace
To wound the ſwain ſhe loves! No jealous fears
Shall vex her nuptial ſtate with nightly tears;
Nor amorous youths, to puſh their foul pretence,
Infeſt her days with dull impertinence.

But why talk I of love? My guarded heart
Diſowns his power, and turns aſide the dart.
Hark! from his hollow tomb Menalcas cries,
"Gaze not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Come, Lycidas, the mournful lay peruſe,
Leſt thou, like him, Parthenia's eyes accuſe.
[*She ſtands in a melancholy poſture, looking on the tomb.*

LYCIDAS.

Call'd ſhe not Lycidas?—I come, my fair;
See generous pity melts into a tear,
And her heart ſoftens. Now's the tender hour;
Aſſiſt me, Love! exert thy ſovereign power
To tame the ſcornful maid.

DIONE.

—Raſh ſwain, be wiſe:
'Tis not from thee or him; from Love ſhe flies.
Leave her, forget her. [*They hold* Lycidas.

LAURA.

—Why this furious haſte?

LYCIDAS.

Unhand me; looſe me.

DIONE.

—Siſter, hold him faſt.
To follow her, is, to prolong deſpair.
Shepherd, you muſt not go.

LYCIDAS.

—Bold youth, forbear.
Hear me, Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

—From behind the ſhade
Methought a voice ſome liſtening ſpy betray'd.
Yes, I 'm obſerv'd. [*She runs out.*

LYCIDAS.

—Stay, nymph; thy flight ſuſpend.
She hears me not—when will my ſorrows end!
As over-ſpent with toil, my heaving breaſt
Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me reſt.
[*He remains in a fixt melancholy.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Recall thy ſcatter'd ſenſe, bid reaſon wake,
Subdue thy paſſion.

LYCIDAS.

—Shall I never ſpeak?
She 's gone, ſhe 's gone—Kind ſhepherd, let me reſt
My troubled head upon thy friendly breaſt.
The foreſt ſeems to move—O curſed ſtate!
I doom'd to love, and ſhe condemn'd to hate!
Tell me, Alexis, art thou ſtill the ſame?
Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame
Of thy firſt love? did not thy fluttering heart,
Whene'er ſhe rais'd her look, confeſs the dart?

DIONE.

I own, the nymph is faireſt of her race,
Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze,
Mindful of former promiſe; all that's dear,
My thoughts, my dreams, my every wiſh is there.
Since then our hopes are loſt; let friendſhip's tye
Calm our diſtreſs, and ſlighted love ſupply;
Let us together drive our fleecy ſtore,
And of ungrateful woman think no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis death alone can raiſe her from my breaſt.

LAURA.

Why ſhines thy love ſo far above the reſt?
Nature, 'tis true, in every outward grace,
Her niceſt hand employ'd; her lovely face
With beauteous feature ſtampt; with roſy dyes
Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her eyes:
But, if thou ſearch the ſecrets of her mind,
Where ſhall thy cheated ſoul a virtue find?
Sure hell with cruelty her breaſt ſupply'd:
How did ſhe glory when Menalcas dy'd!
Pride in her boſom reigns; ſhe 's falſe, ſhe 's vain;
She firſt entices, then inſults the ſwain.
Shall female cunning lead thy heart aſtray?
Shepherd, be free; and ſcorn for ſcorn repay.

LYCIDAS.

How woman talks of woman!

DIONE.

DIONE.

—Hence depart;
Let a long abſence cure thy love-ſick heart.
To ſome far grove retire, her ſight diſclaim,
Nor with her charms awake the dying flame.
Let not an hour thy happy flight ſuſpend;
But go not, Lycidas, without thy friend.
Together let us ſeek the chearful plains,
And lead the dance among the ſportive ſwains,
Devoid of care.

LAURA.

—Or elſe the groves diſdain,
Nor with the ſylvan walk indulge thy pain.
Haſte to the town; there (I have oft' been told)
The courtly nymph her treſſes binds with gold,
To captivate the youths; the youths appear
In fine array; in ringlets waves their hair
Rich with ambroſial ſcents, the fair to move,
And all the buſineſs of the day is love.
There from the gaudy train ſelect a dame,
Her willing glance ſhall catch an equal flame.

LYCIDAS.

Name not the Court.—The thought my ſoul confounds,
And with Dione's wrongs my boſom wounds.
Heaven juſtly vindicates the faithful maid;
And now are all my broken vows repaid.
Perhaps ſhe now laments my fancy'd death
With tears unfeign'd; and thinks my gaſping breath

How ſhall my breaſt the ſwelling ſighs co

LAURA.

O ſmooth thy brow, conceal our juſt deſig
Be yet awhile unknown. If grief ariſe,
And force a paſſage through thy guſhing
Quickly retire, thy ſorrows to compoſe;
Or with a look ſerene diſguiſe thy woes.

[Dione *is going out.* Laura *walks*

LYCIDAS.

Canſt thou, Alexis, leave me thus diſtreſt
Where 's now the boaſted friendſhip of thy
Haſt thou not oft' ſurvey'd the dappled de
In ſocial herds o'erſpread the paſtures fair?
When opening hounds the warmer ſcent p
And force the deſtin'd victim from the cre
Oft' he returns, and fain would join the b
While all their horns the panting wretch

Sooner ſhall hens expoſe their infant care,
When the ſpread kite fails wheeling in the air;
Than I forſake thee when by danger preſt.
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breaſt.

LYCIDAS.

If thy fair-ſpoken tongue thy boſom ſhows,
There let the ſecrets of my ſoul repoſe.

DIONE.

Far be ſuſpicion; in my truth confide.
O let my heart thy load of cares divide!

LYCIDAS.

Know then, Alexis, that in vain I ſtrove
To break her chain, and free my ſoul from love:
On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings,
Still more entangled in the clammy ſtrings.
The ſlow-pac'd days have witneſs'd my deſpair,
Upon my weary couch ſits wakeful care;
Down my fluſh'd cheek the flowing ſorrows run,
As dews deſcend to weep the abſent ſun.
O loſt Parthenia!

DIONE,

—Theſe wild thoughts ſuſpend;
And in thy kind commands inſtruct thy friend.

LYCIDAS.

Whene'er my faultering tongue would urge my cauſe,
Deaf is her ear, and ſullen ſhe withdraws.
Go then, Alexis; ſeek the ſcornful maid,
In tender eloquence my ſufferings plead;

Of ſlighted paſſion you the pangs have known;
O judge my ſecret anguiſh by your own!

DIONE.

Had I the ſkill inconſtant hearts to move,
My longing ſoul had never loſt my Love.
My feeble tongue, in theſe ſoft arts untry'd,
Can ill ſupport the thunder of her pride;
When he ſhall bid me to thy bower repair,
How ſhall my trembling lips her threats declare!
How ſhall I tell thee that ſhe could behold,
With brow ſerene, thy corſe all pale and cold
Beat on the daſhing billow? Should'ſt thou go
Where the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below,
Near thee the tyrant could unpitying ſtand,
Nor call thee back, nor ſtretch a ſaving hand.
Wilt thou then ſtill perſiſt to tempt thy fate,
To feed her pride, and gratify her hate?

LYCIDAS.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
Oft' ſhifts her paſſions, like th' inconſtant wind;
Sudden ſhe rages, like the troubled main,
Now ſinks the ſtorm, and all is calm again.
Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart,
And the ſoft tale ſhall glide into her heart.

DIONE.

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove,
And never hear the tender voice of love.
Let her awhile, neglected by the ſwain,
Paſs by, nor ſighs moleſt the chearful plain:

Thu

Thus ſhall the fury of her pride be laid;
Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

LYCIDAS.

Vain are attempts my paſſion to control.
Is this the balm to cure my fainting ſoul?

DIONE.

Deep then among the green-wood ſhades I 'll rove,
And ſeek with weary'd pace thy wander'd Love;
Proſtrate I 'll fall, and with inceſſant prayers
Hang on her knees, and bathe her feet with tears.
If ſighs of pity can her ear incline,
(O Lycidas, my life is wrapt in thine!) [*Aſide.*
I 'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale,
Thy voice more ſweet than notes along the vale
Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving ſtrain
Shall ſtay her flight, and conquer her diſdain.
Yet if ſhe hear; ſhould Love the meſſage ſpeed,
Then dies all hope;—then muſt Dione bleed. [*Aſide.*

LYCIDAS.

Haſte then, dear faithful ſwain. Beneath thoſe yews,
Whoſe ſable arms the browneſt ſhade diffuſe,
Where all around, to ſhun the fervent ſky,
The panting flocks in ferny thickets lie;
There with impatience ſhall I wait my friend,
O'er the wide proſpect frequent glances ſend
To ſpy thy wiſh'd return. As thou ſhalt find
A tender welcome, may thy Love be kind!

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

DIONE, LAURA.

DIONE.

Methinks I 'm now ſurrounded by deſpair,
And all my withering hopes are loſt in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempeſts blow,
With hollow blaſts the claſhing branches bend;
And yellow ſhowers of ruſtling leaves deſcend;
She ſees the friendly ſhelter from her fly,
Nor dare her little pinions truſt the ſky;
But on the naked ſpray in wintery air,
All ſhivering, hopeleſs, mourns the dying year.
What have I promis'd? raſh, unthinking maid!
By thy own tongue thy wiſhes are betray'd!

[Laura *advances.*

LAURA.

Why walk'ſt thou thus diſturb'd with frantic air?
Why roll thy eyes with madneſs and deſpair?

DIONE. [*Muſing.*

How wilt thou bear to ſee her pride give way?
When thus the yielding nymph ſhall bid thee ſay,
"Let not the ſhepherd ſeek the ſilent grave,
"Say, that I bid him live — if hope can ſave!"

LAURA.

Hath he diſcern'd thee through the ſwain's diſguiſe,
And now alike thy love and friendſhip flies?

DIONE

DIONE.

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promiſe made,
I 'll range each ſunny hill, each lawn and glade.

LAURA.

'Tis Laura ſpeaks. O calm your troubled mind.

DIONE.

Where ſhall my ſearch this envy'd Beauty find?
I 'll go, my faithleſs ſhepherd's cauſe to plead,
And with my tears accuſe the rival maid.
Yet, ſhould her ſoften'd heart to love incline!

LAURA.

If thoſe are all thy fears, Evander 's thine.

DIONE.

Why ſhould we both in ſorrow waſte our days?
If love unfeign'd my conſtant boſom ſways,
His happineſs alone is all I prize,
And that is center'd in Parthenia's eyes.
Haſte then, with earneſt zeal her love implore,
To bleſs his hours—when thou ſhalt breathe no more.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Dione *lying on the ground by the ſide of a Fountain.*

DIONE.

HERE let me reſt; and in the liquid glaſs
View with impartial look my fading face.
Why are Parthenia's ſtriking beauties priz'd?
And why Dione's weaker glance deſpis'd?
Nature in various moulds has beauty caſt,
And form'd the feature for each different taſte:
This ſighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloſs of ſable treſſes, dies.
Let all mankind theſe locks, theſe eyes deteſt,
So I were lovely in Evander's breaſt!
When o'er the garden's knot we caſt our view,
While ſummer paints the ground with various hue;
Some praiſe the gaudy tulip's ſtreaky red,
And ſome the ſilver lily's bending head;
Some the jonquil in ſhining yellow dreſt,
And ſome the fring'd carnation's varied veſt;
Some love the ſober violet's purple dyes.
Thus beauty fares in different lovers' eyes.
But bright Parthenia like the roſe appears,
She in all eyes ſuperior luſtre bears.

SCENE

SCENE II.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why thus beneath the ſilver willow laid,
Weeps fair Dione in the penſive ſhade?
Haſt thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards Parthenia from the ſultry hour?

DIONE.

With weary ſtep in paths unknown I ſtray'd,
And ſought in vain the ſolitary maid.

LAURA.

Seeſt thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whoſe aged arms imbrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And waſh the ſoil from the big roots below;
From the tall rock the daſhing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the ruſhing billows ſound!
There, loſt in thought, and leaning on her crook,
Stood the ſad nymph, nor rais'd her penſive look;
With ſettled eye the bubbling waves ſurvey'd,
And watch'd the whirling eddies as they play'd.

DIONE.

Thither to know my certain doom I ſpeed,
For by this ſentence life or death 's decreed. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

LAURA.

But ſee! ſome haſty ſtranger bends this way;
His broider'd veſt reflects the ſunny ray:
Now through the thinner boughs I mark his mien,
Now veil'd, in thicker ſhades he moves unſeen.
Hither he turns; I hear a muttering ſound;
Behind this reverend oak with ivy bound
Quick I 'll retire; with buſy thought poſſeſt,
His tongue betrays the ſecrets of his breaſt.

[*She hides herſelf.*

CLEANTHES.

The ſkilful hunter with experienc'd care
Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
The ſubtle fox (who breathes the weary hound
O'er hills and plains) in diſtant brakes is found;
With eaſe we track ſwift hinds and ſkipping roes.
But who th' inconſtant ways of woman knows?
They ſay, ſhe wanders with the ſylvan train,
And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
Shepherds explain their wiſh without offence,
Nor bluſh the nymphs; — for Love is innocence.
O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
Where the ſlope hills the warbling voice repeat.
Perhaps on daiſy'd turf reclines the maid,
And near her ſide ſome rival clown is laid.

Yet,

Yet, yet I love her. — O loſt nymph return,
Let not thy fire with tears inceſſant mourn;
Return, loſt nymph; bid ſorrow ceaſe to flow,
And let Dione glad the houſe of woe.

LAURA.

Call'd he not loſt Dione? hence I 'll ſtart,
Croſs his ſlow ſteps, and ſift his opening heart. [*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandering way;
Where, in cloſe bowers, to ſhun the ſultry ray,
Repoſe the ſwains; whoſe flocks with bleating fill
The bordering foreſt and the thymy hill.
But if thou frequent join thoſe ſylvan bands,
Thyſelf can anſwer what my ſoul demands.

LAURA.

Seven years I trod theſe fields, theſe bowers, and glades,
And by the leſſening and the lengthening ſhades
Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to lead
To ſunny mountains, or the watery mead:
Train'd in the labours of the ſylvan crew,
Their ſports, retreats, their cares and loves I knew.

CLEANTHES.

Inſtruct me then, if late among your race,
A ſtranger nymph is found, of noble grace,
In rural arts unſkill'd, no charge ſhe tends;
Nor when the morn and evening dew deſcends
Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dreſs
The poliſh'd manners of the Court confeſs.

LAURA.

Each day arrive the neighbouring nymphs and ſwains,
To ſhare the paſtime of our jovial plains;
How can I there thy roving beauty trace,
Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race!

CLEANTHES.

If yet ſhe breathe, what tortures muſt ſhe find!
The curſe of diſobedience tears her mind.
If e'er your breaſt with filial duty burn'd,
If e'er you ſorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;
Tell her, I charge you, with inceſſant groans
Her drooping ſire his abſent child bemoans.

LAURA.

Unhappy man!

CLEANTHES.

— With ſtorms of paſſion toſt,
When firſt he learnt his vagrant child was loſt,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow boſom rung;
Then up he ſtarted, and with fixt ſurprize,
Upon her picture threw his frantick eyes,
While thus he cry'd: "In her my life was bound,
"Warm in each feature is her mother found!
"Perhaps deſpair has been her fatal guide,
"And now ſhe floats upon the weeping tide;
"Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
"All pale and cold ſhe wavers in the wind.
"Did I not force her hence by harſh commands?
"Did not her ſoul abhor the nuptial bands?"

LAURA.

LAURA.

Teach not, ye ſires, your daughters to rebel.
By counſel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

CLEANTHES.

Ye duteous daughters, truſt theſe tender guides;
Nor think a parent's breaſt the tyrant hides.

LAURA.

From either lid the ſcalding ſorrows roll;
The moving tale runs thrilling to my ſoul.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps ſhe wanders in the lonely woods,
Or on the ſedgy borders of the floods;
Thou know'ſt each cottage, foreſt, hill, and vale,
And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.
Search each ſequeſter'd dell to find the fair;
And juſt reward ſhall gratify thy care.

LAURA.

O ye kind boughs, protect the virgin's flight,
And guard Dione from his prying ſight! [*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

Mean while, I 'll ſeek the ſhepherd's cool abodes,
Point me, fair nymph, along theſe doubtful roads.

LAURA.

Seeſt thou yon' mountain rear his ſhaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below:
There every gale with warbling muſic floats,
Shade anſwers ſhade, and breathes alternate notes.

[*Exit* Cleanthes.

He 's gone; and to the diſtant vale is ſent,
Nor ſhall his force Dione's love prevent.
But ſee, ſhe comes again with haſty pace,
And conſcious pleaſure dimples on her face.

SCENE IV.

LAURA, DIONE.

DIONE.

I found her laid beſide the cryſtal brook,
Nor rais'd ſhe from the ſtream her ſettled look,
Till near her ſide I ſtood; her head ſhe rears,
Starts ſudden, and her ſhrieks confeſs her fears.

LAURA.

Did not thy words her thoughtful ſoul ſurprize,
And kindle ſparkling anger in her eyes?

DIONE.

Thus ſhe reply'd, with rage and ſcorn poſſeſt.
" Will importuning love ne'er give me reſt?
" Why am I thus in deſerts wild purſu'd,
" Like guilty conſciences when ſtain'd with blood?
" Sure boding ravens, from the blaſted oak,
" Shall learn the name of Lycidas to croak,
" To ſound it in my ears! As ſwains paſs by,
" With look aſkance, they ſhake their heads and cry,
" Lo! this is ſhe for whom the ſhepherd dy'd!
" Soon Lycidas, a victim to her pride,
" Shall ſeek the grave; and in the glimmering glade,
" With look all pale, ſhall glide the reſtleſs ſhade

" Of the poor ſwain; while we with haggard eye
" And briſtled hair the fleeting phantom fly."
Still let their curſes innocence upbraid:
Heaven never will forſake the virtuous maid.

LAURA.

Didſt thou perſiſt to touch her haughty breaſt?

DIONE.

She ſtill the more diſdain'd, the more I preſt.

LAURA.

When you were gone, theſe walks a ſtranger croſt,
He turn'd through every path, and wander'd loſt;
To me he came; with courteous ſpeech demands
Beneath what bowers repos'd the ſhepherd bands;
Then further aſks me, if among that race
A ſhepherdeſs was found of courtly grace;
With proffer'd bribes my faithful tongue eſſays;
But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.
In me Dione 's ſafe. Far hence he ſpeeds,
Where other hills reſound with other reeds.

DIONE.

Should he come back; Suſpicion's jealous eyes
Might trace my feature through the ſwain's diſguiſe.
Now every noiſe and whiſtling wind I dread,
And in each ſound approaches human tread.

LAURA.

He ſaid, he left your houſe involv'd in cares,
Sighs ſwell'd each breaſt, each eye o'erflow'd with tears;
For his loſt child thy penſive father mourns,
And ſunk in ſorrow to the duſt returns.

Go back, obedient daughter; hence depart,
And ſtill the ſighs that tear his anxious heart.
Soon ſhall Evander, wearied with diſdain,
Forego theſe fields, and ſeek the town again.

DIONE.

Think, Laura, what thy haſty thoughts perſuade.
If I return, to Love a victim made,
My wrathful fire will force his harſh command,
And with Cleanthes join my trembling hand.

LAURA.

Truſt a fond father; raiſe him from deſpair.

DIONE.

I fly not him; I fly a life of care.
On the high nuptials of the Court look round;
Where ſhall, alas, one happy pair be found!
There marriage is for ſervile intereſt ſought:
Is love for wealth or power or title bought?
'Tis hence domeſtic jars their peace deſtroy,
And looſe adultery ſteals the ſhameful joy.
But ſearch we wide o'er all the bliſsful plains,
Where love alone, devoid of intereſt, reigns.
What concord in each happy pair appears!
How fondneſs ſtrengthens with the rolling years!
Superior power ne'er thwarts their ſoft delights,
Nor jealous accuſations wake their nights.

LAURA.

May all thoſe bleſſings on Dione fall.

DIONE.

Grant me Evander, and I ſhare them all.

Shall

Shall a fond parent give perpetual ſtrife,
And doom his child to be a wretch for life?
Though he bequeath'd me all theſe woods and plains,
And all the flocks the ruſſet down contains;
With all the golden harveſts of the year,
Far as where yonder purple mountains rear;
Can theſe the broils of nuptial life prevent?
Can theſe, without Evander, give content?
But ſee, he comes.

LAURA.

— I 'll to the vales repair,
Where wanders by the ſtream my fleecy care.
Mayſt thou the rage of this new flame controul,
And wake Dione in his tender ſoul! [*Exit* Laura.

SCENE V.

DIONE, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Say, my Alexis, can thy words impart
Kind rays of hope to chear a doubtful heart?
How didſt thou firſt my pangs of love diſcloſe?
Did her diſdainful brow confirm my woes?
Or did ſoft pity in her boſom riſe,
Heave on her breaſt, and languiſh in her eyes?

DIONE.

How ſhall my tongue the faultering tale explain!
My heart drops blood to give the ſhepherd pain.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Pronounce her utmoſt ſcorn; I come prepar'd
To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd?

DIONE.

Why ſhould thy fate depend on woman's will?
Forget this tyrant, and be happy ſtill.

LYCIDAS.

Didſt thou beſeech her not to ſpeed her flight,
Nor ſhun with wrathful glance my hated ſight?
Will ſhe conſent my ſighing plaint to hear,
Nor let my piercing cries be loſt in air?

DIONE.

Can mariners appeaſe the toſſing ſtorm,
When foaming waves the yawning deep deform?
When o'er the ſable cloud the thunder flies,
Say, who ſhall calm the terror of the ſkies?
Who ſhall the lion's famiſh'd roar aſſuage?
And can we ſtill proud woman's ſtronger rage?
Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
Sudden her glances ſhot reſentful flame:
Be dumb, ſhe cries, this whining love give o'er,
And vex me with the teazing theme no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her ſcorn.
Can the mean ſwain, in humble cottage born,
Can Poverty that haughty heart obtain,
Where avarice and ſtrong ambition reign?
If Poverty paſs by in tatter'd coat,
Curs vex his heels and ſtretch their barking throat;

If chance he mingle in the female croud,
Pride toſſes high her head, Scorn laughs aloud;
Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
And wonders at the impudence of Want.
'Tis vanity that rules all woman-kind,
Love is the weakeſt paſſion of their mind.

DIONE.

Though one is by thoſe ſervile views poſſeſt,
O Lycidas, condemn not all the reſt.

LYCIDAS.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years,
And ſeventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs;
Yet, if my olive branches dropt with oil,
And crooked ſhares were brighten'd in my ſoil,
If lowing herds my fattening meads poſſeſt,
And my white fleece the tawny mountain dreſt;
Then would ſhe lure me with love-darting glance,
Then with fond mercenary ſmiles advance.
Though hell with every vice my ſoul had ſtain'd,
And froward anger in my boſom reign'd,
Though avarice my coffers cloath'd in ruſt,
And my joints trembled with enfeebled luſt;
Yet, were my ancient name with titles great,
How would ſhe languiſh for the gaudy bait!
If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
What virtuous woman can her heart defend?

DIONE.

Conqueſts, thus meanly bought, men ſoon deſpiſe,
And juſtly ſlight the mercenary prize.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

I know theſe frailties in her breaſt reſide,
Direct her glance, and every action guide.
Still let Alexis' faithful friendſhip aid,
Once more attempt to bend the ſtubborn maid.
Tell her, no baſe-born ſwain provokes her ſcorn,
No clown, beneath the ſedgy cottage born;
Tell her, for her this ſylvan dreſs I took,
For her my name and pomp of Courts forſook;
My lofty roofs with golden ſculpture ſhine,
And my high birth deſcends from ancient line.

DIONE.

Love is a ſacred voluntary fire,
Gold never bought that pure, that chaſte deſire.
Who thinks true love for lucre to poſſeſs,
Shall graſp falſe flattery and the feign'd careſs;
Can we believe that mean, that ſervile wife,
Who vilely ſells her dear-bought love for life,
Would not her virtue for an hour reſign,
If in her ſight the proffer'd treaſure ſhine.

LYCIDAS.

Can reaſon (when by winds ſwift fires are born
O'er waving harveſts of autumnal corn)
The driving fury of the flame reprove?
Who then ſhall reaſon with a heart in love!

DIONE.

Yet let me ſpeak; O may my words perſuade
The noble youth to quit this ſylvan maid!
Reſign thy crook, no more to plains reſort,
Look round on all the beauties of the Court;

There

There ſhall thy merit find a worthy flame,
Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.
Think, if theſe offers ſhould thy wiſh obtain,
And ſhould the ruſtick beauty ſtoop to gain:
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire,
The ſudden blaze would in one year expire;
Then thy raſh folly thou too late ſhalt chide,
To Poverty and baſe-born blood ally'd;
Her vulgar tongue ſhall animate the ſtrife,
And hourly diſcord vex thy future life.

LYCIDAS.

Such is the force thy faithful words impart,
That like the galling goad they pierce my heart.
You think fair virtue in my breaſt reſides,
That honeſt truth my lips and actions guides.
Deluded ſhepherd, could you view my ſoul,
You 'd ſee it with deceit and treachery foul;
I 'm baſe, perfidious. Ere from Court I came,
Love ſingled from the train a beauteous dame;
The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd,
My fervent vows the tender maid deceiv'd.
Why doſt thou tremble?—why thus heave thy ſighs?
Why ſteal thy ſilent ſorrows from thy eyes?

DIONE.

Sure the ſoft lamb hides rage within his breaſt,
And cooing turtles are with hate poſſeſt;
When from ſo ſweet a tongue flow fraud and lies,
And thoſe meek looks a perjur'd heart diſguiſe.

Ah!

Ah! who ſhall now on faithleſs man depend?
The treacherous lover proves as falſe a friend.

LYCIDAS.

When with Dione's love my boſom glow'd,
Firm conſtancy and truth ſincere I vow'd;
But ſince Parthenia's brighter charms were known,
My love, my conſtancy and truth are flown.

DIONE.

Are not thy hours with conſcious anguiſh ſtung?
Swift vengeance muſt o'ertake the perjur'd tongue.
The Gods the cauſe of injur'd love aſſert,
And arm with ſtubborn pride Parthenia's heart.

LYCIDAS.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and ſtate,
Stronger ambition will ſubdue her hate.

DIONE.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that loſt maid,
Whoſe hourly ſighs thy faithleſs oath upbraid!
Think you behold her at the dead of night,
Plaid by the glimmering taper's paly light,
With all your letters ſpread before her view,
While trickling tears the tender lines bedew;
Sobbing ſhe reads the perjuries o'er and o'er,
And her long nights know peaceful ſleep no more.

LYCIDAS.

Let me forget her.

DIONE.

DIONE.

O falſe youth, relent;
Think ſhould Parthenia to thy hopes conſent;
When Hymen joins your hands, and muſick's voice
Makes the glad echoes of thy domes rejoice,
Then ſhall Dione force the crouded hall,
Kneel at thy feet, and loud for juſtice call:
Could you behold her weltering on the ground,
The purple dagger reeking from the wound?
Could you, unmov'd, this dreadful ſight ſurvey?
Such fatal ſcenes ſhall ſtain the bridal day.

LYCIDAS.

The horrid thought ſinks deep into my ſoul,
And down my cheek unwilling ſorrows roll.

DIONE.

From this new flame you may as yet recede.
Or have you doom'd that guiltleſs maid ſhall bleed?

LYCIDAS.

Name her no more.—Haſte, ſeek the ſylvan Fair.

DIONE.

Should the rich proffer tempt her liſtening ear,
Bid all your peace adieu. O barbarous youth,
Can you forego your honour, love, and truth?
Yet ſhould Parthenia wealth and title ſlight,
Would juſtice then reſtore Dione's right?
Would you then dry her ever-falling tears;
And bleſs with honeſt love your future years?

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

I'll in yon ſhade thy wiſh'd return attend;
Come, quickly come, and cheer thy ſighing friend.
[*Exit* Lycidas.

DIONE.

Should her proud ſoul reſiſt the tempting bait,
Should ſhe contemn his proffer'd wealth and ſtate;
Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
And in his boſom wake the dying love.
As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears,
All trembling in the judgement-hall appears;
So ſhall I ſtand before Parthenia's eyes,
For as ſhe dooms, Dione lives or dies.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, *aſleep in a Bower.*

LYCIDAS.

MAY no rude wind the ruſtling branches move;
Breathe ſoft, ye ſilent gales, nor wake my Love.
Ye Shepherds, piping homeward on the way,
Let not the diſtant echoes learn your lay;
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
May no loud ſhake prolong the ſhriller note,
Leſt ſhe awake; O Sleep, ſecure her eyes,
That I may gaze; for, if ſhe wake, ſhe flies.
While eaſy dreams compoſe her peaceful ſoul,
What anxious cares within my boſom roll!
If tir'd with ſighs beneath the beech I lie,
And languid ſlumber cloſe my weeping eye,
Her lovely viſion riſes to my view,
Swift flies the nymph, and ſwift would I purſue;
I ſtrive to call, my tongue has loſt its ſound;
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumb'd are bound;
Struggling I wake. Again my ſorrows flow,
And not one flattering dream deludes my woe.
What innocence! how meek is every grace!
How ſweet the ſmile that dimples on her face,
Calm as the ſleeping ſeas! but ſhould my ſighs
Too rudely breathe, what angry ſtorms would riſe!

Though the fair roſe with beauteous bluſh is crown'd,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach, that with inviting crimſon blooms,
Deep at the heart the cankering worm conſumes;
'Tis thus, alas! thoſe lovely features hide
Diſdain and anger and reſentful pride.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

Hath proffer'd greatneſs yet o'ercome her hate?
And does ſhe languiſh for the glittering bait?
Againſt the ſwain ſhe might her pride ſupport.
Can ſhe ſubdue her ſex, and ſcorn a Court?
Perhaps in dreams the ſhining viſion charms,
And the rich bracelet ſparkles on her arms;
In fancy'd heaps the golden treaſure glows:
Parthenia, wake; all this thy ſwain beſtows.

DIONE.

Sleeps ſhe in theſe cloſe bowers?

LYCIDAS.

—Lo! there ſhe lies.

DIONE.

O may no ſtartling ſound unſeal her eyes,
And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain
I trod the winding wood and weary plain.

Hence, Lycidas; beyond thoſe ſhades repoſe,
While I thy fortune and thy birth diſcloſe.

LYCIDAS.

May I Parthenia to the friendſhip owe?

DIONE.

O rather think on loſt Dione's woe!
Muſt ſhe thy broken faith for ever mourn,
And will that juſter paſſion ne'er return?

LYCIDAS.

Upbraid me not; but go. Her ſlumbers chace;
And in her view the bright temptation place.

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

DIONE.

Now flames the weſtern ſky with golden beams,
And the ray kindles on the quivering ſtreams;
Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their food,
Now ſeek the nightly covert of the wood;
The tender graſs with dewy cryſtal bends,
And gathering vapour from the heath aſcends.
Shake off this downy reſt; wake, gentle maid,
Truſt not thy charms beneath the noxious ſhade.
Parthenia, riſe.

PARTHENIA.

—What voice alarms my ear?
Away. Approach not. Hah! Alexis there!
Let us together to the vales deſcend,
And to the folds our bleating charge attend;
But let me hear no more that ſhepherd's name,
Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

DIONE.

Can I behold him gaſping on the ground,
And ſeek no healing herb to ſtaunch the wound?
For thee continual ſighs conſume his heart,
'Tis you alone can cure the bleeding ſmart.
Once more I come the moving cauſe to plead,
If ſtill his ſufferings cannot intercede,
Yet let my friendſhip do his paſſion right,
And ſhow thy lover in his native light.

PARTHENIA.

Why in dark myſtery are thy words involv'd?
If Lycidas you mean; know, I 'm reſolv'd.

DIONE.

Let not thy kindling rage my words reſtrain.
Know then, Parthenia ſlights no vulgar ſwain.
For thee he bears the ſcrip and ſylvan crook,
For thee the glories of a Court forſook.
May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline!
His honours, his poſſeſſions, all are thine.

PARTHENIA.

If he 's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware;
Thoſe who moſt promiſe are the leaſt ſincere.

The

The quick-ey'd hawk ſhoots headlong from above,
And in his pounces bears the trembling dove;
The pilfering wolf o'erleaps the fold's defence.
But the falſe Courtier preys on innocence.
If he 's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware:
Thoſe who moſt promiſe are the leaſt ſincere.

DIONE.

Alas! thou ne'er haſt prov'd the ſweets of State,
Nor known that female pleaſure, to be great.
'Tis for the town ripe cluſters load the poles,
And all our Autumn crowns the Courtier's bowls;
For him our woods the red-ey'd pheaſant breed,
And annual coveys in our harveſt feed;
For him with fruit the bending branch is flor'd,
Plenty pours all her bleſſings on his board.
If (when the market to the city calls)
We chance to paſs beſide his palace-walls,
Does not his hall with muſick's voice reſound,
And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound?
Such are the pleaſures Lycidas ſhall give,
When thy relenting boſom bids him live.

PARTHENIA.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Who ſings a farewel to the parting day;
At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down;
Is not each buſh, each ſpreading tree his own?
And canſt thou think he 'll quit his native brier,
For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire?
What then are honours, pomp and gold to me?
Are thoſe a price to purchaſe liberty?

DIONE.

'hink, when the Hymeneal torch ſhall blaze,
And on the ſolemn rites the virgins gaze;
When thy fair locks with glittering gems are grac'd,
And the bright zone ſhall ſparkle round thy waiſt;
How will their hearts with envious ſorrow pine,
When Lycidas ſhall join his hand to thine!

PARTHENIA.

And yet, Alexis, all that pomp and ſhow
Are oft' the varniſh of internal woe.
When the chaſte lamb is from her ſiſters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head;
The gazing flock, all envious of her pride,
Behold her ſkipping by the Prieſteſs' ſide;
Each hopes the flowery wreath with longing eyes;
While ſhe, alas! is led to ſacrifice!
Thus walks the bride in all her ſtate array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtleſs maid.

DIONE.

As yet her tongue reſiſts the tempting ſnare,
And guards my panting boſom from deſpair. [*Aſide.*
Can thy ſtrong ſoul this noble flame forego?
Muſt ſuch a lover waſte his life in woe?

PARTHENIA.

Tell him, his gifts I ſcorn; not all his art,
Not all his flattery ſhall ſeduce my heart.
Courtiers, I know, are diſciplin'd to cheat,
Their infant lips are taught to liſp deceit;

To

To prey on eaſy nymphs they range the ſhade,
And vainly boaſt of innocence betray'd;
Chaſte hearts, unlearn'd in falſehood, they aſſail,
And think our ear will drink the grateful tale.
No. Lycidas ſhall ne'er my peace deſtroy,
I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

DIONE.

So ſtrong a paſſion in my boſom burns,
Whene'er his ſoul is griev'd, Alexis mourns!
Canſt thou this importuning ardor blame?
Would not thy tongue for friendſhip urge the ſame?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, blooming ſwain. You ſhow an honeſt mind;
I ſee it, with the pureſt flame refin'd.
Who ſhall compare love's mean and groſs deſire
To the chaſte zeal of friendſhip's ſacred fire?
By whining love our weakneſs is confeſt;
But ſtronger friendſhip ſhows a virtuous breaſt.
In Folly's heart the ſhort-liv'd blaze may glow,
Wiſdom alone can purer friendſhip know.
Love is a ſudden blaze which ſoon decays,
Friendſhip is like the ſun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhauſt the flame,
It ſtill is giving, and ſtill burns the ſame;
And could Alexis from his ſoul remove
All the low images of groſſer love;
Such mild, ſuch gentle looks thy heart declare,
Fain would my breaſt thy faithful friendſhip ſhare.

DIONE.

How dare you in the different ſex confide?
And ſeek a friendſhip which you ne'er have try'd?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
From thy chaſte eye no wanton glances dart;
Thy modeſt lips convey no thought impure,
With thee may ſtricteſt virtue walk ſecure.

DIONE.

Yet can I ſafely on the nymph depend,
Whoſe unrelenting ſcorn can kill my friend!

PARTHENIA.

Accuſe me not, who act a generous part;
Had I, like city maids, a fraudful heart,
Then had his proffers taught my ſoul to feign,
Then had I vilely ſtoopt to ſordid gain,
Then had I ſigh'd for honours, pomp and gold,
And for unhappy chains my freedom ſold.
If you would ſave him, bid him leave the plain,
And to his native city turn again;
There, ſhall his paſſion find a ready cure,
There not one dame reſiſts the glittering lure.

DIONE.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain.
Alas! thou only canſt aſſuage his pain!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS. [*Liſtening.*

Why ſtays Alexis? can my boſom bear
Thus long alternate ſtorms of hope and fear?
Yonder they walk; no frowns her brow diſguiſe,
But love conſenting ſparkles in her eyes;
Here will I liſten, here, impatient wait.
Spare me, Parthenia, and reſign thy hate. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

When Lycidas ſhall to the Court repair,
Still let Alexis love his fleecy care;
Still let him chuſe cool grots and ſylvan bowers,
And let Parthenia ſhare his peaceful hours.

LYCIDAS.

What do I hear? my friendſhip is betray'd;
The treacherous rival has ſeduc'd the maid. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

With thee, where bearded goats deſcend the ſteep,
Or where, like winter's ſnow, the nibbling ſheep
Cloath the ſlope hills; I 'll paſs the cheerful day,
And from thy reed my voice ſhall catch the lay.
But ſee, ſtill Evening ſpreads her duſky wings,
The flock, ſlow-moving from the miſty ſprings,

Now

Now ſeek their fold. Come, ſhepherd, let's away,
To cloſe the lateſt labours of the day.

[*Exeunt hand in hand*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire diſaſters rend?
A ſcornful miſtreſs, and a treacherous friend!
Would ye be cozen'd, more than woman can,
Unlock your boſom to perfidious man.
One faithful woman have theſe eyes beheld,
And againſt her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:
But ſearch as far as earth's wide bounds extend,
Where ſhall the wretched find one faithful friend?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS, DIONE.

LYCIDAS.

Why ſtarts the ſwain? why turn his eyes away,
As if amidſt his path the viper lay?
Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
Did I not truſt thee near Parthenia's ſide,
As here ſhe ſlept?

DIONE.

—She ſtraight my call obey'd,
And downy ſlumber left the lovely maid;

As

As in the morn awakes the folded roſe,
And all around her breathing odour throws;
So wak'd Parthenia.

LYCIDAS.

—Could thy guarded heart,
When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart?
Yet on Alexis let my ſoul depend;
'Tis moſt ungenerous to ſuſpect a friend.
And thou, I hope, haſt well that name profeſt.

DIONE.

O could thy piercing eye diſcern my breaſt!
Could'ſt thou the ſecrets of my boſom ſee,
There every thought is fill'd with cares for thee.

LYCIDAS.

Is there, againſt hypocriſy, defence,
Who cloaths her words and looks with innocence!
[*Aſide.*
Say, ſhepherd, when you proffer'd wealth and ſtate,
Did not her ſcorn and ſupplied pride abate?

DIONE.

As ſparkling diamonds to the feather'd train,
Who ſcrape the winnow'd chaff in ſearch of grain;
Such to the ſhepherdeſs the Court appears:
Content ſhe ſeeks, and ſpurns thoſe glittering cares.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis not in woman grandeur to deſpiſe,
'Tis not from Courts, from me alone ſhe flies.
Did not my paſſion ſuffer like diſgrace,
While ſhe believ'd me born of ſylvan race?

Doſt thou not think, this proudeſt of her kind
Has to ſome rival ſwain her heart reſign'd?

DIONE.

No rival ſhepherd her diſdain can move;
Her frozen boſom is averſe to love.

LYCIDAS.

Say, art thou ſure, that this ungrateful fair
Scorns all alike, bids all alike deſpair?

DIONE.

How can I know the ſecrets of her heart?

LYCIDAS.

Anſwer ſincere, nor from the queſtion ſtart.
Say, in her glance was never love confeſt,
And is no ſwain diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?

DIONE.

O Lycidas, bid all thy troubles ceaſe;
Let not a thought on her diſturb thy peace.
May juſtice bid thy former paſſion wake;
Think how Dione ſuffers for thy ſake:
Let not a broken oath thy honour ſtain,
Recall thy vows, and ſeek the town again.

LYCIDAS.

What means Alexis? where's thy friendſhip flown?
Why am I baniſh'd to the hateful town?
Hath ſome new ſhepherd warm'd Parthenia's breaſt?
And does my love his amorous hours moleſt?
Is it for this thou bid'ſt me quit the plain?
Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'ſt this rival ſwain.

When

When firſt my cheated ſoul thy friendſhip woo'd,
To my warm heart I took the viperous brood.
O falſe Alexis!

DIONE.

—Why am I accus'd?
Thy jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

LYCIDAS.

Was not thy boſom fraught with falſe deſign?
Didſt thou not plead his cauſe, and give up mine?
Let not thy tongue evaſive anſwer ſeek;
The conſcious crimſon riſes on thy cheek:
Thy coward conſcience, by thy guilt diſmay'd,
Shakes in each joint, and owns that I 'm betray'd.

DIONE.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O ſpare thy friend!

LYCIDAS.

Seek not detected falſehood to defend.

DIONE.

Beware, leſt blind ſuſpicion raſhly blame.

LYCIDAS.

Own thyſelf then the rival of my flame.
If this be ſhe for whom Alexis pin'd,
She now no more is to thy vows unkind.
Behind the thicket's twiſted verdure laid,
I witneſs'd every tender thing ſhe ſaid;
I ſaw bright pleaſure kindle in her eyes,
Love warm'd each feature at thy ſoft replies.

DIONE.

Yet hear me ſpeak.

LYCIDAS.

—In vain is all defence.
Did not thy treacherous hand conduct her hence?
Haſte, from my ſight. Rage burns in every vein;
Never approach my juſt revenge again.

DIONE.

O ſearch my heart; there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

LYCIDAS.

Talk not of Truth; long ſince ſhe left mankind.
So ſmooth a tongue! and yet ſo falſe a heart!
Sure Courts firſt taught thee fawning friendſhip's art!
No. Thou art falſe by nature.

DIONE.

—Let me clear
This heavy charge, and prove my truſt ſincere.

LYCIDAS.

Boaſt then her favours; ſay, what happy hour
Next calls to meet her in th' appointed bower;
Say, when and where you met.

DIONE.

—Be rage ſuppreſt.
In ſtabbing mine, you wound Parthenia's breaſt.
She ſaid, ſhe ſtill defy'd Love's keeneſt dart;
Yet purer friendſhip might divide her heart,
Friendſhip's ſincerer bands ſhe wiſh'd to prove.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

A woman's friendſhip ever ends in love.
Think not theſe fooliſh tales my faith command;
Did not I ſee thee preſs her ſnowy hand?
O may her paſſion like thy friendſhip laſt!
May ſhe betray thee ere a day be paſt!
Hence then. Away. Thou 'rt hateful to my ſight,
And thus I ſpurn the fawning hypocrite.

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE VII.

DIONE.

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendſhip wrong'd! my conſtant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my ſteps where'er I go,
And all my days are overcaſt with woe.
Long have I ſtrove th' increaſing load to bear,
Now faints my ſoul, and ſinks into deſpair.
O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell,
In whoſe brown cliffs the fowls of darkneſs dwell;
Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my ſorrows with the tinkling fall.
There ſeek thy grave. How canſt thou bear the light,
When baniſh'd ever from Evander's ſight!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept Evander's vows?

DIONE.

Can I bear life with theſe new pangs oppreſt!
Again he tears me from his faithleſs breaſt:
A perjur'd Lover firſt he fought theſe plains,
And now my friendſhip like my love diſdains.
As I new offers to Parthenia made,
Conceal'd he ſtood behind the woodbine ſhade.
He ſays, my treacherous tongue his heart betray'd,
That my falſe ſpeeches have miſ-led the maid;
With groundleſs fear he thus his ſoul deceives;
What frenzy dictates, jealouſy believes.

LAURA.

Reſign thy crook, put off this manly veſt,
And let the wrong'd Dione ſtand confeſt;
When he ſhall learn what ſorrows thou haſt born,
And find that nought relents Parthenia's ſcorn,
Sure he will pity thee.

DIONE.

—No, Laura, no.
Should I, alas! the ſylvan dreſs forego,

Then

Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love inſtructs me to reſent;
Our ſecret enterprize might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of perſecuting love.

LAURA.

Avoid Partheni; leſt his rage grow warm,
And jealouſy reſolve ſome fatal harm.

DIONE.

O Laura, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;
Should I once more his awful preſence ſeek,
The ſilent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By riſing ſighs my faultering voice be ſtay'd,
And trembling fear too ſoon confeſs the maid.
Haſte, Laura, then; his vengeful ſoul aſſuage,
Tell him, I 'm guiltleſs; cool his blinded rage;
Tell him that truth ſincere my friendſhip brought,
Let him not cheriſh one ſuſpicious thought.
Then, to convince him his diſtruſt was vain,
I 'll never, never ſee that nymph again.
This way he went.

LAURA.

—See, at the call of night,
The ſtar of evening ſheds his ſilver light
High o'er yon weſtern hill: the cooling gales
Freſh odours breathe along the winding dales;
Far from their home as yet our ſhepherds ſtray,
To cloſe with chearful walk the ſultry day.

Methinks from far I hear the piping ſwain;
Hark, in the breeze now ſwells, now ſinks the ſtrain?
Thither I 'll ſeek him.

DIONE.

—While this length of glade
Shall lead me penſive through the ſable ſhade;
Where on the branches murmur ruſhing winds,
Grateful as falling floods to love-ſick minds;
O may this path to Death's dark vale deſcend!
There only can the wretched hope a friend.

[*Ex. ſeverally.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Wood.

DIONE, CLEANTHES (*who lies wounded in a diſtant part of the ſtage*).

DIONE.

THE moon ſerene now climbs th' aerial way;
See, at her ſight ten thouſand ſtars decay:
With trembling gleam ſhe tips the ſilent grove,
While all beneath the chequer'd ſhadows move.
Turn back thy ſilver axles, downward roll,
Darkneſs beſt fits the horrors of my ſoul.
Riſe, riſe, ye clouds; the face of heaven deform,
Veil the bright Goddeſs in a ſable ſtorm:
O look not down upon a wretched maid!
Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,
And light his wandering footſteps to the bower
Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed hour.
Yet thou haſt ſeen unhappy love, like mine;
Did not thy lamp in heaven's blue forehead ſhine,
When Thiſbe ſought her love along the glade?
Didſt thou not then behold the gleaming blade,
And gild the fatal point that ſtabb'd her breaſt?
Soon I, like her, ſhall ſeek the realms of reſt.
Let groves of mournful yew a wretch ſurround!
O ſooth my ear with melancholy ſound!

The village-curs now ſtretch their yelling throat,
And dogs from diſtant cots return the note;
The ravenous wolf along the valley prowls,
And with his famiſh'd cries the mountain howls.
But hark! what ſudden noiſe advances near?
Repeated groans alarm my frighted ear!

CLEANTHES.

Shepherd, approach; ah! fly not through the glade.
A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

DIONE.

Say then, unhappy ſtranger, how you bled;
Collect thy ſpirits, raiſe thy drooping head.
[Cleanthes *raiſes himſelf on his arm.*
O horrid ſight! Cleanthes gaſping lies;
And Death's black ſhadows float before his eyes.
Unknown in this diſguiſe, I 'll check my woe,
And learn what bloody hand has ſtruck the blow. [*Aſide.*
Say, youth, ere Fate thy feeble voice confounds,
What led thee hither? whence theſe purple wounds?

CLEANTHES.

Stay, fleeting life; may ſtrength a-while prevail,
Leſt my clos'd lips confine th' imperfect tale.
Ere the ſtreak'd Eaſt grew warm with amber ray,
I from the city took my doubtful way;
Far o'er the plains I fought a beauteous maid,
Who, from the Court, in theſe wide foreſts ſtray'd;
Wanders unknown; as I, with weary pain,
Try'd every path, and opening glade, in vain;

A band

A band of thieves, forth-ruſhing from the wood,
Unſheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;
Deep in my breaſt the barbarous ſteel is dy'd,
And purple hands the golden prey divide.
Hence are theſe mangling wounds. Say, gentle ſwain,
If thou haſt known among the ſylvan train
The vagrant nymph I ſeek?

DIONE.

— What mov'd thy care,
Thus, in theſe pathleſs wilds, to ſearch the fair?

CLEANTHES.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove,
Ye Naiads, who the moſſy fountains love,
Ye happy ſwains, who range the paſtures wide,
Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks beſide;
If my laſt gaſping breath can pity move,
If e'er ye knew the pangs of ſlighted love,
Show her, I charge you, where Cleanthes dy'd;
The graſs yet reeking with the ſanguine tide.
A father's power to me the virgin gave,
But ſhe diſdain'd to live a nuptial ſlave;
So fled her native home.

DIONE.

— 'Tis then from thee
Springs the foul ſource of all her miſery.
Could'ſt thou, thy ſelfiſh appetite to pleaſe,
Condemn to endleſs woes another's peace?

CLEANTHES.

O ſpare me; nor my hapleſs love upbraid,
While on my heart Death's frozen hand is laid!
Go, ſeek her, guide her where Cleanthes bled;
When ſhe ſurveys her lover pale and dead,
Tell her, that, ſince ſhe fled my hateful ſight,
Without remorſe I fought the realms of night.
Methinks I ſee her view theſe poor remains,
And on her cheek indecent gladneſs reigns!
Full in her preſence cold Cleanthes lies,
And not one tear ſtands trembling in her eyes!
O let a ſigh my hapleſs fate deplore!
Cleanthes now controls thy love no more.

DIONE.

How ſhall my lids confine theſe riſing woes? [*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

O might I ſee her, ere Death's finger cloſe
Theſe eyes for ever! might her ſoften'd breaſt
Forgive my love with too much ardor preſt!
Then I with peace could yield my lateſt breath.

DIONE.

Shall I not calm the fable hour of death,
And ſhew myſelf before him! — Ha! he dies.
See from his trembling lip the ſpirit flies! [*Aſide.*
Stay yet awhile. Dione ſtands confeſt.
He knows me not. He faints, he ſinks to reſt.

CLEANTHES.

Tell her, ſince all my hopes in her were loſt,
That death was welcome — [*Dies.*

DIONE

DIONE.

What ſudden guſts of grief my boſom rend!
A parent's curſes o'er my head impend,
For diſobedient vows; O wretched maid,
Thoſe very vows Evander hath betray'd.
See, at thy feet Cleanthes bath'd in blood!
For love of thee he trod this lonely wood;
Thou art the cruel authoreſs of his fate;
He falls by thine; thou, by Evander's hate.
When ſhall my ſoul know reſt? Cleanthes ſlain
No longer ſighs and weeps for thy diſdain.
Thou ſtill art curſt with love. Bleed, virgin, bleed!
How ſhall a wretch from anxious life be freed!
My troubled brain with ſudden frenzy burns,
And ſhatter'd thought now this, now that way turns.
What do I ſee thus glittering on the plains?
Ha! the dread ſword yet warm with crimſon ſtains!
[*Takes up the dagger.*

SCENE II.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
This path directs me to my ſylvan bower. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

Why is my ſoul with ſudden fear diſmay'd?
Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade?
O ſtring my arm with force! [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

— Methought a noiſe
Broke through the ſilent air, like human voice. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

One well-aim'd blow ſhall all my pangs remove,
Graſp firm the fatal ſteel, and ceaſe to love. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

Sure 'twas Alexis. Ha! a ſword diſplay'd!
The ſtreaming luſtre darts acroſs the ſhade. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

May Heaven new vigour to my ſoul impart,
And guide the deſperate weapon to my heart! [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

May I the meditated death arreſt! [*Holds* Dione's *hand.*
Strike not, raſh ſhepherd; ſpare thy guiltleſs breaſt.
O give me ſtrength to ſtay the threaten'd harm,
And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm!

DIONE.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow?
In giving life, you but prolong my woe.
O may not thus th' expected ſtroke impend!
Unlooſe thy graſp, and let ſwift death deſcend.
But if yon' murder thy red hands hath dy'd;
Here. Pierce me deep; let forth the vital tide.
[Dione *quits the dagger.*

PARTHENIA.

Wait not thy fate; but this way turn thy eyes:
My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.

Turn

Turn then, Alexis; and Parthenia know,
'Tis ſhe protects thee from the fatal blow.

DIONE.

Muſt the night-watches by my ſighs be told?
And muſt theſe eyes another morn behold
Through dazling floods of tears? Ungenerous maid,
The friendly ſtroke is by thy hand delay'd;
Call it not mercy to prolong my breath;
'Tis but to torture me with lingering death.

PARTHENIA.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part?
Whence are theſe gnawing pangs that tear thy heart?
Is that thy friend who lies before thee ſlain?
Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain?
Is 't Lycidas?

DIONE.

— No. I the ſtranger found,
Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.
He ſaid; "As at the roſy dawn of day,
He from the city took his vagrant way,
A murdering band pour'd on him from the wood,
Firſt ſeiz'd his gold, then bath'd their ſwords in blood."

PARTHENIA.

You, whoſe ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the ſhepherd's paths; when ſober Even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of Heaven,
From danger free, through deſerts wild he hies,
The riſing ſmoke far o'er the mountain ſpies,

Which

Which marks his diſtant cottage; on he fares,
For him no murderers lay their nightly ſnares;
They paſs him by, they turn their ſteps away:
Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
At home he lies ſecure in eaſy ſleep,
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold;
Nor ſtarts he from his couch aghaſt and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
While he, whoſe iron coffers ruſt with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof Deceit and Stealth;
Treachery with lurking pace frequents his walks,
And cloſe behind him horrid Murder ſtalks.
'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold:
There lies a bleeding ſacrifice to gold.

DIONE.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
And journey through a tedious vale of tears.
Had you not ruſh'd between, my life had flown;
And I, like him, no more had ſorrow known.

PARTHENIA.

When anguiſh in the gloomy boſom dwells,
The counſel of a friend the cloud diſpels.
Give thy breaſt vent, the ſecret grief impart,
And ſay what woe lies heavy at thy heart.
To ſave thy life, kind Heaven has ſuccour ſent,
The gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

DIONE.

No. To prevent it, is beyond thy power;
Thou only canſt defer the welcome hour.
When you the lifted dagger turn'd aſide,
Only one road to death thy force deny'd;
Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high,
Deep in whoſe ſhadow craggy ruins lie,
Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,
And daſh out life againſt the flints below?
Are there not ſtreams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
Where my laſt breath may bubble on the tide?
No. Life ſhall never flatter me again,
Nor ſhall to-morrow bring new ſighs and pain.

PARTHENIA.

Can I this burthen of thy ſoul relieve,
And calm thy grief?

DIONE.

— If thou wilt comfort give,
Plight me thy word, and to that word be juſt;
When poor Alexis ſhall be laid in duſt,
That pride no longer ſhall command thy mind,
That thou wilt ſpare the friend I leave behind.
I know his virtue worthy of thy breaſt.
Long in thy love may Lycidas be bleſt!

PARTHENIA.

That ſwain (who would my liberty control,
To pleaſe ſome ſhort-liv'd tranſport of his ſoul)
Shows, while his importuning flame he moves,
That 'tis not me, himſelf alone he loves.

O live,

O live, nor leave him by misfortune preſt:
'Tis ſhameful to deſert a friend diſtreſt.

DIONE.

Alas! a wretch like me no loſs would prove,
Would kind Parthenia liſten to his love.

PARTHENIA.

Why hides thy boſom this myſterious grief?
Eaſe thy o'erburthen'd heart, and hope relief.

DIONE.

What profits it to touch thy tender breaſt,
With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redreſt?
Let in my heart the fatal ſecret die,
Nor call up ſorrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

If Laura right direct the darkſome ways,
Along theſe paths the penſive ſhepherd ſtrays. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek.
O would my throbbing ſighs my heart-ſtrings break!
Why was my breaſt the lifted ſtroke deny'd?
Muſt then again the deathful deed be try'd?
Yes. 'Tis reſolv'd.

[*Snatches the dagger from* Parthenia.

PARTHE-

PARTHENIA.

— Ah, hold; forbear, forbear!

LYCIDAS.

Methought Diſtreſs with ſhrieks alarm'd my ear.

PARTHENIA.

Strike not. Ye gods, defend him from the wound!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Tis Parthenia's voice, I know the ſound.
Some ſylvan raviſher would force the maid,
And Laura ſent me to her virtue's aid.
Die, villain, die; and ſeek the ſhades below.

[Lycidas *ſnatches the dagger from* Dione, *and ſtabs her.*

DIONE.

Whoe'er thou art, I bleſs thee for the blow.

LYCIDAS.

Since Heaven ordain'd this arm thy life ſhould guard,
O hear my vows! be love the juſt reward.

PARTHENIA.

Rather let vengeance, with her ſwifteſt ſpeed,
Overtake thy flight, and recompence the deed!
Why ſtays the thunder in the upper ſky?
Gather, ye clouds; ye forky lightnings, fly:
On thee may all the wrath of Heaven deſcend,
Whoſe barbarous hand hath ſlain a faithful friend.
Behold Alexis!

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

—Would that treacherous boy
Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?
What rouz'd his paſſion to this bold advance?
Did e'er thy eyes confeſs one willing glance?
I know, the faithleſs youth his truſt betray'd;
And well the dagger hath my wrongs repaid.

DIONE. [*Raiſing herſelf on her arm.*
Breaks not Evander's voice along the glade?
Ha! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
There needed not or poiſon, ſword, or dart;
Thy faithleſs vows, alas! had broke my heart. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

O tremble, ſhepherd, for thy raſh offence,
The ſword is dy'd with murder'd innocence!
His gentle ſoul no brutal paſſion ſeiz'd,
Nor at my boſom was the dagger rais'd;
Self-murder was his aim; the youth I found
Whelm'd in deſpair, and ſtay'd the falling wound.

DIONE.

Into what miſchiefs is the lover led,
Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head!
O may he ne'er bewail this deſperate deed,
And may, unknown, unwept, Dione bleed! [*Aſide.*

LYCIDAS.

What horrors on the guilty mind attend!
His conſcience had reveng'd an injur'd friend,
Hadſt thou not held the ſtroke. In death he ſought
To loſe the heart-conſuming pain of thought.

Did

Did not the ſmooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
Plead his own paſſion, and betray my love?

DIONE.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
Leſt his raſh tranſport, to revenge the blow,
Should in his dearer heart the dagger ſtain!
That wound would pierce my ſoul with double pain.
[*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

LYCIDAS.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendſhip true?
Then I 'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu!
If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
Alexis, ſpeak; uncloſe thoſe lids again.
[*Flings himſelf on the ground near* Dione.
See at thy feet the barbarous villain kneel!
'Tis Lycidas who graſps the bloody ſteel,
Thy once-lov'd friend.—Yet, ere I ceaſe to live,
Canſt thou a wretched penitent forgive?

DIONE.

When low beneath the ſable mould I reſt,
May a ſincerer friendſhip ſhare thy breaſt!
Why are thoſe heaving groans? (ah! ceaſe to weep!)
May my loſt name in dark oblivion ſleep;
Let this ſad tale no ſpeaking ſtone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.

Let o'er my grave the leveling plough-ſhare paſs,
Mark not the ſpot; forget that e'er I was.
Then mayſt thou with Parthenia's love be bleſt,
And not one thought on me thy joys moleſt!
My ſwimming eyes are over-power'd with light,
And darkening ſhadows fleet before my ſight:
May'ſt thou be happy! ah! my ſoul is free. [*Dies.*

LYCIDAS.

O cruel ſhepherdeſs, for love of thee [*To* Parthenia.
This fatal deed was done.

SCENE THE LAST.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, LAURA.

LAURA.

—Alexis ſlain!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimſon ſtain!
My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.
O may the moon her ſilver beauty hide
In rolling clouds! my ſoul abhors the light;
Shade, ſhade the murderer in eternal night!

LAURA.

No rival ſhepherd is before thee laid;
There bled the chaſteſt, the ſincereſt maid
That ever ſigh'd for love. On her pale face,
Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace

Of thy once dear Dione? With wan care
Sunk are thoſe eyes, and livid with deſpair!

LYCIDAS.

Dione!

LAURA.

—There pure conſtancy lies dead!

LYCIDAS.

May heaven ſhower vengeance on this perjur'd head!
As the dry branch that withers on the ground,
So, blaſted be the hand that gave the wound!
Off; hold me not. This heart deſerves the ſtroke;
'Tis black with treachery. Yes: the vows are broke
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Which I ſo often ſwore. Vain world, adieu!
Though I was falſe in life, in death I 'm true. [*Dies.*

LAURA.

To-morrow ſhall the funeral rites be paid,
And theſe Love-victims in one grave be laid.

PARTHENIA.

There ſhall the yew her ſable branches ſpread,
And mournful cypreſs rear her fringed head.

LAURA.

From thence ſhall thyme and myrtle ſend perfume,
And laurel ever-green o'erſhade the tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Come, Laura, let us leave this horrid wood,
Where ſtreams the purple graſs with lovers' blood;

Come to my bower. And, as we ſorrowing go,
Let poor Dione's ſtory feed my woe
With heart-relieving tears.—

LAURA. [*Pointing to* Dione.
—Unhappy maid!
Hadſt thou a parent's juſt command obey'd,
Thou yet hadſt liv'd.—But who ſhall Love adviſe?
Love ſcorns command, and breaks all other ties.
Henceforth, ye ſwains, be true to vows profeſt;
For certain vengeance ſtrikes the perjur'd breaſt.

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